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A CARNIVAL OF ROME.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE first day of the Carnival arrived. Masks, dominoes, and *confetti* were ready; a balcony on the Corso was hired and draped with scarlet by the invaluable Fortunato. Nobody thought of art or antiquities that day, neither were the horses ordered, but the young men came to the Tempietto and declared that it was a waste of life to stay in-doors in such weather. It was near the end of February; the sky was soft and cloudless, the air balmy, flowers were opening everywhere. The Saturnalia did not begin until two o'clock; where should they go? The Villa Medici was but five minutes' stroll from their door; they would go there.

For those who do not know Rome, let us briefly say that this fifteenth-century palace is now the seat of the French Academy, where successful competitors for the *Prix de Rome* at the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris are sent by their munificent government to study the fine arts in their chosen home. The building turns to the outer world, passing from the Trinità de' Monti to the Pincio, a very plain stucco front, with a few large, bare windows, and a huge, open doorway, at which lolls forever a big, surly porter in livery. But a few yards farther there is a grated gateway in the

blank, yellow wall; this the surly porter unlocked, and as it clanged behind the four they were on a broad, steep carriage-drive between two high walls of evergreen, confronted at some distance by a colossal stone female against a screen of soft gray, stained with mold and fringed by delicate little ferns and mosses. They turned into one of several wide alleys which cross each other at right angles between hedges of box as high and massive as defenses, under interlocking branches of evergreen oak which checked the path with a close mosaic of orange-tawny sunshine and deep violet shadow. As their eyes roamed down these dusky vistas, beyond in the broad light were seen arches with statues, the marble basins of bright fountains, stone seats of classic form, pillars, pedestals, busts, fragments of antique sculpture, groups of dark-tressed maritime pine, clusters of vivid, early-blossoming shrubs. It always seemed to Rothenstein, as they emerged upon the magnificent front of the villa, — a triumph of elaborate symmetry and lavish decoration, the portico with superb columns and guardian lions, the rich frieze, *bassi rilievi*, medallions, garlands, niches, statues, enwreathed windows which look across the *parterres*, across the stone pines of the Villa Bor-

ghese, across the green and purple sweeps of the ever-changing Campagna, to the Sabine Hills, — as if this garden represented, above everything in Rome, the Renaissance, with its marriage of nature and culture, antique and modern art, Greece and Italy.

The open space on which the villa faces is bounded on the right, at the end opposite the tunneled evergreen walks, by a high ornamental wall, regularly divided by pilasters into arched recesses in which stand groups of statuary; a heavy balustrade along the top of it forms a terrace, over which are seen the twisted trunks and dense shade of an ilex wood with rank herbage at its roots, a dim, mysterious grove, like those in which the oracles spoke of old, growing here, high above the piazzas, the obelisks, the church-towers, the palace roofs of Rome.

The two girls sat down on a stone seat at the extremity of the flower-garden farthest from the villa, yet facing it, where just between a corner of the building and the neighboring foliage they could see the distant mass of St. Peter's, surmounted by its cupola shining against the blue sky. The evergreen hedges, which were sending forth spicy odors under the potent sunshine, here mask the low parapet of a wall, a venerable wall, the wall of Rome, for this is the outer edge of the city. A tremendous plunge below is the narrow road, of which the eye takes no note unless looking directly downward; beyond is the beautiful, undulating, wooded domain of the Villa Borghese, and a little either way are ruins of mediæval fortifications matted with ivy and decked with wall-flowers; but the gaze does not rest on these, it flies with the wings of a dove to the mountains.

"To be good is to be happy," said Henrietta, leaning back against the elastic cushion of the hedge, as her glance wandered from St. Peter's to remote Soracte. "Never have I led such a sober, industrious life as in the past six weeks, — studying antiquity, mediævalism, history, art; riding, driving, visiting, hunting, dancing. The busy bee

was a drone to me. And I never was so happy before; were you, Mal?"

"Never; I feel sometimes as if, come what may, I have had happiness enough for a life-time." Her voice thrilled so deeply as she spoke that both the young men looked at her; she was conscious of it herself, and colored.

"And do you remember when we thought that we could never be happy again? How long ago that seems, yet it was only three years," continued Henrietta.

"When was that?" asked Carey, smiling.

"After some of our defeats," said Henrietta, sighing unconsciously at the recollection. "What bad times those were! Do you remember, Marion, how you wanted to go to a hospital and nurse the soldiers, and how you cried yourself ill because your father would not let you?" Marion nodded; her cousin looked at her with a sudden and tender expression of interest in his eyes. "And so instead we went to the sanitary rooms, and sewed until our forefingers were rough."

Marion rose carelessly and went over to the nearest fountain, where she sat down on the edge and dipped her hand into the water and tried to drink. Roger followed her; he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Does it make you so unhappy still?" he said, gently.

"Oh no! I am perfectly happy, — too happy; it seems almost wrong, when there are so many who can never be happy again."

"You did n't know, I suppose, how much I wished to come home and go into the army? It was after poor Duncan was shot. My mother would not hear of it, nor my father, either. I thought I could n't stand it; in fact, I should have run off and sailed for home and gone in as a private, if it had n't been for Rudolf there. I sometimes think I have lost my chance in life because I did n't do my share then."

"Yes, I heard them talk it over at home. It must have been very hard. I used to wish I were a man."

"It was bitter; it was unjust!"

"No, Roger, that is what I used to think about the hospital, but I see now that there were plenty to do the work then, fighting and nursing both; we are to wait for the due time, for our own call."

"Yes," said her cousin, who had already ceased to think about her, "that is very well for a woman, whose work is always waiting, I suppose; but it is not twice in a life a man has a chance for heroic duty."

"Don't you think so?" she replied, looking up at him.

"No; how should he in these days?"

"Not in moral warfare? not in self-sacrifice? in resisting temptation?" she said, forgetting herself in her earnestness.

His interest was again aroused; he looked at her thoughtfully. "I did not know you were so good, Marion."

"Why, it is n't good merely to know that," she answered, with a mixture of embarrassment and indignation, and got up to go back to the others. As she crossed the opening of one of the alleys there suddenly flashed into sight two splendid creatures all clad in scarlet and gold and white and crimson, moving through the dark green gloom. They were models coming to sit to some of the painters of the Academy, tricked out in their gala dress and all their trinkets; one carried a tambourine; they walked with a free and stately step, the sunlight sifting through the close canopy upon their lustrous black hair and warm brown necks. "Oh come! look!" she cried to her companions. They all ran to where she stood, and broke into exclamations of delight. The superb young girls came on, unconscious as savage queens, their white teeth and dark eyes gleaming as they spoke to one another. They were passing the strangers with a courteous smiling salutation, but Henrietta stopped them, and after some talk learned where they were going, and that they had been dancing on the landing-places of the Scalinata, a custom with them in Carnival time, and at no other. The young lady eagerly begged them to dance again, and they smilingly complied. One shook and beat the tam-

bourine, the other set her arms akimbo, and both began a rapid, circling dance, full of steps and springs and clapping of hands to the oddly marked three-four time of the humming, jingling instrument, which accentuated the rhythm so well. "Ah, brava! bella! benedetta!" cried a voice behind the spectators, and turning round they saw Madame Rocca Diavolo approaching. She was in ecstasies with the brilliant group framed by the dark bower, for they had retreated within the margin of the shade to dance. She took the tambourine and beat it herself for them, knowing the measure well, that they both might have their arms to fling and toss, and animated them with cries of applause. As usual, she was dressed in dark colors and shrouded in lace, and as Roger looked at her elastic figure bending and swaying as she beat the tambourine, and her refined, patrician face in contrast to their more rustic beauty, he thought her not the least picturesque of the trio. When the contadinas stopped, breathless, she took out a paper of chocolate which she divided between them with many thanks and praises. They kissed her hand, bowed and smiled, and said "*A rivederci*" to the foreigners; then passed on their way.

"What a fortunate encounter!" said the marchesa. "I came to pay a visit to the director, but they tell me at the villa that he is at his studio; so, as we are great friends, I am going to stir him up in his den. Come, you shall go with me." They hesitated to invade his retirement in such numbers, but the marchesa had no scruples; she led the way down one of the walks to a little mildewed pavilion, of which several are to be seen within the precincts, half hidden by branches, and rapped boldly at the door. The director was so glad to see her that he was glad to see whoever came with her. He had a great reputation in Paris, and the young men were curious to see some of his paintings in the half-finished condition which is often so much more striking than completed work. Marion's attention was soon fixed by a small picture, finished and

framed; it represented a woman leaning over a wall under some beech-trees. There was but a little bit of wall, then her slight figure, one or two great boles with slenderer stems between, as beeches grow when left to themselves, no middle distance nor background; it was a mere corner; there were a few glimpses of pale, November sunset sky through the branches; yellow-brown leaves were floating from the gray boughs and bestrewing the ground. The woman's dress was black, her clasped hands rested on the coping, her pale profile wore the anxious look of expectation which forecasts disappointment. The picture was all grays, browns, and blacks, yet it was not cold, only sad. It was a very clever painting to the eyes of a connoisseur; the low tones were marvelously harmonized. To the uninitiated it was full of sentiment and suggestion; it told a pathetic, a quietly tragic tale. Henrietta came up to Marion.

"Do you see how much it looks like Beechy Heights?" said the latter.

"Yes; just like that far end of the place which overlooks the road. Come here, Mr. Carey; what does that remind you of?"

Roger looked but could not remember; they told him and then he recognized it. "I recollect now. It was a long way from the house; Ned and I used to get over and drop down into the road there when we were on larks. I hope I shall see it again some day, — and you standing there looking out for me, Marion," he added gayly. The marchesa now joined them.

"What are you looking at, my children?"

"At a little picture I call *L'Attente*," said the painter.

"You should not call it *L'Attente*," she replied, "but *Aspettare non venire*." He smiled like one whose thought is answered.

"Is n't that an Italian proverb?" asked Henrietta.

"*Aspettare non venire,
Star in letto non dormire,
Ben servire non gradire,
Son tre cose per morire.*"

responded the marchesa. Henrietta translated for the rest: "To wait for one who comes not, to lie in bed and sleep not, to serve well without pleasing, are three things to die of."

"What a sad picture!" said Marion, strongly impressed; "won't you say the Italian again?"

The marchesa repeated it, in her strange, reverberating voice: "*Son tre cose per morire*," she said twice, slowly. Roger had never thought her so handsome, so interesting, so magnetic; what changeable moods! half an hour before, she had been beating the tambourine with the models and almost dancing with them; he wondered how many of the stories about her were true, and which was her real story; he should like to hear it from herself. Henrietta suddenly called them all to order by announcing that it was one o'clock; they would have barely time to lunch, don their dominoes, and reach the Corso, before the great bell of the Capitol would sound the opening of Carnival. They hurried away. The marchesa's carriage was at the gate; she begged them to let her drive them home. It was but a step, and they would not hear of it.

"Then let me drop these gentlemen at their hotel; your time is short; it will save some minutes." Rothenstein declined; he thought it would be nearer to go by the Trinità and the Scalinata. Roger looked one moment at the starry eyes and sweet smile of the dark face in the carriage, and then sprang in; they drove rapidly off down the steep grades of the Pincio.

One afternoon of the Corso in the carriage was enough for the girls. It was more fun, perhaps, but they were so unmercifully powdered and pelted with confetti; so thumped and thwacked by the big bonbons, which are seldom anything but sweetened paste, by the horrible bouquets of rusty camellias and bachelor's buttons set in prickly green which do duty a hundred times a day, flung from hand to hand; so beset by masks who climbed upon the back, box, and steps of their carriage to shower confetti and compliments and ask a thousand

times with affected solicitude for their health, their family, and amusement, to the especial annoyance of Mrs. Mason, that after the first experiment they were satisfied to remain in the balcony.

Here, somewhat sheltered, they could watch the fantastic crowd surge by in their inexhaustible good spirits and good humor, frolicsome as children, but unlike children never tired or cross, their antics never degenerating into rudeness or coarseness. They seemed to be all born rope-dancers, they were so agile; leaping, bounding, ducking, and dodging, amid an incessant hail of missiles small and large. So many little bunches of violets, so many rosebuds, flew into their balcony with unerring aim, they fished up so many pretty bonbons and emblems with the long ribbons they had tied to their parasols, that Henrietta confided her belief to Marion that their masks and dominoes did not disguise them from the practiced eyes of their Roman friends. She did not suspect what a good thing Fortunato had made of it by betraying the number of their balcony. As to Marion, she could not get rid of the fancy that everybody's face was like his mask, and under the painted pasteboard wore the same grin, frown, stare, or simper; that the men with birds' and beasts' heads really had muzzles or beaks, so that the Corso appeared to her as if *Æsop's* fables had come to life under her eyes. It gave her the sensation of being in an absurd dream. "I feel like Alice in Wonderland," she said.

It is not "high jinks" all day or every day even in Carnival time. The sport goes on only in the afternoon four days in the week; Wednesday and Friday are *dies non*, besides the little-respected Sabbath. The young people of the Tempietto decided that it should be all holiday for them. They had finished their systematic sight-seeing, and now even Count Rothenstein was content to be idle, to go whither the humor might lead, to look only at what they liked; and this is the joy of Rome, where climate, sky, earth, the smile of nature, the sympathetic laziness of man, all bid

one lounge, dream, be aimless, enjoy. The approach of the tableaux at the Prussian legation, however, did not leave them altogether to themselves. The representation had been fixed for the last night of Carnival, and there were rehearsals, consultations, final agonies about the costumes, which would force the girls to send away their faithful cavaliers disappointed of a ride or a drive; the young men's engagements multiplied too, especially Roger's, so that they sometimes did not meet for a couple of days.

The last day of the Carnival is the only one on which the masquerade is allowed to go on after sunset; on Shrove Tuesday an hour or two of dark is given to the *moccoli*, the universal blowing out and lighting of little tapers which everybody carries, the maddest sport, the prettiest scene, of the festival. The whole winds up with the *veglione* or great public masked ball at one of the theatres, to which all the merry-makers carry their wrought-up spirits as to a grand final bonfire of fun and nonsense. Henrietta had with difficulty persuaded her parents to take herself and Marion, and they were to go after the tableaux, for the *veglione* (literally, great vigil) is hardly in force until midnight. Marion had besought Madame di Rocca Diavolo to let her hear the air from the Fall of Troy which she was to sing for Cassandra, and the marchesa had appointed that afternoon, as they both seemed to have their hands too full on any other day. Marion would rather she should have named any other time. That afternoon had been fixed for a last ride; there was to be a hunt on Thursday, which would carry off her cousin and Henrietta, and their friends were to start for Naples on Friday or Saturday. She could not allege this as an excuse to the marchesa, after so often begging to be allowed to come, but she was very loath indeed to give up the engagement. During the morning she was forced to go down to the Piazza di Spagna for half an hour's shopping, and as she came slowly up the Spanish stairs on her way back, amid the little crowd which

was watching the models dance, she longed for a sight of the Campagna and a breath of *tramontana* from the snow-capped mountains, before the ordeal of the evening. Although the Carnival is confined to the Corso, on the last day it begins covertly long before noon, and spreads through the neighboring streets; one meets masks and their capers at every corner, and Marion in her languid mood began to think that she had had enough of it. As she reëntered their apartment Henrietta looked up from her ribbons and lace and said, "A change of programme, Mal: just after you went out, Count Rothenstein called to say that your cousin can't ride this afternoon; and as you can't go, you know, nor papa, mamma did not wish me to go; so the horses are countermanded, and I think it's quite as well. When do you go to the marchesa?"

"At four."

"Well, mamma and I are going for a turn in the Villa Pamfili, and she said we could take you there first."

But about three o'clock came a hurried note from the marchesa, saying that she was not well; she had had an attack of the heart,—an old trouble,—that morning, and the doctor had ordered her peremptorily to keep her room and see no one for the rest of the day, in view of the exertions of the evening. Likewise at four o'clock, when the carriage came, Mrs. Mason feared that the mocoli, tableaux, and veglione would be too much for her if she were not quiet until evening, so the girls set out alone. Henrietta proposed that they should go to a villa whither they had once found their way three months before, and had always meant to go again. It was about half an hour's drive. A narrow lane turned off from the main road between banks purple with great fragrant violets, surmounted by the slight lattice of cane which often does service for a fence in Italy, and here filled the gaps of a straggling bushy hedge which was breaking into little green leaves and almond-scented white blossoms. Half a mile of this, between vineyards, led to a large architectural gateway such as may be seen

everywhere near Rome,—an arch surmounted with scroll work and a coat of arms in stone, a grated door, through which was visible a long arcade of dark verdure ending in a great white vase of classic proportions, and in the background, as through a vaulted window of foliage, the many-colored, sun-bathed Campagna. It was the unutterable promise of this glimpse which had first tempted the girls to seek admittance. The rusty bell-handle woke a long, shrill ringing, which brought out a beggarly-looking beauty, who, after eying them through the bars with a harsh "*Chi è?*" recognized them and opened with many smiles. She had thought that they would not come again,—that they had forgotten the Villa Rosalba. Would they have some new milk, as before, and some flowers? The lingering autumn roses of December were gone, but in the tangled garden borders before the deserted and dilapidated *casino* were thickly blossomed stems of rich yellow-brown wall-flowers, filling the air with their delicious odor, stocks and gillyflowers, tufts of heart's-ease, some shrinking lilies of the valley. Against a hot south wall a few orange-trees were sunning their golden balls, sheltered from the western *tramontana* by a group of sombre cypresses, which towered above a dark, shining mass of myrtles and laurustinums covered with ivory-white clusters. The contadina followed them, full of news. Her husband and children had gone in to see the last of the Carnival; poor she, Heaven help her! must stay at home and keep the house; but the Madonna had sent her much pleasure that day: the *signorine* whom she had thought about so often, and two masks from the Corso in beautiful dominoes, who had spent all the early afternoon in the garden. "What could have brought them here?"

"To get flowers, perhaps," said Henrietta.

"No doubt the signorina is right," assented the woman, like all Italians of her class when they differ from you. "*Però—chi sa? some pazzzeria di carnovale* more likely."

"A gentleman and lady, I suppose?"

"Yes, — or two gentlemen; I don't know too well," said the woman, with a shrug. "They were both dressed as Don Pirloncino, so the saints in heaven alone can tell. But it was very *allegro* for me to see them there walking among the laurels."

She chatted on about the masks until, with true Italian tact, she saw that they had no interest in the topic, when she dropped it and returned to her dirty little house by the gate, to milk the unfortunate animal which stood on tap there. The girls wandered down a long, broad gravel walk, bordered by laurel hedges which shut out everything but the divine sky, leading to a little bower where the laurel-trees had been allowed to grow together overhead. Here was the moss-lined basin of an empty fountain, that still gathered moisture enough from rain and dew to foster a tender fringe of maiden-hair and tiny ferns; a semicircular stone seat showed that this had been a retreat from the sun of summers long past. The ground beyond fell off abruptly; they were at the edge of a sort of bluff, and between the close branches and the cool, polished greenery they could see the glowing Campagna rolling in long, solitary sweeps towards the dreamy sapphire mountains, a single square tower standing up, vermilion in the afternoon light. The laurel leaves whispered and pattered; at intervals a low, prolonged sighing, like the distant breaking of a summer sea, came to them from the cypresses; high in air a chorus of unseen larks were twittering, and the warbling of a host of other birds filled the surrounding shade. Amid all this melody there could not be silence, but a stillness, oh how sweet and deep!

The girls sat without speaking, lost to all sense of time, until Henrietta exclaimed, "Why, look there!" so suddenly that Marion started. "Look at that!" and she pointed to the ground with her parasol. Marion looked down expecting to see a snake or a scorpion, — they had long ago made acquaintance with the harmless little lizards, — but she saw, traced in the soft, sandy soil,

a number of letters twisted together as if somebody had been writing with the point of a stick; there were her own initials and Henrietta's, her cousin's in two or three combinations, and others partly effaced. She looked at her friend in amazement, but did not speak.

"Roger must have been here," said Netta; "you know his trick — yes, there is the very monogram he made for my note-paper. How odd! When could he have come, that he did not tell us about it?"

"Perhaps we have not seen him since," said Marion, who, without knowing why, was perturbed.

"We saw him the day before yesterday, — but stop! there was a heavy rain that night; he must have been here since, or the marks would have been washed out. Perhaps he was one of the masks."

"It must have been he and Count Rothenstein."

"Yes, — what a good joke! how we will tease them! But why did they come in domino, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," said Marion in a faltering voice. Netta was silent for a few minutes, looking at the initials; she knit her brows and pressed her full under lip beyond the upper one; at last she said, —

"Perhaps they came yesterday, and the masks drove them out of the woman's head; I'll ask her. There she is with the milk," as a figure was seen in the distance at the other end of the laurel walk. She rose; Marion caught her arm.

"Don't, dear, — don't ask her anything, please." Henrietta looked at her with a serious face.

"No, darling, not if you don't wish it. We ought to be going, I think; see how long the purple shadows are, out there on the uplands. Dear me, yes! six o'clock, and I want to gather some flowers."

"Go and get her to help you in the garden. I see some cyclamens in the field on the other side of the hedge they are the first I have seen; I can creep through, I think."

Henrietta ran off to meet the *contadina*, and Marion pushed between the stems of the great laurels of the bower to a meadow, where, amid dark green, silver-spotted leaves, the pale pink, startled-looking flowers with ruby centres were lifting their delicate heads on long, slender stalks. It was early for them, and she did not find many; as she crept back she saw that she had dropped her handkerchief in getting through; she picked it up, but as she emerged, there lay her own beside her parasol on the seat. She examined the one in her hand: it was very fine; she shook it out of the folds, and in the corner was an embroidered coronet above the name *Fiammetta*. She stood a moment transfixed, then seized her things and ran wildly up the walk. Near the other end she met her friend coming for her. She flung herself upon her shoulder and moaned out, "Oh, Netta, Netta!"

"What is it, dear? darling Marion, what is it? what has happened?" she replied, embracing her with all a young girl's intense sympathy.

"I can't tell you," said the girl between her sobs, true to a loyal impulse. "But — but — it's terrible!"

Henrietta led her to the carriage, where the *contadina* had heaped the flowers and was waiting with the milk. Marion tried in vain to swallow; a convulsive gasp contracted her throat; Henrietta excused her kindly to the poor, wondering woman, who kissed their hands with fervent gratitude for the few *lire* which were to her a princely recompense. In a moment more they were on their way to Rome, Henrietta holding Marion's hand and gazing with loving anxiety at the pale and closed eyelids with which her friend leaned back in the carriage. At length Marion opened them and sat upright.

"Netta, I cannot tell you what is the matter, and it may be only my own — folly; I may be all wrong; but do not ask me any explanation, dear, and promise not to speak about those initials on the ground to anybody, nor to say where we have been this afternoon."

They reached the *Tempietto* just as

the cannon was fired for clearing the *Corso* before the horse-race, and found Mrs. Mason a little anxious lest they should not arrive in time. Marion's head throbbed to such a degree that she could not go down to the balcony, and did not know how she was to get through the evening; and at her earnest entreaty Henrietta unwillingly went and left her alone. The exciting scene of the *moccoli* banished some of her painful preoccupation, and when she got back she found Marion perfectly quiet, though deathly pale and with traces of excessive crying. She tried to induce her to give up the *tableaux*, but Marion's strong sense of obligation forbade her failing the baroness at the last moment, if fit to appear. By nine o'clock the redness had faded from her eyes, to be replaced by heavy dark rings, and there was no sign of anything but of the nervous headache, to which they agreed she had better own.

The assembly at the *Palazzo Caffarelli* was very brilliant, and the hostess in great force. She announced that she intended to give her guests a true German evening; but few knew what that portended. It opened with music, a quartette by Hummel, Baron von Stockfisch himself playing the first violin. It was very well, very well indeed for amateurs; the Italians did not quite know what to make of it, but the baroness had long ago declared her intention of cultivating their taste for good music, so they listened with docility. Then followed a declamation by a stout, bald gentleman in spectacles, whose talents in this order were in high repute among his countrymen, and who, in compliment to the place, gave them neither more nor less than Schiller's *Huldigung der Künste* (*Hommage to the Arts*), of which long and beautiful poem the greater part of the audience unfortunately understood not a word. Next came Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, played in a masterly manner by a Russian lady; this, too, though sublime, is not short. After that, as a very special favor, a friend of the president of the Archaeological Society, a well of learning, who happened to be

in Rome for a day or two only, read them his celebrated dissertation on Pelasgic civilization, which had excited so much controversy between Tübingen and Göttingen; this also was in German. By this time various emotions were apparent among the company: the Italians gazed about with large eyes of wonder, and fine, discreet smiles; the French looked wicked, and as if a good many witty things would be said next day; the English women wore a sullen, stolid aspect; the men were abominably bored, and said so aloud; the Americans tittered and whispered; the Germans were edified and beatified. The professor closed his discourse with the air of a man who has been throwing pearls before swine. At last, however, came the tableaux. Henrietta appeared in the first, and as the curtain rose, the stout gentleman in spectacles began reciting the scene from Molière, thus:—

"Hé bien, Matame! hé bien, ils zeront satisfaits, Je rombe avec fous, et j'y rombe pour chamais."

The curtain rose and fell three times during the recitation; the French guests fairly writhed. During this performance a movement near one of the doors caused the baroness to turn round, and the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo entered, nearly two hours late, as usual. She drew the hostess aside, and an energetic dialogue with much gesticulation on the marchesa's part began. It afterwards came out that but for her vehement remonstrance, and positive refusal to sing if her advice were disregarded, a dramatic recitation would have accompanied every group. The baroness was as haughty and high-tempered as any Italian ever born; but she knew that she could not afford to quarrel with the marchesa, and with dull rage she abandoned this part of her programme. It was well, for otherwise the tableaux would have been spoiled, and they were really beautiful and most artistic in their arrangement. How the evening passed for Marion she did not know. With pulsing temples she listened intently to every note of the music, to every word of the harangues, as if she had to learn them by heart; from the room where the *dram-*

atis personæ of the tableaux were waiting in their costumes, she could not see what was going on in the outer one, nor who was there. Her condition of mind had one advantage: all fear and flutter about appearing before an audience were forgotten. When her turn came, and the curtain rose, she was standing beside a statue of Apollo, with one hand resting on the pedestal and the other extended in a gesture of warning and appeal. Her attitude and drapery had been carefully arranged by a sculptor; but who had taught her the tragic expression, the prophetic glance, the imploring eyes, the mournful mouth? She stood there, a girlish figure to which the fine lines of the shoulders and arms, more developed than the rest of her person, gave a sort of youthful majesty; her eyes unnaturally large in their heavy circles, her low brow pallid and solemn under the wavy bands of her dark hair bound close by their classic fillet. At the same instant heavy minor chords rolled from the piano under the powerful touch of the Russian lady, and distinct from the surrounding crowd Marion saw the Marchesa di Rocca Diavolo standing beside the instrument, which faced the stage. She was dressed in violet velvet, with a cloud of black Spanish lace over her head, shoulders, and arms, and on her bosom a bouquet of cyclamens. She began the adjuration of Cassandra in low tones which seemed to curdle Marion's blood; the warning accents rose higher, mingled with words of threat and supplication, with exclamations of despair at her own fate and passionate appeal to the deluded people who would not hear. She hardly seemed to sing; she declaimed; and yet the melody flowed on, with agonized discords in the accompaniment, and in the bass a dull, continuous *crescendo* movement like the distant march of doom. The hearers held their breath; some felt as if they were turning to stone; not a sound was heard but the ominous music in a silence such as might have fallen on the Babylonian feast when the handwriting appeared upon the wall. Three times the curtain rose and fell; three times Marion,

with unwavering gaze "like a seer in a trance" scanned the electrical face of the marchesa, illumined by excitement and genius, and beyond, in the shadow of a door-way, Roger Carey consuming her with his eyes. As the curtain dropped for the last time the music died hopelessly away. A storm of enthusiasm and applause such as is rarely heard even in a theatre broke from the audience, who had been in a state of tension very new to many of them. No comparison was worthy of the marchesa; Grisi, Pasta, Malibran, had never shown such inspiration! And where was the young American? her pose and expression had been perfect, worthy of Rachel or Ristori. They rushed into the other room and brought her out to share the triumph; in an instant she was face to face with the marchesa, the next she was in her arms. "Incomparable! How did you learn to look so, Marianna? You were my inspiration; I never sang so before." As she kissed the girl she felt her shudder and recoil; she drew back in amazement. Marion's eyes were closed, and she was holding out her hands helplessly as if for support; the marchesa gently pushed her back into an arm-chair and opened a little *vinaigrette* of very powerful essence. The faintness passed away instantly. Marion was urged to have air, to drink wine; to avoid causing more confusion she averred herself to be perfectly restored, and said she would sit there and see the rest of the tableaux. She was soon joined by Henrietta and all the others who were not to appear again.

All the groups were beautiful, but Cassandra was pronounced the success of the evening. By and by Roger Carey came and stood behind Marion's chair; then she looked quickly round; Madame di Rocca Diavolo was gone. He began talking to Henrietta in an absent, pre-occupied way.

"Do you go on Friday or Saturday?" the latter asked presently.

"I hardly know,—I may stay on a little while, perhaps until Easter; my plans are not settled."

A few hours before she would have

exclaimed with surprise and pleasure, but she was on her guard now, and on the lookout too, and made no comment; the cyclamens on the marchesa's breast had given her the clew to Roger's mysterious companion at the Villa Rosalba, but she was at a loss what to infer. When the tableaux were ended servants brought trays with light refreshment, and as it was already past midnight, a number of guests who were going to the *veglione* began to withdraw; the baroness in a commanding voice bade them remain, as she had still another surprise for them. Herr R—, the stout, spectacled gentleman, was to pronounce an epilogue written for the occasion. At this ensued what can only be termed a stampede, and the ambassador and ambassadors were left to enjoy the epilogue in the exclusive society of their own cultured country-people.

To Henrietta's dismay Marion did not acquiesce in her affectionate suggestion that they should drop her at home on their way to the theatre; she expressed, on the contrary, a great desire to see the masked ball, and denied feeling tired or ill. Mr. Mason had prohibited masks, so they were to sit in a box, and change of dress was unnecessary. Of course this had not satisfied Henrietta, but she had been forced to compromise; now, rather worn by the evening's excitement, worried and perplexed beyond words by the incidents of the day and her friend's condition, she would have gladly given it up altogether. It was a glittering, dazzling sight, like a kaleidoscope of bits of humanity; all that was gayest and most fantastic in the Carnival was there in the body of the theatre. A great many masks accosted them, and Count Rothenstein came and laid aside his mask and domino and offered to take the young ladies about among the crowd. Henrietta went, but Marion remained in the box with Mr. and Mrs. Mason, unconscious of the music, the laughter, the shrill voices which almost deafened them, trying to recognize two figures among the mass which circulated, moved, and heaved under her eyes. All the stories which she had scorned as calumny now

crowded upon her memory: one Roman nobleman drawn away from his wife, involved in political intrigues, languishing for ten years past in a state-prison nobody knew where, if indeed he were still alive; a young Austrian officer of high rank tempted by a *rendezvous* with the marchesa to break his parole when under arrest, discovered, degraded from the army, living under a feigned name at the head of a gambling-house in one of the Danubian principalities; another Italian, of the middle class, who for his great personal beauty and musical talent had been taken up and petted by the high Roman society, thrown off by the marchesa after she had compromised herself totally in the eyes of even her indulgent world by her intimacy with him, and who then, learning that the young girl to whom he had been affianced had lost her mind in consequence of his desertion, committed suicide; these horrible tales now rushed back upon her, together with the marchesa's self-accusations. A thousand speculations chased each other through her mind. How long had this been going on? Could they have been practicing a profound deception ever since their first meeting in January? This seemed impossible; until the Carnival had begun, she could account for almost every moment of her cousin's days and evenings; until the last fortnight they had scarcely been separated two hours of the waking day. Then her mind went back with a flash to the morning at the Villa Medici, and she felt certain that then had been the beginning. Even after that, though, they had been almost as much together as before; it was only very lately that he could have been often with the marchesa; but ah, she thought, if he were in love with her, how little time, weeks, days, mattered! This evening he had looked as if in that great room full of people, as if in the whole world, he saw no one else. And who could wonder? Had not Marion herself been wholly captivated by that fatal charm? But the sin of it—the wickedness! There was another question round which her mind revolved incessantly, yet which she could not bring

herself to form into words: How far had it gone? All her maiden innocence shrunk from the thought; but that afternoon she had felt herself face to face with something terrible, and she was like a child who instinctively creeps back to the door of the dark room which fills him with nameless horror.

Roger did not go near his friends during their stay at the ball, but was rushing in uncontrollable impatience and agitation from domino to domino, seeking one who was to give him a cyclamen in token of recognition. All the foreigners had been gone from the theatre for an hour, and the police were warning out a few lingering Italians, before Rothenstein could induce him to come away. The former had seen for some days that things were going wrong, and for the first time since he had known Roger there was not perfect confidence between them. They walked silently back to the hotel through the deserted streets, faint and distant echoes of expiring merriment reaching them in fragments from remote parts of the town. The sleepy porter who let them in pointed to the frame in which the lodgers' names and numbers were inscribed, and Roger saw a note sticking in the rack opposite his. He snatched it down, but the lamp in the hall was too dim to read by, and he took his key and ran up-stairs, Rothenstein, whose room communicated, following gravely. Roger struck a light, tore open the envelope, and read a few lines in French:—

Midnight.

I cannot go to the veglione; my husband is called to Florence by telegram, and goes by the early train; I must stay and assist him to prepare his papers, for it is a lawsuit, and he will be gone a week, perhaps longer! Give up Naples, and to-morrow at one hour past noon be at the Porta San Sebastiano; I will come by in a carriage and take you up to Albano; you shall tell me whether you like best the Villa Rosalba or the Villa Crescenzi.

A rivederci, FIAMMETTA.

He sat down by the table, with his

head on his arms, and felt his heart beat like the piston of a great engine, sending the blood in jets to his brain. In the lucid moments of the last twelve hours he had repeatedly asked himself what it was all coming to, and it had come to this. The unconfessed frenzy of his desires had been revealed to him with startling distinctness. For a brief hour he was swept away by a whirlwind of triumph and wild delight; it seemed as if the room could not contain him, as if he could not contain himself; he must rush to the San Sebastiano gate and not stir thence until the starry glance, the siren smile, should lighten upon him. He read the note again; something in it jarred upon him, and his delirium fell; but a little while before, his whole being had aspired towards this vision of air and fire; now he was conscious of some grosser element, which mingled smoke with the flame of his passion. Roger had never done anything in his life to blunt his sense of honor, or to lower himself in his own eyes, and his unperverted instincts recoiled from an intimation of debasement. Why, why had she made that mention of her husband's absence? Why could she not have bidden him meet her and let the explanation follow? That one sentence put everything in its true light, and left no room for delusion or self-deception, and he could not quell the faint disgust and sense of degradation it produced. Yet at the thought of her the madness merely to see her and hear her speak again surged up as if nothing could stand before it.

Through the rest of the night he fought his fight, and when day dawned the issue was still uncertain. He began to feel the weariness of prolonged excitement, and flung himself on his bed. His thoughts led him to the San Sebastiano gate and out along the Appian Way farther than he had ever gone, to where the blue escarpment of Monte Cavo overtops the mottled white patch on the hill-side which he had so often heard was Albano, most beautiful of mountain towns. He recalled his last drive along the Appian Way and how the delicious hours had

flown, the languid smile of the sunlight on the hazy hills, the voluptuous melancholy of the Campagna, the witching grace of the enchantress beside him, who had pointed to that white, irregular outline and told him that she owned a villa there, and how exquisite the beauty and impenetrable the seclusion of the spot were. Then his thoughts went over every day he had spent in Rome, back to the first drive on the afternoon he had come, and the calm, ineffable rapture of the moment when he stood on the little mound and felt the loveliness of Italy enfold his soul. Suddenly a mighty revulsion took place within him. Go to Albano by that road which he had first trodden with those pure girls, and return to them from his intrigue when the marchese might be expected back from Florence? No! It was six o'clock, and the sun was already full on the yellow towers of the Trinità de' Monti and the dark oaks of the Villa Medici. He went into his friend's room; Rothenstein was fast asleep; he woke in surprise at a hand on his shoulder, and saw Roger, rather pale and haggard, at his bedside, saying, —

"Wake up, old fellow, I want to talk to you."

Notwithstanding the fatigue and late hours of the previous night, the ladies of the Tempietto were at the little English chapel just outside the Porta del Popolo in time for service on Ash Wednesday morning. When it was over, Mrs. Mason said she would go home over the Pincian.

"I should like to take a longer walk," said Marion. "Alone, dear," she added in a whisper to Henrietta, who had turned to offer her companionship. So the mother and daughter strolled slowly up the terraces of the Monte Pincio, already bordered with hyacinths and lilies of the valley, while Marion took her way along the Via Babuino. But the day had changed; the *sirocco* or south wind was blowing, the sky was overcast, there was an ashen hue over everything which took the color out of even the models' scarlet stripes, the atmosphere was oppressively close and lifeless. By the

time she reached the Piazza di Spagna she found the little, irregular stones of the pavement so painful to her feet, her knees trembled and her head ached so much, that she called a *legno* and bade it drive her to the Palazzo Satanasso. The marchesa was not yet up, but a footman took Marion's card, and the maid returned directly and carried her into the bed-chamber. The marchesa looked old, worn, sallow; her black hair, loose on the pillow in elf-locks, showed more gray than when it was rolled up, yet at her first smile Marion saw with terror how little her fascination depended on dress, freshness, youth, or even the remains of beauty which were often visible in so high a degree. The Italian saw, as her visitor crossed the threshold; that something was amiss, and intuitively knew in what quarter; yet she could hardly conceive how a breath of the affair could have reached Marion, for she was expert in mystery and fancied that this had been kept absolutely secret. The young girl looked so ill that she was shocked, and asked impulsively after her health.

"Yesterday was too much for me," said Marion, as she sat down at a little distance. "I shall be well to-morrow. I have come to bring you back something of yours; I thought you might be uneasy when you knew you had lost it; no one has seen it but I;" and she laid the handkerchief on the bed.

The marchesa took it with a look of perplexity. "Where did you find it?" she asked.

"At the Villa Rosalba yesterday afternoon, under the seat in the laurel bow-er."

"And how did you know with whom I was there?" she asked, sitting up and fixing her narrowing gaze on Marion, for she saw that she *did* know.

"There were some initials scratched on the ground with a cane." The marchesa burst into a fit of laughter and fell back among her pillows. If it had been any one else, Marion would have left the room indignantly; but she had worshiped this woman, and her heart was quivering with a double wound; the ring-

ing laughter tingled along her nerves for a second, and then she burst into tears. The marchesa was kneeling beside her in an instant.

"*Poverina, cara, Marianna mia!*" she exclaimed, and even yet her voice soothed the poor child's passion. "Forgive me; don't cry; I did not know you loved him."

Marion drew away with a proud movement, a pale red overspreading her wan face. She got up to go.

"No, listen; sit down," said the marchesa, shivering slightly and getting back into bed. "No more harm can be done now, and I should like to tell you what has happened. Your cousin pleased me—yes, he has come three or four times lately to hear me sing, and we have had some drives. Yesterday morning we met by accident. He proposed that I should go with him to the Corso in the afternoon and mystify some of our friends, so we got the costumes; then, when we were in all the riot, I said, 'Oh for a breath of fresh air!' and we made our way out of the crowd and called a *legno*, and drove to that little place because it was near. We were not there two hours; we were gone by five; you must have come late. That is all."

Marion looked at her without speaking. The marchesa had forgotten all about her illness and her doctor, and she could not remind her of it; indeed, the note might have been sent when they resolved to go to the Corso. But how much could she believe now? A sickening sensation passed over her, and she dropped her eyes. There was a silence.

The marchesa resumed, a little impatiently: "We did not exchange a word at the Palazzo Caffarelli, as you may have seen, yourself; when I came home to get my mask and domino I found that the marchese had to go to Florence by the early train this morning, and I was up all night helping him to get ready; I was not at the *veglione*. So that is the end of it."

"The end?" repeated Marion sorrowfully. "Do you suppose that he does not love you—that he will not see you

again? He is putting off his journey to Naples; I heard him say so last night; and I knew why."

"But he has gone!" exclaimed the marchesa.

"Gone?" cried Marion with a pang of joy and grief.

"Yes, here is his farewell note; it came an hour ago." She took it from under her pillow and held it up.

"Oh!" sighed the young girl, clasping her hands, "thank God!" She did not know how, when Roger was beginning note after note to Madame Rocca Diavolo until he almost lost the train, his courage more than once failing him between the strength of returning temptation and the sense of the sorry figure he should make to the marchesa, he had thought of Marion's words in the Villa Medici on the day when that siren smile had first kindled his fancy, and how he knew then that, ridiculous as he might seem, there was heroism in this act. It was a very difficult note to write; what he said he hardly knew; perhaps it was the poorest attempt which he sent, after all; at any rate it was short, and it was farewell.

The ejaculation, for some reason, touched Fiammetta's pride.

"Listen to me, young girl. He has fled, it is true, but flight is not always safety. Absence is hard to bear at first; the thoughts turn backward, the heart whispers all that might have been; a letter almost draws one back; it is not far from Rome to Naples. Do you think I would let a man I loved escape me so? No; if he did not return, I would follow him." Marion gave a gesture of fright and despair. "But I do not love him; it was a caprice. He is gone; let him go. I had written," and she drew a letter from a portfolio on a table beside her. "There!" and she tossed it upon the brazier in the middle of the room; "now that *comediotta* is finished."

Marion felt the magnanimity of the action, despite the touch of scorn in the tone. "Thank you," she said. "You are generous. I shall not be the gainer, but he will. God bless you!" And so with quivering lips but without another

word or look she left the presence of her shattered idol.

The Italian lay thinking it all over. It was the first time in her life that she had relinquished a victim, and at her age it was not so slight a thing as it would have been twenty years earlier; but she had no vanity in her composition. If the demons of passion, rivalry, jealousy, had been roused in her heart, it might have fared ill with Marion, for when they were awake she had never yet hesitated for the sake of man or woman; but it had been a whim, a fancy, and she had let it go. It was a new experience to stop half-way; she had acted on impulse, too; perhaps if she had waited three hours the letter might have gone. But she did not regret what she had done; she did regret the pain of the young girl to whom she had become attached, and with whom, she felt, all was over. She read poor Roger's farewell lines again. "He did not love me either, not yet; but I think he will not forget me very soon," she said to herself with some satisfaction. She took up the handkerchief, and thought of the dawning passion among the laurels. "Pest! why did not the child tell me she loved him?" she said, and then flung note and handkerchief upon the brazier to mingle their ashes with the letter's.

When Marion reached the Tempietto she found some of their American friends there, and all in a little commotion. On returning from church Mrs. Mason had received a note from Count Rothenstein, to tell her that in talking over their plans after the *veglione* they had determined to carry out their original project of going to Greece and Turkey, and on inquiry found that a steamer would leave Brindisi the following week, which gave them so little time at Naples that they were starting at once. It ended with many compliments and regrets, hopes to meet again, and a petition to be allowed to write on their journey. The lady who was to chaperon the party with which he was to have gone had also had a note from him, explaining their sudden departure and saying they would engage rooms, inquire about the expedi-

tions to Amalfi and Pæstum, and have everything ready for their friends' arrival.

"It strikes me as odd that Mr. Carey did not write," said Mrs. Mason.

"I suppose one packed and the other wrote; think how little time they had," said Henrietta carelessly. "I dare say we shall hear in a day or two." But Marion saw that she was troubled; when they were alone, she said, —

"Netta, you are sorry that they are gone."

"You could n't expect me to be glad, Mal, could you — after these two pleasant months we've spent together?"

"You would n't be sorry, dear, if you knew. I think Count Rothenstein saw that there was a great danger for Roger, and has persuaded him to go away." The tears swelled under Henrietta's lids, but she drove them back bravely, and nodded. Nobody but her friend saw that though her outer life continued the same, practical, unselfish, gay, she had little heart for pleasure or duty.

The marchesa knew what she was talking about when she said that absence is hard to bear at first; she had been right, too, in foreseeing that Roger would not soon forget her; he was not likely ever to see a woman who would make him forget her, and for some time he dragged the fragment of a half-riveted chain. In one way she had done the best for him herself by her Carnival pranks. Under the fascination of her presence he did not perceive the impression produced upon him; if they had met at the masked ball, if he had been at the Porta San Sebastiano, no doubt all such recollections would have been lost in utter intoxication; but as the violent attraction passed off like the effect of a philter, he measured the abyss which separated her from any woman he could truly love. Yet neither of the young men could get rid of a restless longing to be back in Rome. They both missed the companionship of those two months inexpressibly; not even constant change of scene could accustom them to separation from the sweet habit of intimacy into which they had so easi-

ly fallen. Rothenstein's regret was so enduring that Roger began to suspect that on the morning when he had thought himself making such a heroic effort, his friend had been the greater hero. They had both written to Mrs. Mason from Naples, and a joint letter to the young ladies; at Athens they had received an answer from Henrietta, who wrote for the whole party. They replied at once, and waited eagerly to hear again, but there were no more letters from Rome among their mails; still they continued to hope for them, and each disappointment was deeper than the last, until one evening on the Bosphorus, when another steamer had come, bringing them nothing from the Tempietto, the German confessed that if he had counted the cost he could not have come away. An uncomfortable conscience, a vague uneasiness lest some hint of his affair with the marchesa should have transpired and that this was the cause of their silence, prevented Roger's writing again, and the count did not venture to do so alone, not deeming his intimacy sufficient to warrant it.

It was June before they found themselves again in Italy. They reached Naples from Sicily in the night, and took the earliest train to Rome, unable to explain their own impatience. All along the route they saluted with joy sites which they had remarked when traveling the other way somewhat heavy-hearted. They talked over every incident of the winter as they had never done before; by tacit consent the marchesa had been rarely mentioned between them; Rothenstein had not known of the last day's adventure, nor the contents of the last night's note, but he had been aware of Roger's mysterious comings and goings for a week previous, and guessed very nearly how the affair had gone. Now for the first time they spoke freely of the party at the Palazzo Caffarelli, and that magnificent performance which, often as they had heard Madame Rocca Diavolo sing before, had been a revelation to them.

"She is surely a wonderful creature," said Roger, closing his eyes and leaning

back. "One could not see so much beauty, genius, charm, grace, sweetness, and power of passion, without — without a sort of divine thirst, a longing to dissolve it all in one cup like Cleopatra's pearl, and drain it at a draught."

"Dregs, dregs," replied the German. "Think how often the cup had been emptied before."

"True," said the other, with a half-sigh. "That thought would have given it a bitter enough after-taste; if one loved her, it would be maddening. But I did not love her. I'm glad to have known her, at all events; after being carried off one's feet once like that, one feels steady enough for all time to come; I doubt if even she could turn my head again, and love — love is very different from that. Rudolf, it was the recollection of those two girls which made me break away just at the crisis. I thought myself as free to do as I liked as any man alive, but after all, one is never so free but that there is some one to whom one owes it not to do wrong."

Rome was in her midsummer magnificence; the heat was great, but as yet nothing looked parched; veils of delicate verdure shrouded the sombre ilexes and cypresses, for thousands of deciduous trees, which are overlooked in winter amid the perennial foliage of the evergreens, were now in leaf everywhere; roses overspread the gardens and fell in cascades from the walls; silvery, plashing fountains were grateful to eye and ear. The deep, rich colors were gone from the landscape; the Campagna rolled in emerald billows to the base of the mountains, which were a faint lilac, and their little white towns twinkled through the hot haze. The foreigners had all left the city, which was not then the reviving capital of to-day, and had sunk back into somnolence on their departure. Now and then a red coach crawled through the dark avenues of the Villa Borghese, beside a cardinal who had got out to stretch his purple legs over the grass, and this was all that remained of the gay winter procession; the models had vanished from the Spanish stairs, for their season too was over; the beg-

gars sat in the shade instead of the sun. To the two young men there was an inexpressible sense of loneliness under all the beauty; it was pleasure and solace to be there again, but they now for the first time realized the sadness of Rome, of which they had heard so much.

It was late in the afternoon before they emerged from the hotel, refreshed from their hot and dusty journey, and turned their steps towards the Pincian to see the sunset. At the top of the Scalinata, Roger proposed that they should stop at the Tempietto for a last look at the rooms where they had spent so many happy hours. The woman in charge knew them well, for she had acted as housemaid to the Masons. They learned of her that their friends had been gone nearly two months: "They went to Florence as soon as the Signorina Marianna could bear the journey."

"Good heavens! has she been ill?" cried Roger.

"Oh, holy saints! does not the signore know? Very ill, ever since Carnival; the doctor said she took cold at the veglione, and that she neglected it and it ran into fever, a *perniciosa*. But I think she had a misfortune, some bad news that day, for she came in from driving with the Signorina Henrietta, pale, pale as the dead, and would not go to the *moccolletti*, but cried and sobbed as if her heart would break, all by herself in her room. *Dio mio!* Susanna and I tried to make her drink tea, but she would have nothing. She kept up for a few days, — what courage! what heart! — but then had to take to her bed. She was *molto appassionata* about something; she used to cry a great deal when she was alone; Susanna sat in the next room to sew, and she could hear her. How my signorina nursed her, as if they had been sisters! Two angels, those young ladies. At last she got better and they took her away."

"Are they in Florence still, do you know?"

"Oh no! Fortunato wrote me a letter for Susanna, and my signora and her family were going to Venice and then to Switzerland; but the Signorina Marianna was sick for her country, and was

to go home at once with some ladies, their friends."

"To go home!" said Roger, with a cold shock of disappointment. "How long ago was that?"

"Oh, a month ago, I believe, and there is a letter which came for my signorina afterwards, and I did not know where to send it. Perhaps the signori will take it for me."

"But we do not know their address. Why did you not take it to the bankers'?"

"Ah, blessed Virgin! Poor fool that I am, I never thought of that." She went to look for the letter, and the young men, miserable at this news, sat down in the deserted drawing-room. It was literally as the Masons had left it; the very candle-ends had not been removed; some withered flowers were crumbling in a vase; the secretary at which Henrietta used to write her notes was open, and beneath it the basket which her neatness had provided, half full of visiting-cards and envelopes torn across. The German looked round, and tears filled his candid blue eyes. Roger pulled out a drawer in which lay some loose sheets of Italian exercises in Marion's bold, clear hand; he rolled them together tenderly to take them away with him. The woman returned with a soiled and crumpled envelope superscribed as often as if it had been forwarded from place to place round the world; Roger took it, and after a glance threw it to Rothenstein, who uttered a prolonged "So!" of vexation; it was their own letter from Athens. They questioned the woman further, but she could tell them no more, and in a melancholy mood they left the house and walked towards the Pincio.

"What could have made Marion ill?" said Roger.

"It was not the *veglione*; something had happened that day. Don't you remember how she looked in the evening?"

"But that was the music."

"Not at the first notes when the curtain rose. I saw her before the tableaux began; Mrs. Mason sent me to the actors' room with her daughter's fan, which

she had forgotten; Miss Sands was sitting apart like a statue of grief."

"There could have been no bad news from home, or they would have told us."

"No, there was no bad news. I spoke to Miss Mason at the *veglione* about her friend's looks, and she said it was only a violent headache, but she was nervous and worried about her, I could see, and altogether unlike herself. No headache ever gave any one such an expression."

"How very strange!" said Roger, pondering; "what could it have been?"

"To tell the truth, I have never been able to get it out of my head that she had found out something of your affair."

"I hope to God she had not! And what could she have heard? Yes, that afternoon, to be sure. Good heavens! could she have met and recognized us? Do you think she would have cared so much?" he added, a thrill of pleasure mingling with his distress.

"I don't know what she may have heard or seen," replied the other, gravely; "but I think any suspicion of such an affair would have shocked her deeply."

"It is inexplicable that Miss Mason did not write of her illness."

He did not understand a young girl's pride of sex; Henrietta had jealously guarded her friend's sufferings from him whom she knew to be the cause.

They were walking slowly, for the heat was intense, and opposite the Villa Medici they sat down on the parapet of the terrace-wall, under the dense shade of some ilexes whose last year's leaves were dropping into the brimming basin of a huge stone fountain-cup; the sinking sun was flooding the city with gold, the sublime cupola of St. Peter's bulged, violet, against the rosy sky. Roger absently turned over the papers he held in his hand. On one of them some verses in pencil fixed his attention; they were in trembling characters only just to be recognized as his cousin's; he held them nearer his eyes, and read:—

ASPETTARE NON VENIRE

She leans against the old gray wall,
The faded leaves around her fall,
And o'er her steals, unfelt and still,
The breath of autumn, sad and chill.

The hoary trees that sheltering spread
 Paternal arms above her head
 Have watched her yearlong since she played,
 A happy child, beneath their shade.

The withered beech leaves, sore and brown,
 Tell, as they rustle slowly down,
 Of all the changes of the year,
 From hopeful spring to autumn drear.

The low sun glimmers through a veil
 Of branches knit and vapors pale,
 And, growing fainter with the skies,
 The light expires within her eyes.

No need to ask, What does she here
 'Neath falling day, and waning year,
 And dying leaves which softly rain?
 She waits, alas! and waits in vain.

Next morning the young men were on
 their way northward, Count Rothenstein
 to seek Henrietta through the world
 until he found her, Roger to sail for
 home and see whether Marion would be
 waiting for him by the wall at Beechy
 Heights.

JANE REED.

A PENNSYLVANIA BALLAD.

"If I could forget," she said, "forget, and begin again!
 We see so dull at the time, and, looking back, so plain:
 There's a quiet that's worse, I think, than many a spoken strife,
 And it's wrong that one mistake should change the whole of a life.

"There's John, forever the same, so steady, sober, and mild;
 He never storms as a man who never cried as a child:
 Perhaps my ways are harsh, but if he would seem to care,
 There'd be fewer swallowed words and a lighter load to bear.

"Here, Cherry!—she's found me out, the calf I raised in the spring,
 And a likely heifer she's grown, the foolish, soft-eyed thing!
 Just the even color I like, without a dapple or speck,—
 Oh, Cherry, bend down your head, and let me cry on your neck!

"The poor dumb beast she is, she never can know nor tell,
 And it seems to do me good, the very shame of the spell:
 So old a woman and hard, and Joel so old a man,—
 But the thoughts of the old go on as the thoughts of the young began!

"It's guessing that wastes the heart, far worse than the surest fate:
 If I knew he had thought of me, I could quietly work and wait;
 And then when either, at last, on a bed of death should lie,
 Why, one might speak the truth, and the other hear and die!"

She leaned on the heifer's neck: the dry leaves fell from the boughs,
 And over the sweet late grass of the meadow strayed the cows:
 The golden dodder meshed the cardinal-flower by the rill;
 There was autumn haze in the air, and sunlight low on the hill.

"I've somehow missed my time," she said to herself, and sighed:
 "What girls are free to hope, a steady woman must hide,

But the need outstays the chance: it makes me cry and laugh,
To think that the only thing I can talk to now is a calf!"

A step came down from the hill: she did not turn, or rise;
There was something in her heart that saw without the eyes.
She heard the foot delay, as doubting to stay or go:
"Is the heifer for sale?" he said. She sternly answered, "No!"

She lifted her head as she spake: their eyes a moment met,
And her heart repeated the words, "If I could only forget!"
He turned a little away, but her lowered eyes could see
His hand, as it picked the bark from the trunk of a hickory-tree.

"Why can't we be friendly, Jane?" his words came, strange and slow;
"You seem to bear me a grudge, so long, and so long ago!
You were gay and free with the rest, but always so shy of me,
That, before my freedom came, I saw that it could n't be."

"Joel!" was all she cried, as their glances met again,
And a sudden rose effaced her pallor of age and pain.
He picked at the hickory bark: "It's a curious thing to say;
But I'm lonely since Phebe died and the girls are married away.

"That's why these thoughts come back: I'm a little too old for pride,
And I never could understand how love should be all one side:
'T would answer itself, I thought, and time would show me how;
But it did n't come so, then, and it does n't seem so, now!"

"Joel, it came so, then!" — and her voice was thick with tears:
"A hope for a single day, and a bitter shame for years!"
He snapped the ribbon of bark; he turned from the hickory-tree:
"Jane, look me once in the face, and say that you thought of me!"

She looked, and feebly laughed: "It's a comfort to know the truth,
Though the chance was thrown away in the blind mistake of youth."
"And a greater comfort, Jane," he said, with a tender smile,
"To find the chance you have lost, and keep it a little while."

She rose as he spake the words: the petted heifer thrust
Her muzzle between the twain, with an animal's strange mistrust;
But over the creature's neck he drew her to his breast:
"A horse is never so old but it pulls with another best!"

"It's enough to know," she said; "to remember, not forget!"
"Nay, nay: for the rest of life we'll pay each other's debt!"
She had no will to resist, so kindly was she drawn,
And she sadly said, at last, "But what will become of John?"

Bayard Taylor.

EARLY AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

THE problem of writing American novels, about which it has of late years become the fashion to talk with a great deal of artificial profundity and useless intricacy, is not a new one. Some of the prevalent theories about it are fortunately new; but the attempt to solve the difficulty began more than three quarters of a century ago.

In the colonial period of our literature, which may be called the period of unconscious beginnings, we find nothing of fiction. This is noticeable, but natural. A nation cannot know itself until, looking into imaginative writings, it suddenly catches the gleam of its own eyes, the responsive tracing of its own features there, and is uncertain how much the novelty of the sight depends upon itself, how much it may be due to the reflected image. Therefore, while men were laying in this country the foundations of a structure they did not dream of, and were still only dimly aware of the differences between themselves and other English, original fiction could hardly find a place among their productions.

Our first native novelist, Brockden Brown, did not appear until after the swift and thorough awakening which came with the Revolution. Before that, those gentlemen of the colonies who had a mind to adorn life for themselves with a decent literary style had learned to hold their pens in the manner of the Queen Anne wits, and that of the Georgian prosaists. They gracefully changed their fashion of expression to suit the London modes, and for a time were quite content with this genteel exercise. But suddenly they had occasion to make known ideas of their own, and the fashions were dropped promptly enough, giving way to the stately and simple utterance of political writing which has seldom been equaled. But pure literature lagged far behind political. As the people of the colonies were themselves reluctant to believe that total separation

must come, so the finer forms of literature, in spite of their protests and their independent spirit, still paid deference to British example, for many years after the Union had been formed. After the war, society in this country, like a person whose will and reason have thrown off certain inherited traits, strove to bring the same blood which had filled its veins before the revolt into obedience to the newly established intellectual rule. But the process was slow. Ardent democracy and lingering torism persisted together, while a stately republican element, careful of distinctions and countenancing slavery, held the balance of power, and for a time imposed its tie-wig on the teeming head of the young nationality with a picturesque enough result. Similar conflicts were represented by the contents of the book-shelf. Now this incongruity, this dispute between new ideas and old manners, was sure to make itself strongly felt in fiction, for, the period of national consciousness having arrived, certain people were dissatisfied at the bad sort of mirror of life furnished by foreign novels.

At first the dissonance of imported fiction with the tone of our new life was not so much attended to, for novels, though used in good measure "in our sea-ports," — according to Royall Tyler's preface to *The Algerine Captive*, in 1797, — "if known in the country, were read only by the families of clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, while certain funeral discourses, the *Last Dying Speeches* of Bryan Shanneen and Levi Ames, or some dreary somebody's *Day of Doom*, formed the most diverting part of the farmer's library." But the taste for romances spread until this same authority felt compelled to speak up boldly. He thus describes the influence of alien fiction upon the New England woman: "It paints the manners, customs, and habits of a strange country, excites a fondness for false splendor,

and renders the homespun habits of her own country disgusting. . . . There are two things wanting," said a friend to the author: "that we write our own books of amusement, and that they exhibit our own manners." Perfectly wholesome advice, no doubt; and Mr. Tyler attempted to follow it, by giving the world, in his *Algerine Captive*, an account of a fictitious Doctor —, who travels about the country a good deal (possibly in search of the name his historian's imagination failed to supply), goes abroad, is captured by the Algerine pirates, and eventually escapes and returns home. But the book is a failure as a novel; the effort to "exhibit our own manners" results in certain generalized sketches of little merit; and the most entertaining thing between the covers is the preface. This dry little volume was printed at Walpole, New Hampshire, a place not greatly suspected of being a literary centre at the present day; but the locality was favorable to a sanguineness of temperament which looked forward to rescuing readers, by so slight an expedient, from destruction at the hands of the British novelists. The *Algerine Captive*, indeed, was nothing more than a blank cartridge fired off as a signal of approaching danger; but it alarmed the camp. At all events, the very next year, 1798, brought to the front Brockden Brown, with his first novel, *Wieland*.

In the previous year Brown had published *Alcuin*, or *A Dialogue on the Rights of Women*, in which the same questions of marriage and divorce that are to-day so frequently and freely agitated were brought up for discussion. He thus began his career of authorship with dialectics, just as William Godwin, whom Brown took for his model in novel-writing, had done. Godwin's *Inquiry concerning Political Justice* was a stepping-stone to his *Caleb Williams*. But here Brown's course differed; he had chosen a difficult theme in *Alcuin*, and did not pursue it in his novels; prudently, perhaps, though the subjects of his fictions need a coherence which some sustained course of ideas might have sup-

plied. We get an amusing but pathetic glimpse of literary conditions in the liberated colonies through the obstacles which met Brown's wish to make authorship his profession. He was born in 1771, and his uncle, Charles Brockden, had drawn up, just forty years before, the constitution of the old Philadelphia Library Company, as if with a vague sense of obligation toward his non-existent nephew; books, too, were early made familiar to him in his father's house. Yet his family and friends all cherished a strong dislike for the scheme of his writing books himself. "Libraries," reflected they, "are all very well, as long as your own sons or near relatives do not attempt adding to their contents from their own inkstands." This objection was a part of the incredibly superficial respectability which then reigned in this country in matters of the arts. One finds plenty of wealthy people, at this day, who profess, and make their children profess, the utmost reverence for books and pictures, people who read with relish and indignation about the struggles of noted poets and painters against poverty or parental stupidity; but nothing could be more dreadful to them than to have their children seriously and generously devote themselves to either art in question. When Brown was still an infant, his biographer Dunlap tells us, a book was sufficient amusement to him even when left for some time alone. His parents allowed him to study much more than was good for him; at ten he was "a sort of gazetteer" to his father; at eleven, on the threshold of Latin and Greek, his health gave out. Returning from boarding-school at the age of sixteen, he very naturally set about planning three great epic poems founded on the discovery of America, Pizarro's conquest of Peru, and Cortes' campaigns in Mexico. Fortunately, they were never executed. It was now that he began the study of law, in which he distinguished himself; but the needful books having been read, and dry practice coming in view, his docile ardor failed him, and he openly resolved on giving his life to literature. It must be said for Brown that, in addition to

his natural bent, he had a clear perception of the need for an American school of writers, and wished to do something toward founding one. His friends represented his desire as being lawless and impetuous, as conflicting with filial and social duties. He was sensitive, and their harangues reduced him to a morbid and deeply wretched state of mind, ending in broken health. But he had been given books to play with, when a child, and children, from the small eminence of a quarto, often catch sight of strange things. I think Brown had seen a vision of himself enshrined somewhere far off, as an American classic. He went to New York, found two congenial friends there with names as easy to remember as his own, Smith and Johnson, to wit, and became an author. I am afraid he did *not* become an American classic, though his works are still kept on the shelves of certain book-preserving institutions, and a little mortuary heap of dust, a handful of the author's native soil, fell from the long-slumbering volumes when lately exhumed and examined for the benefit of readers of this article. All unconscious of predestined oblivion, nevertheless, *Wieland* came forth, and was successful, though only after surmounting many perplexities of printer and publisher, owing to the prevalent indifference for American-born romance at the time. Even Cooper at the beginning of his career, stuck for several years upon the harbor-bar of reluctant type.

Wieland is, on the whole, the best of Brown's novels, and possesses a sort of phosphorescent impressiveness. Yet it is a preposterous book. Opening with a terrible case of spontaneous combustion, gloomier but less powerful than Dickens's similar disaster in *Bleak House*, it proceeds with a chain of terrifying and shocking circumstances which end in madness and murder, but prove to have been occasioned merely by the pranks of a ventriloquist. One feels a sort of shame at participating in such wanton and wasteful horrors. But considered simply as a literary performance, the work has undoubted strength, though

of an unhealthy sort. It gives evidence of ability, hardly of genius, and cannot be called original in any sense. Clearly patterned after Caleb Williams, it smacks of the unearthliness of *Frankenstein*, and is founded on machinery of the Radcliffe kind. Still, it has a species of *keeping* with itself. The atmosphere which it generates is sombre, dank, miasmatic; a single ray of the fine humor belonging to all highest genius would have dispersed and destroyed the entire unhealthy exhalation. Neither is there any character in the story, as we now understand the development of character. This is true of all his books excepting *Ormond*, in which *Constantia* appears, — a heroine of some force. Arthur Mervyn, Brown's second novel, is a formless farrago of horrors, — the yellow fever, fraud, seduction, — with no redeeming trait in it. Edgar Huntly, another tale, deals in the adventures of a somnambulist, and Indian maraudings. Finally, *Clara Howard* and *Jane Talbot* are stories of love and misunderstanding, which are absurdly overwrought and excessively dull. Besides these, Brown wrote *The Memoirs of Carwin* (the ventriloquist in *Wieland*), with some singular imitation histories called *The Carrills and Ormes*, and *Sketches of a History of Carsol*, which are unutterably dry, and are filled with details about the ground-plans of huge royal abodes — the result of a passion which Brown is said to have had for architectural drawing. The meaning of these strange fantasies in sham fact no one has been able to divine. Such are the meagre and melancholy fruits of this man's life, aside from sundry volumes of *The Monthly Magazine and Literary Review*, and of a subsequent *Literary Magazine and American Register*, which he edited and mostly wrote, between 1799 and 1810. In the latter year, he died of consumption. Apparently he had accomplished nothing substantial of that which he aimed for: he had originated no new point of view in fiction; he had demonstrated that novels could be written in America, but not that there could be novels distinctively American. Nor did

he in any way reproduce the characteristics of the period in which he lived. What magnificent materials lay at his elbow! — the courtly life and splendid festivities of the Morrisises, the Binghames, the Shippens, in Philadelphia; the conflict of English and French manners and ideas in our communities, the reflex action of the French Revolution on society in the States; or, had he reached back a little farther, there was the time of our own Revolution at command, with its manifold passionate situations, its dramatic contrasts: Washington's ragged and half-successful army beating about the country while Sir William Howe was entertained in Philadelphia with a tournament between the knights of the Burning Mountain and those of the Blended Rose. All this, and the dissensions that disturbed the new nation, also the clashing of honest and earnest democracy with the new aristocracy of wealth, combined with numberless picturesque details of period, place, and costume, supplies material worthy of a Thackeray and a Hugo united in one. But perhaps Brown stood too close to what looks so enticing in perspective, to perceive its pictorial value. Moreover, novel-writing was in its infancy, and his mind was fettered by Godwin's. One thing is noteworthy: in his novels the women are the strongest characters, and they have an air of semi-revolt, of strong despair at the comfortless position they occupy. This, too, was doubtless caught from Godwin and his association with Mary Woolstonecraft, author of *The Rights of Women*. But we may account it a merit; it was of good omen for the tone that should characterize subsequent American fiction, and Margaret Fuller hailed the trait with enthusiasm, many years later.

"I saw him a little before his death," wrote the painter Sully, of Charles Brockden Brown. "I had never known him, never heard of him, never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November, when the air was full of smoke. . . . I was caught by the sight of a man with a remarkable physiognomy, writing at a table in a dark room. The sun shone

directly upon his head. . . . The dead leaves were falling." I like this glimpse, because it makes a spot of sunshine in a somewhat dreary picture. Indeed, Brown deserves the aureole; for although none of his books are "works of genius," he himself was a man of genius, — genius misdirected and squandered, but not wholly wasted. He was the first man in America to lead a life of letters pure and simple; and though it was a short life, leaving no immortal results, his example was a brave one. Brown saw that a chasm was surely opening between literature and life in this country; an abyss yawned in the very market-place of the republic. Another Curtius, he leaped full-armed into the gulf, — and the ground has closed over him completely. Sometimes, in viewing more recent products of our soil, flimsy fictive growths far less deserving even than Brown's novels, I am tempted to question the gods, and to wonder why the gulf does not still yawn a little, now and then.

But Brown's valiant though brief and to us unsatisfactory endeavors resulted in recognition from England: one or two of his books found a place among Bentley's Standard Novels. No amount of success which had not the sanction of the London public could have availed to encourage native literature as this reception abroad encouraged it; so great was the dependence on England in matters of taste. But we have seen that Brown was in no way a peculiar outcome of American life, and represented nothing new. His success, therefore, was not at once followed by any other noticeable attempt. It was in 1807, to be sure, that James Paulding and Washington Irving wrote their *Salmagundi*, a work in its whole scope and manner aping *The Spectator* and the essays of Goldsmith, even to the point of a kind of perversion of borrowed suggestions which was half plagiarism. But it required the intolerance of the English reviews to arouse our countrymen to a consciousness of their subordinated attitude, and it was not until 1820 that Sydney Smith, in *The Edinburgh Review*, kindled beacons all along our coast

for a general rally of mind, by his supercilious observation, "Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious;" and by his offensive inquiry, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American statue?" If one is surprised at the ignorance of Mr. Smith in putting these questions, one wonders still more that his frequently acute sense of humor did not save him from his succeeding queries: "Who drinks out of American glasses . . . or sleeps in American blankets?" But the obtuse and insolent attack was wholesome. Precisely as the British march upon Concord had opened the eyes of the colonists forty-five years before, this literary brutishness now called upon the thinking people of the country to assert a capacity for literature, similar to that which they had proved for government.

It is interesting to observe the results. Quite by accident, in the year preceding the Edinburgh article, a young United States naval lieutenant, lately married and then living in Westchester, New York, had been piqued into writing a little imitation English novel, *Precaution*. His next book, *The Spy*, was eminently patriotic, and turned out to be the first really American novel, rousing an unprecedented excitement among all native readers, and going forth into Great Britain and the European continent to gain equal acceptance there, not only as a spirited work of the imagination, but also as being freshly and adequately characteristic of this quarter of the world. *The Spy* was published in 1823. The change of theme and spirit in the author, after his first publication, is of course not to be ascribed solely to the Rev. Sydney Smith's rough gibes; though the comparison of dates is suggestive. In like manner, Paulding, who had begun so meekly in the footsteps of *The Spectator*, came forward stornily, in 1824, with his *John Bull in America*; a bulky trifle written in less than a month's time, to satirize some absurd articles in *The British Quarterly*, based upon Travels in

this country penned by certain ignorant and prejudiced Englishmen. But in the interval since Salmagundi, Paulding also had developed the American sentiment to some degree in his attempted poem, *The Backwoodsman*. Indeed, the preliminaries to an entire literature had been silently arranging themselves among us since the achievement of independence; and a critic of discernment, remembering how much had been produced in the colonies before the war, would have held his peace in discussing the literary outlook of America at a time when, for many years, revolution and political agitation attendant on the formation of government, together with a couple of foreign wars, held intellectual achievement somewhat in the background. It was in 1823 that Channing published his essay on National Literature; Audubon began two years later to publish his *Birds of America* in folio numbers; Prescott was already in 1820 studying deeply for his first history, and Bancroft, having in the same year taken his degree at Göttingen, was enriching himself with the ripest knowledge which Europe could yield, before commencing his massive and brilliant *History of the United States*. So that the Americans, conscious of abundant intellectual vigor and of aspirations which were soon, in their fulfillment, to command universal praise, felt keenly a taunt offered at the last moment when it could have been made with any show of justice; and doubtless their efforts were quickened by it.

Paulding's *John Bull* is a sufficiently amusing piece of exaggerative ridicule; yet I do not think we can any of us take great pride or pleasure in it now. The author had a coarse humor, which he used with equal bluntness against his own people when he thought that occasion called for it. Witness this scrap from his *New Mirror*, or *Guide to the Springs*, in which he enumerates the requisites for a young lady's outfit in summer travel: "Six beaux to amuse you on the journey. N. B. A poodle will do as well." In this *Guide to the Springs* he was influenced by an impression quite

prevalent at the time, that the witty thing to do was to satirize the manners of "the town," and in such writing we find another sign of the subserviency to British example which kept reappearing in one form or another through our light literature for many years. Paulding followed Cooper with several novels similar to the latter's in construction and in literary texture, though vastly inferior to them in native strength—*Koningsmarke*, *Westward Ho!* *The Old Continental*, *The Puritan and his Daughter*; but both he and his illustrious contemporary, it seems to me, unconsciously played to the British gallery a great deal more than was well. The title of "*the American Scott*," which was so repugnant to Mr. Cooper, from which we also should be glad to free him, sticks nevertheless. Irving, for his part, devoted himself with positively obsequious industry to the production of such close imitations of Addison and Goldsmith that we are reminded by them of the modern reproductions of antique furniture and gold work, often admirable in their way, but to be valued only as illustrations of what has already been done elsewhere. Goldsmiths' work in electrotype, and reproductions of old pictures by cheap processes, are useful, because we cannot have the originals. But these books must finally fall into the place of things not needed, although excellently wrought and still much in fashion. Paulding, who enjoyed the privilege of assisting to govern the country as Secretary of the Navy and in other offices, may perhaps retain immortality in the archives of a past administration; he certainly will not do so by virtue of his novels or other writings. Yet he was a sturdier American than his friend, and in one thing he is interesting, as setting in motion in his own mind two opposing currents of feeling which are still in active play among us. He was ferocious in his castigations of John Bull, but equally satirical, as we have observed, toward his countrymen. The same conflict appears in Cooper, who, on going to Europe, at first bitterly resented the criticisms of his

country which he encountered there, but ended by becoming the harshest of its critics, later. This fashion of bullying the offensive foreigner, and then seizing an early opportunity to castigate one's fellow-citizens, has its disadvantages, for the latter process is as public as the first. The fashion, accordingly, has gone out; and along with a general perceptible amelioration of international manners, there has come a greater circumspection among writers on this subject, though we yet meet daily with a snobbish rejection of America by Americans which is no less provincial than the traditional stump-orator's blind scorn for every other country "on the planet." Cooper justly made this complaint: "The governing social evil of America is provincialism; a misfortune that is perhaps inseparable from her situation. . . . The dramatist who should endeavor to delineate the faults of society would find a formidable party arrayed against him in a moment, with no party to defend." In this respect, he declares, the nation is "lamentably in arrears to its own principles." But, on the other hand, one cannot now read his *Home as Found* without frequent vexation and laughter at the hopeless pomposity of the writer, and his vain attempt to train Americans in manners as absolutely as he would beat gunners to quarters at sea, by holding up to them his tiresome Sir George and Miss Effingham with their everlasting "well-bred and concealed smiles," and opposing to these the buffoon, Aristobulus Bragg, as a typical American.

But no writer of fiction has yet succeeded in the delicate task of effecting an understanding on this troublesome point. It can never, in fact, be done, unless by some one of sprightly instinct and sound judgment, who shall measure the deflections of society from the ideal by his own educated, honest consciousness,—not by any imported convention, however excellent in its place,—and shall then hit off his observations with wit enough to make laughter drown discontent. The reason of this is that with us there exists no social code to

which readers the country through defer; it will be very long before such a code can be established, and none will ever be generally recognized among us, it is to be hoped, not based on principles more generous than those governing Old World societies. American manners in the best and broadest sense — I do not speak merely of the polished surfaces, too closely resembling European results, which appear here and there in our older communities — as yet admit of only a partial definition, yet they exist, as distinguished from those of other nations. We find in them a prevailing tone of common sense, compensating for a great deal of vulgarity, a humorous perception of propriety, a fine tact, and great faith in human nature. These are healthy traits, and to these must be made the appeal of any one who aims to "exhibit our manners" with radical and repaying success. It is, I believe, contended by a small number of superior persons that no "novel of society" can be founded on American life, because we have no society. I await with great interest and curiosity, however, novels which shall do justice to the extraordinary and thrilling situation of forty million people who unite in pining for a society, and who, meanwhile, remain absolutely destitute of emotions and in some unaccountable way deprived of their human nature. Even Cooper complains¹ that with us "there are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance;" and that "the weakest hand can extract a spark from the flint, but it would baffle the strength of the giant to attempt kindling a flame with a pudding-stone." It is true, the exterior structure of our society recalls that of the pudding-stone; but "the giant" should be able to accomplish something even with this. Possibly, with due exertion, he might discover the granite of an untried continent lying at the bottom of this superficial appearance.

But the only novelist who has shown

the manners of this country in at all the right spirit, was a mysterious German, whose stories, published under the pseudonym of Charles Sealsfield, at intervals from 1828 to 1842, attracted, it is said, a great many readers; though they have now passed into deep obscurity. Sealsfield's supreme advantage was that of an impartial and very impressive mind, to which the immense and varied stretches of our many-chambered life were suddenly revealed. The vast range, the richness of the material, awoke an exhaustless enthusiasm in him, and his life was passed in journeying through every part of these States, and into the outlying wildernesses, and in reporting, through the medium of novels, his curious and almost limitless discoveries. Nothing escaped him; he did not close his eyes to a single foible or error, and all that he has to tell us of our manners is based on a frame of fact as unyielding and coldly certain as iron. Yet, withal, he possessed a comprehension of our entire system and the quality of our national being which would be rare in a native American. His *Life in the New World* is a series of novels opening one into another with a continuousness which he must have caught from the Mississippi and the Red River, along whose shores the scenery of the stories is unfolded; and rough, diffuse, ragged in plan as they are, they give a panoramic view of American character which is surely one of the most singular things in literature. I say literature; yet you are haunted, in reading him, by a suspicion that it is not fiction, but hugely agglomerated fact, that you have before you. And this is partly true. The German critic Mundt declared that Sealsfield had come nearer to reality than any previous novelist. But the author, in his preface to *Morton*, or *The Grand Tour*, admits in a measure that to secure this he incorporated fact with his work just as it presented itself; and he even sets up a theory, after reviewing the standpoints of the great novelists, that the new departure in this art should be to draw distinctly from living persons. "The tendency of this book," he says

¹ *Traveling Bachelor*.

of Morton, "is a higher one than that of the romance proper; it approaches the historic motive. I wish to do my share in giving to the historical romance that higher tone by means of which it may more beneficently work itself into the culture of the age; to assist in replacing, by stronger nourishment, the thousand imbecile, damaging, dull books called novels of manners, and written in order to make still more unnaturally stiff social relations which are already stretched unnaturally tense enough." Certainly a vigorous and splendid design; and whatever we may say of the theory in itself, one cannot deny that in Morton — which treats of the scorn of an American Know-Nothing for foreign-born citizens, and the revelation to him of a power on the part of one or two of them which preserves his life and gives him great wealth, besides making him the instrument of an almost absolute money-power — he opens a gaping depth of insight into the possibilities of a single person's command over thousands, into the subterranean reaches of society, which, with more art, would have broken into and usurped the dark territory of Balzac. In this story, or rather enormous fragment, — all his books are more or less such, — he uses a Philadelphian magnate with the scarcely masked name of Stephen G — d. In *Rambleton*, he tries the case of family pride in the republic, and of American flirtation; for there is something judicial in his whole treatment of his themes. We have elsewhere planter-life, and the extraordinary race of Creoles, with their luxurious squalor, depicted, and slavery discussed. The *Squatter Chief* is a bold, bloody, and yet unspeakably vigorous story, with a deep pathos about it; the figure of old Nathan, "the squatter regulator," who rules autocratically but wisely, and retires before the advance of law and civilization, abandoning the ground it has cost so much loss of life and ceaseless struggle to reclaim from the forest, — this figure rivals Cooper's *Natty Bumppo*. Yet there is a rawness, a lingering exaggeration, in these powerful frescoes. Sealsfield, though a pro-

found genius, missed being an artist. In modeling life on so large a scale, too, he loses the individuality of persons in the low relief of the whole. One peculiar trait of nearly all his people is that they constantly declare, in justification of the most absurd whims and outbursts of anger, "We live in a free country!" — an acute piece of generalized character. Another singularity is the marking of different traits by the names of the States where they are supposed to be most frequent, as, "The man had explained the case with real Ohio minuteness;" "Annoyed at the Pennsylvania coolness of the man," etc. There is a certain resemblance between his broad way of taking things, and Walt Whitman's enthusiasm of enumeration; and one misses in his creations that tender and intimate personality which can alone insure remembrance to the offspring of the poet's or the novelist's imagination. He sacrificed this to a more immediate end of rousing the German nation to unity by his pictures of our Union; and it was a wise and suggestive remark of his, in refusing to sanction a second edition of his books, that conditions changed so rapidly here that what he had written a few years before would no longer be true, and should not be perpetuated.

It is this very tenderness which puts Cooper, who succeeded in imparting it, quite above a writer like Sealsfield, superior as the latter was in breadth and variety of perception. No criticism, I imagine, however much justice it may have, will quite dislodge Cooper's leather-stocking hunter — *Deerslayer*, *Pathfinder*, *Hawk-Eye* — from his high seat in our hearts. There is deep poetry in the conception of this life, with its different divisions so aptly characterized by the different names of the man: first the *Deerslayer*, who has not yet been forced to stain his conscience with even Indian blood; then the *Pathfinder*, a man of stern and settled purposes, with a tender heart amid them all; later, *Hawk-Eye*; lastly the aged wanderer, in *The Prairie*. In *The Spy*, Cooper had sounded a *réveille* to American fiction; and in *The*

Pioneers he awakened to the reverberations of fame our deep forests, which had so long lain silent. But it is on the Leather-Stocking tales and two or three of his sea-romances, *The Red Rover*, *The Pilot*, *The Water-Witch*, that his most lasting reputation will probably rest. The Pioneers, with its shadowless figures set into the topography here and there, resembles a quaint and primitive map of the frontier settlement which it describes. Yet it was from this region that the author recruited his forces for many another book. Here already stands *Leather-Stocking*, leaning on his rifle, that "noiseless laugh" of his in full play over "the lineaments of his ingenuous countenance." Near him reposes Indian John, the Chingachgook of a later time, in all the ease of a first sketch. The hearty old gentleman, the lovely young female, and the alert, romantic, and well-oiled youth who were afterward so incessantly put under requisition, are all on the stage; even the honest and useful tar lies coiled up in the person of Benjamin Penguillian. These various persons the author, finding them popular, sent off on extended scouting-expeditions, in after years, to obtain fresh material. They invaded the prairies, endured the hardships of storms on lake or sea and the perils of war and murder in sundry places; they colonized the most distant regions, and even through some strange error got turned back through the past, and operated on the reader from behind the bulwark of centuries. Sometimes they suffered by these changes, and came before the public in a rather emaciated condition. Apart from *Natty*,—

"All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,"

as Mr. Lowell has said,

"And the women he draws from one model don't vary,

All as sappy as maples and as flat as a prairie."

Yet the one true star lights the horizon, and everything borrows beauty from the single creature who displays in full the tenderness of heart, the lonely grandeur of imagination, that belong to Cooper. I must include another person, however; Cooper has positively made Solitude a

character in these dramas of ocean and open plain. The solemn rustling of the league-losing forest, the formless murmur of the incessant Atlantic surge, entered into his spirit and found embodiment from him. The novelist of a new continent could not, had he consciously deliberated, have made a wiser choice for one of the chief players in his histories; and in the spacious theatre which Cooper has provided will be found room for a large posterity of praisers.

For myself, recognizing his numberless defects, his many absolute failures, I am still inclined to repeat, in leaving him, the epitaph which his own pious hand placed over the grave of *Pathfinder*: *Let no wanton hand ever disturb his remains.*

Curiously similar to the literary twin-birth of Cooper with Scott was that of Miss Sedgwick with Miss Edgeworth. Miss Sedgwick's many tales might easily have been many more than they are; for of the making of such books, as they require but little genius, there is no end. *Hope Leslie*, containing the impossible but rather effective Indian girl, Magawisea, is the only one, perhaps, that needs even mention. In like manner, Mrs. Child's *Hobomok*, *The Rebels*, and *Philothea*, having no definable character or merit, must be left to define and speak for themselves. A swarm of historical and romantic tale-tellers, and sketchers of American life have attempted to follow Cooper's pioneering: Robert Bird; William Ware, whose Roman stories reflected Lockhart's antique fictions; Fenno Hoffman, with his *Greyslaer*; J. P. Kennedy, author of the good-natured but heavy *Swallow Barn*, so full of negroes and fried chicken; John Esten Cooke, whose Virginia Comedians is remembered; and William Gilmore Simms, with a baggage-train of some seventy volumes of *Border Beagles* and the Lord knows what besides. But all these gentlemen have fared badly in the bush, and somehow the bush never gets cleared away. They may be ranked with the early novelists, because they represent an early and not a mature manner. Some of them are afflicted by

an indecision between history and fiction, as even Cooper himself was, at times. Irving finally invested in history his possibilities as a novelist, and it was well that he did so. Even Mr. Motley, in Morton's *Hope and Merry Mount*, hovered for a time among this light advance of historical novelists, but, fortunately falling back, he found himself a leader in the main body of the world's chroniclers, and has remained there.

If, then, we review the achievements in novel-writing, as distinguished from the writing of romances, during the period from Brown to Cooper and his satellites inclusive, what do we find? Noticeably, a great lack of simplicity, of *naïveté*, that primary charm in most dawning literatures; and secondly, with much assumption of maturity, there is to be observed a lamentable crudity, a want of ripe literary development, which gives even to the best productions, so far as workmanship goes, a universal air of amateurishness. Cooper's books were made like kites—a great deal of paper to a small supply of stick. No one of the numerous laborers in this direction had been able to create a style. It is true, they imitated the best thing they could find to imitate, and coming into the field so suddenly as they did, all unequipped too, they had perforce to copy weapons the efficacy of which had already been proved. Yet the fact remains, and it is time to recognize it, that, in spite of the palliations of encyclopædias and the easy consciences of manual-makers, there has been, until recently, no complete originality in our fictitious literature, with the exception of that which Poe and Hawthorne secured. Of these two, and of the qualities of Irving in detail, I have written elsewhere.

Meanwhile, it was perhaps natural that a protest against this staleness of style should have been made. It was made, and in full vigor, though with a thoroughly spread-eagle air, by John Neal, of Maine, a man of power, whose strength led him into the folly of writing several novels, *Errata*, *Seventy-Six*, *Logan*, and *Randolph*, each within from

twenty-seven to thirty-nine days—a rapidity of action from which, unfortunately, the public has taken a hint in forgetting them. From Mr. Neal's wild and incoherent protest, prefacing his novel of witchcraft, *Rachel Dyer* (1828), I take some fragments that follow a question whether reputations like Irving's should properly satisfy "the ambition of a lofty-minded original thinker."

"No—up to the very key-stone of the broad blue firmament! he would say, or back to the vile earth again. . . . Yes, to succeed, I must imitate nobody, I must resemble nobody. . . . That were no easy matter; nor would it be so difficult as men are apt to believe." Then, after speaking rather dangerously of "launching forth into space" as a good expedient for American authors to adopt, he observes, "True, we might not be certain of finding a new world, like Columbus, nor a new heaven, like Tycho Brahe; but we should probably encounter some phenomenon in the great unvisited moral sky and ocean,—we should at least find out . . . that there remained no new world or system to be discovered." By way of "launching," Mr. Neal was resolved to discard good English. "I have the modesty to believe that in some things I am unlike all the other writers of my country, both living and dead. . . . For my own part, I do not pretend to write good English. . . . I do not, and I hope to God . . . that I never shall write what is now worshiped under the name of *classical* English. It is no natural language; it never was, it never will be, spoken alive or dead on this earth, and therefore ought never to be written." In conclusion, he called for a "Declaration of Independence in the Republic of Letters."

In such a declaration, Mr. Neal would have had sympathizers, doubtless, if he had made it properly, and not simply uttered an unorganized howl. As it is, we have been obliged to leave him to the proud consciousness of having done his duty in so writing as to remove all inducements to worship his style. Per-

haps it is not now too late for independence; and, viewing the bulky mass of early novels, one is tempted to gratitude for the fact that the writers of them have not all turned out to be immortals.

But though they no longer threaten our happiness as classics which *must* be read, they have served another purpose: their presence has brought reputation, criticism, opportunity. Within ten years from the scribbling of Mr. Neal's noisy preface, there had appeared the first volume of a man destined to create a new order of fictitious writing: it was in 1837 that the *Twice-Told Tales* were collected. The author of them has

shown what has been recognized as a better way of doing than "launching into space." And, with a reverent and simple spirit always characteristic of him in touching upon other men's creations, Mr. Hawthorne wrote, on the occasion of Cooper's death, in 1852, a sentence which seems to me to sum up the most subtle and pathetic trait of the men we have been recalling: "It may not be too much to hope that, in the eyes of the public at large, American literature may henceforth acquire a weight and value which have not heretofore been conceded to it: time and death have begun to hallow it."

G. P. Lathrop.

TO A TEA ROSE.

DEEP-FOLDED flower, for me your race
Bears what no kindred blooms have borne,
That gleam in memory's vistas—
A charm, a chastity, a grace
The loveliest roses have not worn,
Of all your lovely sisters!

Half-tinged like some dim-yellow peach,
Half like a shell's pink inward whorl
That sighs its sea-home after,
Your creamy oval bud lets each
Pale outer petal backward curl,
Like a young child's lip in laughter!

And yet no mirthful trace we see;
Rather the grave, serene repose
Of gentlest resignation;
So that you sometimes seem to be
(If one might say it of a rose)
In pensive meditation!

Ah! how may earthly words express
This placid sadness round you cast,
Delicate, vague, unspoken?
As though some red progenitress,
In some old garden of the past,
Had had her young heart broken!

Edgar Fawcett.

AT LÜTZEN.

I WAS not quite easy in mind when I stood on the tower of St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna, to find that what I sought most eagerly in the superb landscape was not the steep Kahlenberg, not the plummy woods of Schönbrunn, not the Danube pouring grandly eastward, nor the picturesque city at my feet; but the little hamlet just outside the suburbs, and the wide-stretching grain-field close by, turning yellow under the July sun, where were fought the battles of Aspern and Wagram. Nor was I quite easy when I set out to climb the St. Gotthard Pass, to find that although the valley below Airolo was so green with fertile pasture, and from the glaciers above me the heavens were pricked so boldly by the splintered peaks, I was thinking most where it was precisely that old Suwarrow dug the grave and threatened to bury himself, when his army refused to follow him; then how he must have looked when he had subdued them, riding forward in his sheep-skin, or whatever rude Russian dress he wore, this uncouth hero who needed no scratching to be proved Tartar, while his loving host pressed after him into every death-yielding terror that man or nature could throw across his path.

That I had good reason for my uneasiness, on second thoughts, I do not believe. Nor do I believe it is just for you, my high-toned friend, to censure me as somewhat low and brutal, when I confess that of all one can see in Europe, nothing thrilled me quite so much as the great historic battle-fields. Nothing deserves so to interest man as man himself; and what spots, after all, are so closely and nobly connected with man as the spots where he has fought? That we are what we are, indeed that we are at all, — that any race is what it is or is at all, — was settled on certain great fields of decision to which we as well as every race can point back. And then, for another thing, are we not so made that

nothing absorbs us like a spectacle of pain and pathos? Tragedy enchants, while it shocks. The field of battle is tragedy the most shocking; is it doing indignity to our puzzling nature to say it is tragedy most enchanting? Then here, again: once at midnight, in the light of our bivouac-fire, our captain told us in low tones that next day we were to fight. He was a rude fellow, but the word or two he spoke to us was about duty. And I well remember what the men said, as we looked by the fire-light to see if the rifles were in order. They would go into fire because duty said, "Save the country!" and when, soon after, the steeply-sloping angle of the enemy's works came into view, ominously red in the morning light, and crowned with smoke and fire, while the air hummed about our ears as if swarming with angry bees, and this one and that one fell, I believe there was scarcely one who, as he pulled his cap close down and pushed ahead in the skirmish-line, was not thinking of duty. They were boys from farm and factory, not greatly better, to say the most, than their fellows anywhere; and we may be sure that thought of duty has always much to do with the going forward of weaponed men amongst the weapons. Men *do* fight, no doubt, from mere recklessness, from hope of plunder or glory; and sometimes they have been whipped to it. But more often, when they go where one out of every four or five is likely to fall, it is with the nobler motive uppermost, and felt with a burning earnestness, too, which only the breath of the near-at-hand death can fan up. No! there is reason enough why battle-fields should be, as they are, places of pilgrimage. The remoteness of the struggle hardly diminishes the interest with which we visit its scene; Marathon is as sacred as if the Greeks conquered there last year. Nor, on the other hand, do we need poetic haze from

a century or two of intervening time; Gettysburg was a consecrated spot to all the world before its dead were buried. There need be no charm of nature; there are tracts of mere sand in dreary Brandenburg, where old Frederick, with Prussia in his hand, supple and tough as if plaited into a nation out of whip-cord, scourged the world; and these tracts are precious. On the other hand, the grandest natural features seem almost dwarfed and paltry beside this overmastering interest. On the top of the Grimsel Pass there is a melancholy, lonely lake which touches the spirit as much as the Rhone glacier close by, or the soaring Finster-Aarhorn, — the Todter See (Sea of the Dead), beneath whose waters are buried soldiers who fell in battle there on the Alpine crags. Had I defined all this, I need not have felt uneasy on St. Stephen's spire or the St. Gotthard. We are not necessarily brutal if our feet turn with especial willingness toward battle-fields. There man is most in earnest; his sense of duty perhaps at its best; the sacrifice greatest, for it is life. Theirs are the most momentous decisions for weal or woe; theirs the tragedy beyond all other tremendous and solemn. It is right that the blood which has soaked them should possess an alchemy to make their acres golden to us.

Crabb Robinson, in his *Diary*, gives a report of a singular judgment of Wieland respecting Luther, which he had from him in a conversation at Weimar in 1801. Wieland, a freethinker, declared that the Reformation had been "an evil and not a good; it had retarded the progress of philosophy for centuries. There were some wise men among the Italians, who, if they had been permitted, would have effected a salutary reform. Luther ruined everything by making the people a party to what might have been left to the scholars. Had he not come forward with his furious knock-down attacks on the church, and excited a succession of horrible wars in Europe, liberty, science, and humanity would slowly have made their way. Melancthon and Erasmus were on the right road, but the violence of the age was triumphant." It so hap-

pens that this passage falls in my way when I am studying details of the Thirty Years' War; and this circumstance, no doubt, helps me to think that there is a certain plausibility in Wieland's view, and to wish that some good scholar would follow it out, and see if here too, as in the case of so many other historic figures, there is not reason for reversing the verdict of the world. Goethe had a similar notion about Luther. But whatever judgment may come to be put on Luther's work, the man himself must always tower heroic.

In the Castle of Coburg, next in interest to Luther's room (for here as everywhere the burly, God-worshipping devil-fighter subordinates everything to himself), is a great hall in which hang side by side the life-size portraits of two martial figures. Both wear the military dress of two hundred years ago. One portrait represents a man of tall, large frame, with light hair, large intense blue eyes, a full lower face with the pointed mustaches and chin-beard of the time, in attire of blue and buff set off with point-lace; a man, one would say, of action rather than thought, with a full store of impetuous will, and sound stomach and muscles to carry out purposes with. The healthful countenance, too, has suggestions of warm temper, but also of joviality; and one thinks that the capacious doublet might upon occasion shake mightily with laughter, — a figure of bearing most manly, frank, and winning. The other person is also tall but meagre, in gloomy attire, with hair dark but showing a tinge of red; a complexion somewhat sallow; a deeply wrinkled forehead, high rather than broad; and small, sparkling eyes; a countenance and mien that repel approach, as the open face and bearing of the companion picture court it. One is Gustavus Adolphus, the other Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, the eminent leaders on the two sides in a struggle the longest and most cruel that Europe has ever known. Hung about the hall are arms and armor from the Thirty Years' War, in which they played their part; the steel caps and corselets, the pikes and muskets, dented with battle

blows and still gleaming as they gleamed before the eyes of these men in life. A purer fame than that of Gustavus, hero never left behind. If there was in his motive a taint of selfishness, history has been silent about it. He was chaste, tolerant,¹ devout, fearless. No man was ever more loved. Wallenstein, who contrasts with him as black with white, almost, is even more impressive; as saturnine and inscrutable as Gustavus was cheerful and frank. Although leader of the Catholics, he was religionless as his rival was religious; given over to mysterious superstitions, for want of a better faith; a practitioner of magic and patron of astrology; a man of such genius that the world gave way before him marvelously, until he came to be believed by others, and perhaps fancied himself, a sort of superhuman being with a charmed life. He was not so much cruel and treacherous, as persuaded that he was absolved from ordinary human obligations; and he seemed often shielded in a wonderful way against the operation of natural laws. On his character and the events of his career the lights fall so weirdly that from that time to this he has fascinated painters and poets. He is the hero of what Carlyle calls the greatest tragedy of the eighteenth century, the Wallenstein of Schiller. In the new Pinacothek at Munich, which contains perhaps the best paintings of our day, there is no one more striking than that by Piloty of the murdered Wallenstein lying in his blood, while over him stands his astrologer Seni. Still more remarkable is that other modern picture of Wallenstein entering the fortress of Eger, where the assassination is to take place, in which the circumstances, although only those of an ordinary military cavalcade, have been made in an indefinable way to convey the impression of boding evil.

¹ "Gustave Adolphe, élevé dans les sentiments étroits d'une église aussi intolérante que le catholicisme, étonna et scandalisa ses amis d'Allemagne, en assistant à la messe. Il traita avec une rare indulgence ses plus grands ennemis, les moines, même les jésuites. Les protestants ne comprenaient pas le héros du nord; les historiens modernes ne le comprennent pas davantage, quand ils attribuent à des calculs politiques des sentiments qui étaient

Through the lowering heavens swoops a raven; the backs of the rank of troopers preceding the duke's litter somehow suggest the thought that the world's favor is averted; while the form and visage of Colonel Buttler, the instrument of the murder about to take place, riding darkly behind, though, when examined, only those of a fierce chieftain of the period, indescribably bring to mind an avenging fury. Wallenstein by a strange force, while he repelled, subdued men about him by the thousand. Half the world Gustavus drew by love, the other half Wallenstein held overwhelmed by an inexplicable awe. The two men contrast in history most picturesquely, as in the two portraits at Coburg. They confronted one another in the devastated plains of Germany like the two opposite poles of a magnet, the one attracting, the other repelling and yet subjecting, the whole world swayed by force from the one or the other.

The slopes of the hill that descend from the Castle of Coburg are to-day pleasure-grounds. In 1632 they were white for a time with the tents of Wallenstein's imperialists, beleaguering here a brave garrison of Swedes whom the king had thrown into the fortress. Breaking up his camp in the fall, Wallenstein swept northward in a devastating march to Leipsic. A short day's journey will take the traveler through the wide tract seared by the gloomy and silent soldier, dealing as he went with spells and charms. I reached Leipsic on a day of doubtful weather, and went soon to the old tower of the Pleissenburg, the citadel of the town, and looked out from the summit into the wide plains of Saxony. The castellan went with me to the summit, and between the showers pointed out the memorable spots. Carlyle rather coarsely calls this neighborhood "the bull-ring of the na-

l'instinct du génie. Il y a un trait qui le caractérise admirablement: il se fit aimer des catholiques comme des protestants, et les chroniqueurs contemporains lui sont tous également favorables, à quelque parti qu'ils appartiennent. La religion de Gustave Adolphe est la religion de l'avenir, de l'humanité. Il plane au-dessus des confessions et de leur haineuses rivalités." (F. Laurent, *Les Guerres de la Religion*.)

tions," from the number of great battles that have here been fought. The field of Jena, where the French shattered the Prussian power in 1806, is not so far away that the cannon-thunder from there might not have been heard at Leipsic; and Rossbach, perhaps Frederick's most memorable field, where Prussia shattered France in 1757, is hardly out of sight. Ten miles away, again, is the village of Gross Görschen, where in the spring of 1813 Napoleon smote the Russians and Prussians, and did something to win back the prestige lost during the Russian campaign. All about the city and within it, took place in the fall of 1813 the mighty "battle of the nations," in which seven hundred thousand combatants took part. The envining fields where this was fought lay all in the deepest peace, as I looked down upon them; in the distance the rainbows among the mist; near at hand the broad levels, green and dripping with the abundant moisture. The grain stood everywhere, the country stretching smooth and unbroken almost as natural prairie, to the verge of the horizon. A straight line of poplars or fruit-trees here and there marked a high-road; now and then there was a clump of wood, or the compact roofs and steeple of a village. I could see the monument, surmounted by a cocked hat, where Napoleon stood on the decisive day, while Macdonald, Augereau, and Regnier fought in front of him, outnumbered two to one; and the castellan told how the cannonade (from some say two thousand pieces) sounded into his childish ears, coming muffled, as he sat shut up with his frightened mother in the city, his chin moving, as he represented the booming, like a man's whose teeth chatter with cold.

Following the old man's pointing finger again, I saw just beyond the city's suburbs the steeple and windmill of Breitenfeld, where in the Thirty Years' War the Swede Torstensson, a cripple who was carried about in a litter, and yet one of the most vigorous of commanders, defeated the army of the Austrian Kaiser; and where a few years before, on the same ground, fierce old Tilly first

suffered defeat, and Gustavus Adolphus first made his greatness felt. To this hour, in old New-England families, any piece of especial devilry is "like old Tilly;" and probably the phrase comes clear from the Puritans of 1631, who, like the rest of the Protestant world, were made to stand aghast by the sack of Magdeburg. But there is pathos as well as horror in the story of the unrelenting old tiger. He was brave and faithful and honest as he was cruel, and, in spite of all his plundering, died poor. At Dresden you may see his *bâton*, the pearl and gilding as tarnished as its former possessor's fame. A singular figure he must have been: generally in a Spanish doublet of bright green satin with slashed sleeves; on his head a little cocked hat, from which a red ostrich feather hung down his back; under this a long nose, withered cheeks, and a heavy white mustache; for he was past seventy. But it was more thrilling to me even than Breitenfeld, when, looking westward, I saw dimly through the mist the little steeple of Lützen, ten miles distant, where Gustavus Adolphus fell.

Leaving the tower of the Pleissenburg, I took the train to Markranstätt, a village in the suburbs, from which it was my plan to walk the league to Lützen in the long summer twilight, crossing the battle-field on the way. The high-road runs as it did two hundred years ago, broad, white, and smooth. That evening it had been washed clean by the rain, and cherry-trees full of ripening fruit stood in fullest freshness on either hand. On the far-extending fields each side the grain stood high; barley, wheat, rye, and oats rolled out in parallel strips. It was after sunset when the Lützen *Eilwagen* went past with its passengers; the pedestrians disappeared one after another, and soon I was the solitary footman. The dusk kept deepening as I sauntered forward, my mind filled with thoughts of the struggle whose scene I was soon to behold. It was a dark day in November, 1632, when a heavy triple boom of cannon-thunder from Weissenfels, ten miles westward, apprised Wallensteine, lying

at Leipsic, that the Austrian general at that outpost had caught sight of the advancing Swedes. Defoe, in the little-known *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, has so photographed this stormy time that his story was long believed to come from an eye-witness. His hero, then a captive with Wallenstein in Leipsic, says, "We that were prisoners fancied the imperial soldiers went unwillingly out, for the very name of the King of Sweden was become terrible to them." "Rugged, surly fellows they were," he declares. "Their faces had an air of hardy courage, mangled with wounds and scars; their armor showed the bruises of musket-bullets and the rust of the winter storms. I observed of them their clothes were always dirty, but their arms were clean and bright; they were used to camp in the open fields and sleep in the frosts and rain; their horses were strong and hardy, like themselves, and well taught their exercises." It is not hard to draw a picture of Gustavus's army as it advanced. It was a mixed host of twenty thousand. The best warriors were Swedes, men yellow-haired and florid, marching with the vigor of troops used to success and confident in their leader; not a straggler, not a plunderer. They wore, some suits of leather, others of cloth. They carried pikes or flint-lock muskets. One regiment was in buff, and so known as the yellow regiment; others were in blue, others in white. There was powerful cavalry, the riders half-way between the steel-covered knight of former warfare and the modern horsemen. The cannon (they were the first "field batteries") were singularly enough composed of cylinders of iron cast thin for lightness, then wound round tightly with rope from breech to muzzle, and covered at last with boiled leather. There were Germans as well as Swedes, and among these rode as leader a young man of twenty-eight, who, however, for ten years already had been a warrior of fame, and was destined to be yet more famous. His portrait, too, hangs by that of his teacher in war and friend, Gustavus, at Coburg, the features most handsome, and a pro-

fusion of curling brown hair falling upon the shoulders. His rusted sword, too, with that of the king, hangs upon a pillar in the Wartburg, by the side of the pulpit from which Luther used to preach. It was Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. There were also whole troops of English and Scotch, for the fame of the king drew recruits from every Protestant land, who no doubt sometimes, among psalms, hummed the quaint recruiting song which antiquaries tell us had a great popularity at the period, and did much to stimulate enlistment:—

"Germani, Sueden, Denmark are smoking
With a crew of brave lads others provoking.
Up, lads! up, lads! up and advance,
For honor is not gotten by a cringe or a dance.
Charge, lads! fall in a round,
Till Cesar shall give ground!
Hark! hark! our trumpets sound, Tan! ta-ra-ra!
Vivat Gustavus Adolphus! we cry,
Here we shall either win honor or dy."

The king himself had a wide-brimmed hat, in which he sometimes wore a feather of green, and a suit made in great part from buff leather, with boots of wide, slouching tops. His nobles, Horn, Banier, Torstenson, famous then and afterwards, martial in aspect but not splendid, rode beside him. As he swept along the column, the blue-eyed youths from Smaland and Gothland, and the darker Finns, grave and self-willed, at that time his subjects, looked at him with love and pride, and marched firmly along the muddy road, where they sank sometimes to the knee.

Here is a racy bit of prose from the hand that gave us *Robinson Crusoe*, that will let us into what had just before been the life of this army. Gustavus is about to cross the Lech, where Tilly receives his death-wound:—

"The king resolved to go and view the situation of the enemy. His Majesty went out the 2d of April with a strong party of horse, which I had the honor to command; we marched as near as we could to the banks of the river, not to be too much exposed to the enemy's cannon, and having gained a little height, where the whole course of the river might be seen, the king halted and commanded to draw up. The king alighted, and, calling me to him, examined every

reach and turning of the river by his glass, but finding the river run a long and almost straight course, he could find no place which he liked; but at last, turning himself north and looking down the stream, he found the river, fetching a long reach, double short upon itself, making a round and very narrow point. 'There 's a point will do our business,' says the king, 'and if the ground be good, I'll pass there, let Tilly do his worst.'

"He immediately ordered a small party of horse to view the ground, and to bring him word particularly how high the bank was on each side and at the point; 'And he shall have fifty dollars,' says the king, 'that will bring me word how deep the water is.' I asked his Majesty leave to let me go, which he would by no means allow of; but as the party was drawing out, a sergeant of dragoons told the king, if he pleased to let him go disguised as a boor he would bring him an account of everything he desired. The king liked the notion well enough, and the fellow, being very well acquainted with the country, puts on a plowman's habit and went away immediately with a long pole upon his shoulder; the horse lay all this while in the woods, and the king stood undiscerned by the enemy on the little hill aforesaid. The dragoon with his long pole comes boldly down to the bank of the river, and calling to the sentinels which Tilly had placed on the other bank, talked with them, asked them if they could not help him over the river, and pretended he wanted to come to them. At last, being come to the point where, as I said, the river makes a short turn, he stands parleying with them a great while, and sometimes pretending to wade over, he puts his long pole into the water; then, finding it pretty shallow, he pulls off his hose and goes in, still thrusting in his pole before him, till being gotten up to his middle he could reach beyond him, where it was too deep, and so, shaking his head, comes back again. The soldiers on the other side, laughing at him, asked him if he could swim. He said no. 'Why, you fool, you,' says one of

the sentinels, 'the channel of the river is twenty feet deep.' 'How do you know that?' says the dragoon. 'Why, our engineer,' says he, 'measured it yesterday.' This was what he wanted, but, not yet fully satisfied, 'Ay, but,' says he, 'maybe it may not be very broad, and if one of you would wade in to meet me till I could reach you with my pole, I'd give him half a ducat to pull me over.' The innocent way of his discourse so deluded the soldiers that one of them immediately strips and goes in up to the shoulders, and our dragoon goes in on this side to meet him; but the stream took the other soldier away, and he, being a good swimmer, came swimming over to this side. The dragoon was then in a great deal of pain for fear of being discovered, and was once going to kill the fellow and make off; but at last resolved to carry on the humor, and having entertained the fellow with a tale of a tub, about the Swedes stealing his oats, the fellow, being cold, wanted to be gone, and as he was willing to be rid of him, pretended to be very sorry he could not get over the river, and so makes off.

"By this, however, he learned both the depth and breadth of the channel, the bottom and nature of both shores, and everything the king wanted to know. We could see him from the hill by our glasses very plain, and could see the soldier naked with him. Says the king, 'He will certainly be discovered and knocked on the head from the other side; he is a fool,' says the king, 'if he does not kill the fellow and run off;' but when the dragoon told his tale, the king was extremely well satisfied with him, gave him one hundred dollars, and made him a quartermaster to a troop of cuirassiers."

This had taken place in April. It was now November, and the army, with the cool quartermaster, no doubt, with his troop of cuirassiers, — unless the poor fellow was in the number of those who laid down their lives at Nuremberg in the summer, — was pressing on to meet a foe that had long eluded them.

By nightfall, that 5th of November,

the Swedes were at Lützen; and in the fields just beyond, the "rugged, surly fellows" of the host of Wallenstein lay waiting, the skirmishers, who had been watching the Protestant march, retiring upon the main body. Gustavus led his army south of the village in a circuit, until he had gained its eastern end, drawing it up at last in two lines a few yards south of the high-road. In the centre stood the foot, upon which, perhaps, the king especially relied; to the left were the Germans under their Duke Bernhard; to the right he rode himself, at the head of the Swedish horse. In the rear was a reserve commanded by a Scotchman; the artillery were placed along the whole front. On the side of the imperialists, but a few rods removed, beyond the road in the darkness, there was sufficient vigilance. Wallenstein had made the ditches broader that lined both sides of the road, and filled them with skirmishers. In the centre of his line, just north of the high-road, a battery of large guns was placed, the infantry close behind in large brigades. Opposite Duke Bernhard, near a windmill, was a larger battery. At the other end of his line were cavalry, and a quantity of servants and camp-followers whom Wallenstein compelled to arm and stand in the lines, that the Swedes might be deceived as to his strength. As Gustavus had Horn and Banier, so Wallenstein had, as lieutenants, Piccolomini and Poppenheim; though the latter had been dispatched with a portion of the army on an expedition. Gustavus's army numbered twenty thousand; that of Wallenstein was probably greater, and couriers were dispatched to recall Poppenheim, riding through the night as if for life. "The enemy is marching hitherward," wrote Wallenstein. "Break up instantly with every man and gun, so as to arrive here early in the morning. P. S. He is already at the pass and hollow road." One may still see this note in the archives at Vienna, stained with the blood of Poppenheim, who had it on him when he received his mortal wound. The poets have filled the shadows of that night be-

fore the battle with romance. The silent Wallenstein had consulted the stars before deciding to engage, and been assured by his astrologer that the planets threatened destruction to Gustavus in November. As he slept on the field in the midst of the desultory firing of the outposts, a dream came to him. Schiller makes him to say, —

"There exist moments in the life of man
When he is nearer the great soul of the world
Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny;
And such a moment 't was, when, in the night
Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
I looked far out upon the ominous plain,
And, thinking, there I fell into a slumber;
And midmost in the battle was I led
In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult!
There was my horse killed under me; I sank;
And over me all unconcernedly,
Drove horse and rider; and thus trod to pieces,
I lay and panted like a dying man;
Then seized me suddenly a general;
'My leader!' said he, 'do not ride to-day
The dapple, as you 're wont; but mount the horse
Which I have chosen for thee;
A strong dream warned me so.'
It was the swiftness of that horse that snatched
me

From the pursuit of Banier's dragoons!
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider."

When the late dawn came, the two armies lay wet and chilled, shrouded in a mist that was loath to rise; and it was not until eleven in the forenoon that it was clear enough for the Swedes to see the imperialist position. Then at length the king, a head taller than those of his retinue, mounted his superb white charger, a creature of superior size and beauty, said to have been thrown in his way by his enemies that he might become a more conspicuous mark, and rode from troop to troop clad simply in his suit of buff leather. I saw at Dresden the armor he left behind at Weissenfels, and which, had he worn it, might have saved his life. Plates of steel, brown in hue, the head-piece and corselet made to fit an ample brow and breast; but these the king, too intrepidly, threw aside. He alighted, knelt before his whole army, who also knelt, and, with uncovered head, prayed.¹ Then, accompanied stormily by the drums and trumpets of all the

¹ According to Laurent, his exclamation on landing upon the shore of Germany was, "La prière aide à combattre; bien prier, c'est à moitié vaincre."

regiments, the thousands sang the great psalm of Luther, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," the powerful tones of the king ringing highest. Was it ever more memorably sung? Then followed a hymn which the king himself had written, "Fear not, little flock." Here is a verse of it, as given by Gfrörer:—

"Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein!
Obchon die Feinde Willens sein
Dich gänzlich zu zerspalten;
Gott wird durch einen Gideon
Den er wohl weis dir helfen schon,
Dich und sein Wort erhalten."¹

Most simple and manly it was in its piety. The south wind, then blowing, carried the thunder of the soldiers' voices to the hostile lines. The hymn died away; the voices of the priests, too, who had been celebrating mass in the other host, became silent. Then came the shouts of the Swedish captains commanding the assault. The cannon on both sides opened with fury, and over the stubble of the bare field, with pike and musket, the foot sprang forward. To the ditch it was only a few steps, and there the enemy met them with obstinacy. The king sprang from his horse, when the vigor of the attack appeared for a moment to slacken, caught a partisan from the hand of a soldier, and went himself to the front, chiding them as he hurried through their ranks, and bidding them "Stand firm at least some minutes longer, and have the curiosity to see your master die in the manner he ought and the manner he chooses."² At length the enemy were dislodged; the host of men, pursuers and pursued, streamed across the high-road into the farther field. The dark host of Piccolomini's cuirassiers charged toward them. "Grapple with these black fellows!" cried the king to the colonel of the Finland horse. There was clash and tumult; in another moment the smoking battery at Wallenstein's centre was in Swedish hands, and presently three of the brigades of infantry were in confusion. Wallenstein himself here came riding

forward on the red steed which he mounted as the fight became hot. His usual dress in the field, which he probably wore on this day, was a coat of elk-skin, a red scarf, a richly embroidered cloak of scarlet, a gray hat with red feathers, and about his neck the order of the Golden Fleece.³ Behind him galloped a body of chosen horse, who obeyed him as if he had been a demi-god.

Wallenstein's dress was again and again shot through. Step by step the Swedes were forced backward, the cannon recaptured. The battle became a wild *mêlée* where the intermingled combatants fought for the most part with pike and musket-butt, until at length the assailants were driven beyond the road once more, and stood at last, a broken company, on the ground from which they had advanced. Lützen, close by, was now in flames, and Bernhard's Germans were sorely harassed by the fire of the guns from the windmill. The king, however, charging at the head of the Swedish horse, threw into confusion the imperialist left; then, hearing of Bernhard's danger and the repulse of the centre, he set out on the gallop to stay the reverse. His horse was powerful. He leaped the ditches at the roadside, the regiment of Smalanders galloping after him. His pace, however, was so rapid that he left them behind, and only one or two of his retinue could keep up with him. He was near-sighted, and in his ardor went too near the enemy's line. "That must be one of their leaders," said an imperialist corporal, "fire upon him." There was shooting at close quarters, and a ball pierced the king's arm. Faint with pain he reeled a little in the saddle. "The king is bleeding! the king is bleeding!" cried the approaching dragoons. Leaning upon the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, Gustavus besought him to get him to one side. They avoided the press by a little *détour*, which, however, carried them again too near the enemy. There was further firing;

¹ "Fear not, O little flock! although
Against thee burst the furious foe,
Destruction on thee raining;
For God shall through some Gideon

Whom he well knows, with succor run,
Thee and his Word maintaining."

² Harle.

³ Guade.

the pallid and tottering king gasped out, "My God! my God!" and fell from his horse, pierced through and through. His foot hung in the stirrup, and his horse, likewise wounded, dragged him farther among the enemy, where he was again shot, exclaiming, as he gave up the ghost, "My God! my God! Alas, my poor queen!" A murderous fight took place over his body as he lay. Now the Croats were in possession, swarthy ruffians, such as one sees still in Austrian uniforms in the towns along the Danube, as he goes toward Vienna. Now the Swedes had the advantage, only to be driven off again, until the heap of bodies grew high above the king, and neither friend nor foe knew longer where he lay. The body had been stripped, however, and the doublet, pierced with bullet-holes and stained with blood, is still shown at Vienna. A turquoise of extraordinary size which he wore attached to a chain, one of the crown jewels of Sweden, has never been recovered. The white steed, covered with blood and mad with his wounds, galloping along the line, gave the army the first intimation that misfortune had befallen the king. There was some talk of retreat, but Duke Bernhard, himself wounded in the arm, rode to the front. In the presence of the army, for the moment appalled, he ran through and through with his sword the commander of the Smalanders, who had guarded the king too negligently. The Swedes, recovering heart in a moment, before the decision of the new leader, stormed madly forward; the voice of the king's blood seemed to cry to them from the ground; and German and Scot, Hollander and Englishman, were not far behind. Over the road again they poured in a torrent; the battery, already taken and retaken, smothered and heated with incessant discharge, was again in their hands. The guns at the windmill were captured; troop after troop, put utterly to rout, fled toward Leipsic. In vain Piccolomini exposed himself until seven horses were killed under him, and he was wet with his own blood. The spell of Wallenstein himself seemed broken. The powder wagons in the rear roared into the

air in a sudden explosion, raining balls and bursting bombs in every direction. All was on the brink of utter rout, when, with galloping hoofs and corselets reflecting the late afternoon light, the horse of Poppenheim, six fierce, fresh regiments, rushed upon the field; their leader rode ahead, a most impetuous chieftain, whose brow, it was said, when he was on fire with battle, bore in deep crimson the mark of two sabres crossed. I saw at Dresden the bâton which he carried as field-marshal, and now, no doubt, while the fighting sabres were flaming on his forehead, pointed forward to mark the path for his troopers. The Swedes were outnumbered and exhausted by their successes, but a fight of utter recklessness went forward. The ghost of the dead king seemed to hover in the battle-smoke. With a sort of demon grandeur, Wallenstein, in his red attire, towered in the tumult, with an eye that burned upon the fray with, as his host had some reason to think, a supernatural flame. His retinue were all shot down; a cannon-ball tore the spur from his heel; several musket-balls were found to have lodged in the folds of his dress. It was a confusion of blood, shrieks, prayers, curses. "It was wonderful to see how [among the Swedes] the whole yellow regiment, after half an hour, in the same beautiful order in which it had stood, living, lay dead by its arms,"¹ and the Gothland and Smaland blues had fought also to an extermination as utter. The Swedes were driven back to their position of the morning. As the twilight, however, was giving way to darkness, they advanced again, and fought until, in the November blackness, friend could no longer be told from foe. Wallenstein, like a baffled goblin, withdrew silently in the gloom, without standards, without artillery, the soldiers almost without arms, bearing with him Poppenheim, who had saved him, at the last gasp from a mortal wound. In the darkness the Swedish colonel, Oehm, heard a voice commanding him to "follow to Leipsic." It was a messenger from Wallenstein, who mistook his regi-

¹ Khevenhüller.

ment for Hoffkirk's imperialists; and then first the Swedes knew that the foe had yielded.¹ One fourth of all engaged had been slain outright. And as to wounded, in the host of Wallenstein scarcely a man was unhurt. The Swedes encamped close upon the field. They hunted with lanterns among the corpses, in the low-hanging gloom, until at length they found the king, face downward, close by a great stone, naked, gashed, trampled. That great stone on the plain of Lützen long before the time of the battle had had a notoriety, perhaps been an object of some reverence. It is a solitary boulder, brought hither by natural forces, or perhaps by human hands, to lie here alone, whence and for what no man can say. But since that day mention of the *Schwedenstein* comes in again and again in history and poetry, coupled with solemn lamenting, until, through association, the words to a German ear have come to have almost the sound of moaning. The king's corpse was carried, by torchlight, accompanied by a little retinue of troopers, in an ammunition-wagon, to a village in the rear of the Swedish line, where it was laid before the altar of the little church. The village school-master tells the story; how a simple service took place, conducted by himself and a trooper yet covered with the dust and sweat of battle; then how, while the body lay at length on a table in a peasant's house, he made a plain coffin, in which the hero was borne to his weeping queen at Weissenfels.²

I went alone over the plain of Lützen, the twilight deepening at every step, bearing in my mind the story I have told. The rattle of the wheels from the receding Eilwagen had long been hushed; there was no footfall on the highway but my own. Between the rows of trees at length I saw dimly the buildings of Lützen, and knew I had reached the spot. I waited in the road until the night had wholly set in. The moon behind a thin cloud gave a ghostly light; there was now and then a lightning flash in the horizon, and a sullen roll of thunder like

the sound of distant cannon. I looked out upon the fields to the north, showing faint and mysterious, — those in which Wallenstein had lain, when in the black darkness he dreamed or awoke to deal with charms and incantations; whence on the morrow, as the mist cleared, he looked across and beheld the bareheaded Swedes upon their knees. There it was that he rode stern and calm with his invulnerable breast. I was now on the spot where the fight had been fiercest, on the broad level of the high-road, alone where those thousands had struggled. I tried to call up a vision of the swarming Norsemens, yellow-haired and vigorous, with frames and courage exercised in the woods and fiords that had nursed the sea-kings before them. It must have been just here that the yellow regiment lay dead, all ranked as they stood; and just here the blues. It was here that the cannon wheels furrowed the sod; and it was yonder that Poppenheim burst in with his sweating horses and remorseless sabres. I left the road and went down into the field to the south, in a spot where the grain had been reaped, and stood where the Protestant line stood when their hearts heaved as they prayed with the king and shook the air with their manly chanting. Here it must have been that he flung himself from his horse and went forward, pike in hand, when the foot hesitated; and now at length I came to the great stone at the foot of which they found the king's body. It rose in the plain two feet or so above the soil, gray, indistinct under the moon, dumb but eloquent. I thought of the stain that had lain among the lichens there; the cold mist charged heavily with the sulphurous reek of the combat; the Swedes, weeping and wounded, searching wearily among the corpses with their lanterns, then at last throwing their arms, stiff with smiting, about their golden hero,³ stretched tall and noble just in front.

It was near midnight when I went on at last into the deserted street of the village. The morning came, bright and

¹ Harte.

² Gfrörer.

³ The Italians called him "re d'oro," "golden king," from the color of his hair.

cheerful. A company of merry fellows of the village climbed with me on top of the Eilwagen, on which I was to ride back to Markranstädt. These were bound for Leipsic for a holiday, for it was Sunday. Two or three were members of a band, and as they lifted up the bass-viol a string caught in the step and groaned and twanged in a dismal way. "Jetzt geht die Musik los!" they laughed, and some struck attitudes for dancing. As the vehicle rattled through the village, over the rough pavement, I ventured upon a remark or two to a jovial shoemaker whose place was next to mine, and who told me of a tradition that the region was once more populous than now. The fields, fresh and sweet from the rain, were full of a bright red blossom. They swept away limitless from the ancient houses of the village, the walls of many of which withstood the conflagration of the battle day, and, roofed anew, are still substantial shelters. The front of the gray Schwedenstein had carved upon it the letters "G. A." and the date 1632, the initials of the king, with the year of his death. It was covered with a canopy of ornamental iron-work, and the ground in the neighborhood, for a half-acre or so, was laid out as a garden. It would have been in better taste, I thought, to leave the place wild and uncared for, as it was when the armies clashed. If there were no association with Gustavus and Wallenstein, there is enough of interest connected with this road to make it memorable. Westward here, in 1757, marched still another army, in cocked hats, with high black gaiters coming to the knee, and hair gathered in queues down the back. In the vanguard rode a man straight and stiff, with a cold gray eye in which the light glittered sharp as from a bayonet, marked as a

leader by a star on his breast. So at least Kaulbach has painted him in the Treppen-Haus at Berlin. It was Frederick on his way to Rossbach, close at hand. In May, 1813, too, hither came the army of Napoleon, a slender column stretching several leagues. A little to the left they were struck suddenly on the flank by Wittgenstein and nearly cut in two. Twelve thousand Russians and Prussians died in the effort to do it, and thirteen thousand French perished to prevent it; for the line, forsaking the high-road here, swept down into the fields toward the danger, and grappled with it long and doubtfully. The young guard had bivouacked at the Schwedenstein; and it was precisely there that Napoleon, on the ground, looking at a map, started up to listen to the sudden cannonade from the southward; and presently after rode toward it on the gallop, jerking the reins in his nervous way.

At Markranstädt I went to the service in the ancient church. Again and again it has been a hospital after great battles. As if to bring to mind the scenes of pain its walls had witnessed, a huge crucifix was placed conspicuously, the life-size figure upon which was so ghastly in its pallor and wounds as to suggest the thought that it had been raised up there at some time from among the scores of wounded that had covered the floor, and been allowed to remain. The service was that of the Protestantism that the hero king died to maintain. The circumstances were all after Luther's pattern. Best of all were the sounding chorals, pealed out in fine volume and harmony by the united congregation. So the devout Swedes themselves might have rung them out. I was glad to hear them on the plain of Lützen, and felt that they closed my pilgrimage well.

J. K. Hosmer.

AUTUMN DAYS.

(TO M. F. F.)

RED springs the rye
As autumn days decline,
And from the brilliant sky
Less florid splendors shine.
Its airy lustrous line
The gossamer displays,
And faintly breathes the pine
In autumn days.

And solemn is the hush
That on the heart doth fall;
And of all birds the thrush
Alone is musical.
The sparrow on the wall
Shivers in pallid rays,
And the frog has ceased its call
In autumn days.

But oh! the life, the life
That summer poured around!
The merry, ringing strife
And jocundry of sound
In wood and sky and ground—
What a chorus! what a maze
Of beauty there was found
In summer days!

'Tis gone! you hear no more
The bee hum in the flower;
Nor see the swallow soar
Around the hoary tower;
Nor the shrieking swifts devour
The distance in their plays.
'Tis now the voiceless hour
Of autumn days.

Brown little owl that hauntest
That aged, giant tree,
And thy small wisdom vauntest
In one-note minstrelsy,
What is become of thee
And thy summer night displays?
Dost thou too southward flee
In autumn days?

The hoopoo's hollow shout
And blaze of coloring
Went with the cuckoo out —
Mere memories of spring.
Even the quail has found her wing,
Nor for the reaper stays;
She dreads the sickle's ring
In autumn days.

And all the friendly faces
A-coming and a-going,
The young ones in their graces,
The old ones grave and knowing,
Who made these haunts o'erflowing
With mirth's electric blaze,
Such bliss are not bestowing
In autumn days.

The mothers, girls, and wives,
Like the honey-laden bee,
Are away into their hives
With the men-folk o'er the sea;
And 't is surely time that we
Should gather up our strays,
Nor here sit lonesomely
In autumn days.

So, soon the daily walk
Through heather and through woods,
And the evening muss¹ and talk
When the lamp's radiance floods
The hall, and fog-winds scud
Without o'er naked sprays,
Will be a dream that broods
O'er autumn days!

Lo! her banner of all dyes
Nature, in gorgeous show,
Hangs on the forest rise
Where the cherry's crimson glow
Gleams to the vale below,
And shouts through all our ways,
'T is time for you to go
From autumn days.

'T is time, ere burst at length
The mountain rains and hails,
And the torrents in their strength
Rush roaring through the vales;
Their shock the bridge assails

¹ A favorite Tyrolean dish.

And our flight in midway stays;
 Friend pent-up friend bewails
 In autumn days.

Anon, and this will be
 A dream, like all the rest
 Of the life that fondly we,
 Here pilgriming, possessed.
 But the lasting and the blessed
 We must gather yet, in ways
 That know no passing guest
 Nor autumn days.

William Howitt.

TYROL, October 10, 1875.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

ESSAYS on art, it is generally supposed, ought to be written by artists, because they are more familiar with both its theory and its practice, and possess more general information concerning it than others. But a technical knowledge of art is not necessary for understanding its relations to the wants of men, any more than a practical knowledge of agriculture for estimating the commercial value of its products. Architecture, the most important branch of art, may be considered with reference not alone to the material wants of man but also to the different effects in landscape scenery of the various styles of buildings. An artist is not in a position to understand these effects any better than outside observers of equal intelligence who have made them a special study. I take this opportunity to present a few ideas on rural architecture, that the readers of *The Atlantic* may see how this subject is viewed by one who is only a spectator of these things, who is not an artist, nor in a technical sense even a connoisseur. It may be somewhat instructive even to artists to obtain the views of one who is in a situation that would cause him to think and feel more like the great mass of the people than any one who is either an ama-

teur or a professor. I do not propose, however, to treat of art in any other way than as a painter who is not a botanist might discourse of trees and flowers.

Many essays have been written upon "truth to human nature" as one of the general principles of art in its application to the wants of man. But the authors have treated the subject so metaphorically that the reader would obtain from their remarks only certain pleasant gleams of thought, affecting him more like poetry than like a luminous and practical lesson of wisdom. This truth to human nature in architecture is but little more than a synonym for fitness and propriety. If a house be adapted to the wants of the family that occupies it, and significant in its exterior of the general condition and pursuits of the family, so far it is true to human nature. But it has been generally observed that all "improved" landscape scenery is tame and insipid compared with hundreds of village scenes in the country, which have never been embellished by art, and where the houses have been built without reference to any principle except that of utility. As soon as an artist enters the town and studies the effects of the buildings which he designs as parts of a composition in landscape, he thinks more of what would

please artists and critics, than of what is suitable to the character of those who are to be the occupants of the buildings. Each community contains but few artists. We must consider the influence of certain styles of building and landscape upon the moral sentiments, passions, and sympathies of men of all classes; how they will affect the rich and the cultivated, the amiable and conformable part of the community, and no less how they will affect the poor and the ignorant, or the jealous, the envious, and even the malignant, whose criticisms often contain truths which are never spoken by other people.

It is the most sympathetic and intelligent minds which are the most delighted with simple scenes. They like to see the face of the landscape indicative to a certain extent of the occupations of the inhabitants. Though it would be absurd to expect or desire a strict uniformity in these matters, such an approximation to it as we observe in many of our old country villages, which are distant from railroads and other commercial thoroughfares, will generally be acknowledged as charming. It is pleasant to see the evidence of all that is comfortable and happy in the condition of a community displayed in its scenery, and to learn by the style of the houses, shops, and other structures how far the village is occupied by farmers, and how far by mechanics and men of other employments. Even if scenery of this character be consequently homely, and present but few attractions to one who views it only with an artistic eye, it is sympathetic; it commends itself to our love of our fellow-men, and amuses our minds by presenting many scenes and incidents to the imagination in the drama of village life. Many plain houses, when considered in relation to their rustic surroundings and the simple manners and character of their occupants, are far more beautiful in the eyes of a person of sensibility than any amount of decorative ornament could make them.

We will take for an example one of those houses which are among the few remaining specimens of the general style

of farmers' homesteads during the last century in New England. I will quote my own description of one from *Studies in the Field and Forest*: "The old house, containing two stories in front, with the roof extending down to one story in the rear, is seen half-protected by the drooping branches of a venerable elm. A woodbine hangs in careless festoons around the low windows, and a briar-rose bush grows luxuriantly over the plain board fence that incloses the garden. The house stands some distance from the road, and is surrounded in front and on one side by a spacious grass-plot, neatly shorn by the grazing animals while sauntering on their return from pasture. An old barn is near; and the flocks and the poultry seem to enjoy an amount of comfort which we might look for in vain in the inclosures of an ornate dwelling-house. The exterior is associated with its interior arrangements no less than with the scenes around it. We see, in fancy, the wide entry into which the front door opens; the broad and angular staircase; the window in the upper entry, that looks out upon a rustic landscape dotted with fruit-trees, and patches of plowed land alternating with green meadow. By the side of the staircase on the lower floor stands an ancient clock, whose loud striking and slow stroke of the pendulum are associated with the old style of low-studded rooms."

The good man and woman who occupy this house are honest and industrious people, and are interesting and agreeable in their humble situation. Their manners and character adorn the house, which in its turn reflects a pleasant lustre of fitness and propriety upon this worthy pair. The rough but serene and intelligent countenance of the man, and the womanly dignity and simplicity of his consort, render them a hero and heroine in this their proper sphere. But they are neither elegant nor cultivated. They are sensible, frugal, industrious, and good; and the house they occupy is adapted to their wants, their character, and their habits, and the evidence of this fitness is plain to all observers.

Their house is picturesque though not ornate. It has something about it that is superior to architectural beauty; and while this honest couple are its occupants, their place of residence harmonizes with their life.

Suppose this plain farmer, in compliance with the demands of "taste," should build in the place of his homely cottage an ornate residence in villa style. He immediately finds it necessary to dispense with his plain furniture, and to supply the house with such as will befit his new and elegant apartments. The "genteel" furnishing of their best rooms puts this rude couple to the necessity of living afterwards in their kitchen. Not being ornate in their persons and manners, they feel discomposed when surrounded by the finery of their other apartments, and they long for the freedom and comfort of their old home. We must also bear in mind that this worthy couple, who were so interesting and poetic in their former home, have now lost character. They have placed themselves unwittingly in a position which they cannot maintain, and they feel like an actor of servile parts on the stage, who should suddenly be called to personate a gentleman or a prince. Their elegant house and furniture render their presence a solecism; and their rude dialect and untutored manners, that did not abate our regard for them in their old house, now make them ridiculous. And inasmuch as the new house does not befit the character and habits of its inmates, it is a false object in the landscape.

It may be objected, however, that by adding elegance to the style of living of the humble classes, you elevate them in the scale of refinement and taste. But can it be said with as much truth that the same improvements elevate them as moral and intelligent beings? The teachers of this sort of æsthetic morality are misled by a fallacy which consists in mistaking etiquette for refinement, and fashion for taste, as faith in the religious code and in its religious sense is mistaken for goodness. So far is an elegant style of living from elevating men and women in their moral feelings, that

the surest way of corrupting the honesty of young men and the virtue of young women is to inspire them with an ambition for such a style of living. They cease thereafter to think of simple and homely happiness, and will cheerfully sacrifice comfort and independence that they may possess a showy house and costly furniture. The reader must bear in mind that neatness, which is a virtue, must not be mistaken for elegance, which is only an artistic quality. Just in the same degree as you instill into young people of either sex a desire for that sort of distinction which wealth alone can confer, you supply them with a motive to indulge in a certain kind of elegant profusion which only the wealthy can display without the sacrifice of honesty and virtue.

The moral expression of village scenery is overlooked by our teachers of the "beautiful." But those who have reflected upon it are aware that if a country scene contain only ornate houses and grounds, the landscape cannot be suggestive of that simplicity of habits, nor of those sensible and frugal traits of character, which we admire in a rustic population; nor would it remind us of the various occupations of the villagers. The absence of plain houses and their significant outbuildings, and the appearance in their place of counterfeit villas, having their workshops and other structures for rural and mechanical operations fashioned in such a way as to conceal their purpose from the spectator, would despoil the scene of all its romantic charms. If we believe the place to be inhabited by workingmen, we are disagreeably affected by the indications of a vicious love of fashion and display. On the other hand, if we know nothing of the population, we imagine the village to be only a place of residence for merchants and merchants' clerks. These men are a very useful class; but it is not agreeable to think that the community is wholly made up of them. A style of building and of landscape that suggests these reflections wants that poetical character which always attaches to a genuine rural scene.

A blacksmith's shop is a favorite subject for painters and poets, and is in a remarkable degree one of the significant buildings in a village landscape. The independent occupation of the blacksmith renders him a striking character in any poetic description of a village, and his shop an important and interesting object among its scenes. The offices required of him also command our attention, and we are interested by the animals led thither to be prepared for their burdens. Many authors have written with delight of the old smithy in their native village, and have always gained the sympathy of their readers. Now as an object in a village scene, the smithy must be a simple structure without any ornaments, and it is usually of such a form as to distinguish it from other workshops. But if some lover of decorative art were to persuade the village blacksmith to put up in the place of his homely and significant workshop an ornamental building, that its artistic decorations might beautify the prospect, no sooner is this done than the spell of enchantment that made the old smithy both interesting and impressive is broken. The plain and appropriate workshop is transformed into a *gazabo*; and the artistic structure has no attractions at all, except as a study for some pedantic connoisseurs. Its ornaments are as absurd and ridiculous as kid gloves upon the hands of the stalwart mechanic who swings the hammer under its roof.

When we are journeying in the country we are pleased with the visible proof on the face of the landscape that the workers are plain and hardy yeomen, and that the tillers of the soil are veritable "rural swains," contented with their lot, and happy because they are humble in their ambition. Some might object that ignorance is the necessary accompaniment of this simplicity. But the ignorance of the rural classes is one of the attractions of rustic society. It is not a disagreeable quality when joined with native good sense. The ignorant are the poetic and picturesque classes of the village; not that they are either poets or sentimentalists; but they have a cer-

tain *naïveté* about them which in cultivated people is displaced by the imitation of models. Ignorant men are not disagreeable, save when wealth or some political accident has elevated them into positions that show them in a ridiculous light. Men who live by their wits and pursue elegant occupations may be more intelligent companions, and are preferred as members of our social circles. But we see the most natural expression of character among the uneducated classes, if they have not lived in cities. They act with less reference to conventionalities, and display their native humor, while the refined classes act a part which has been assigned them by their system of education. There is more individuality among the ignorant, more that affects us with that sort of interest which attends a well-drawn character in romance. Now if we make the dwellings of the rural classes ornate, the landscape containing them becomes as tame and insipid as the conversation of that kind of *elite* society in which no person expresses an opinion. But our "improved" system of rural architecture is based upon perverted ideas of what is good and interesting in human character. Writers of romance are superior in this respect to artists, because the latter are supported chiefly by the rich, and strive to flatter their ambition.

Landscape gardening is based on the same fallacies. The idea of personal grandeur is the leading thought that governs the artist. This is all he strives to develop, and all that is demanded by the proprietor for whom he plans his work. The villa must express magnificence and cost; and the "lodge" must be built in the same style, that it may be recognized by the spectator as a part of the lordly estate, and that the occupant of it may not be taken for any one but a servant. It would be more agreeable to a spectator of sensibility to see evidence that the superintendent is an independent laborer, as he undoubtedly is. But this would not be in harmony with the principles of landscape gardening, which is a direct importation of the sentiments of the aristocratic classes

of Great Britain in their most offensive shape, and is the most egregious folly that was ever dignified with the name of science.

The various works which have been published in this country on landscape gardening differ from the English works on the same subject only in pointing out methods by which, with less wealth, our people may make as great a display as the English lords. Hence they have done more to destroy those features in village scenery which are needful to all good and truthful expression, than the spontaneous vanity of the people would have done in a century. Men who would have been very well pleased with that modest style of building which is expressive of all that is most admirable in a country landscape have been converted to the notion that it is their moral duty to build ornate residences. The whole community has been seized by a sort of æsthetic monomania, and the possession of a fine house has grown to be one of the surest passports to public consideration.

I do not deny the right of a poor man to live in a fine house; but he cannot be so happy, or so thrifty, or so respectable, as in a plain house adapted to his moderate wants and his limited means. An educated poor man in such a house might not seem out of place to one who is not aware of his poverty. But an ignorant man with clownish manners cannot live in a palace without making his personal defects both conspicuous and ludicrous. Yet how often do we observe that the most ostentatious house in a village belongs to some unlettered clown who has by a blind turn of Fortune's wheel become rich. Conscious that wealth alone can distinguish him above his equals, he seizes the first opportunity to gain distinction by building a costly house. But its splendor does not blind him to his own personal defects, and when he approaches his mansion with a stranger, he shrinks from acknowledging it as his own property, because he is sensible of a practical absurdity when the splendor of his house is contrasted with his awkward manners, his

ungrammatical speech, his hard hands, and his rustic visage.

It may be said, in defense of all this show, that it is a faithful index of the character of the people; that it is true to the weak side of human nature. But it is not the follies or the vices of men which we would see faithfully indexed on the face of the country. We want that kind of scenery which is true to their material occupations, and to those customs and habits which are interesting as well as characteristic. We do not like to see any man's estate covered with the idols of his ambition, if that is either foolish or vain. Neither, on the other hand, if the inhabitants are filthy, is it agreeable to see this principle of truth to human nature literally carried into operation. The advocates of the ornate fully understand this principle; but they err in overestimating the effect of displaying the proprietor's ambition. They think chiefly of setting forth in the landscape what pleases the wealthy and fashionable part of society, and work as if they thought the way to improve the aspect of the country was to conceal the evidence that any other classes exist.

But it would be difficult to imagine anything more uninteresting than society in the actual absence of those classes whose presence these artists would conceal in the style of their architecture. Let us suppose that by some impossible invention all labor should be performed by self-acting and self-adjusting machinery; and that those useful and happy citizens who now live by the labor of their hands and by the exercise of some manual art were entirely exempted from toil, and metamorphosed into æsthetic gentlemen of leisure. We should then behold a community having little to do beside eating and drinking, except to discover every possible method of assuaging the tedium of life. The idea of such a state of society, in spite of the leisure of its members to cultivate "aspirations," is a painful one, because we know that its members would be both miserable and vicious. Health, virtue, and contentment come from the necessity of moderate la-

bor and its wholesome restraints; and our most poetic images of human happiness are associated with a people consisting in great part of workingmen, enjoying political freedom and a comfortable store of the good things of life. It may be truly said that any signs in the landscape of the numerical predominance of the cultivated classes would spoil our interest in it. It is with the humble classes that we feel the most sympathy, on account of the benevolence of our nature, which pride alone is able to destroy. To this sympathy the novelist makes his most successful appeals; and the charm of rude and pastoral scenery comes from the same sentiment.

Our ideas of beauty are greatly modified by our moral sentiments; and he who has studied art without reference to anything save the ambition of his fellow-citizens will be prone to think more of the display of art than of its poetic expressions or moral significations, not understanding by these the symbolic or historic meaning of certain architectural ornaments. Painters are much more true to these homely qualities of art than architects; for the reason, perhaps, that the architect works by formulas and by mathematical rules, and by habit loses his appreciation of the picturesque. It may be added that the mathematical character of architecture would naturally draw into its ranks those who are fond of precision and method, while the art of painting would attract those whose proclivities are more like those of a poet or writer of romance. Above all, the architect, being chiefly employed by wealthy men, soon learns that it will be better for his material interest and credit to flatter their ambition than to be governed by his own taste and sentiments. It is impossible to determine how much of our ostentatious architecture is attributable to a want of true genius on the part of the artist; but I think if he had the power to divest himself of all considerations except his own ideas of beauty and of fitness and propriety, our rural architecture would be vastly more plain, modest, and picturesque than any which is now in existence. It is difficult, also,

for an artist to escape being enamored of the pedantry of his art. There is so much that is fascinating to a warm imagination in the historical meanings of the different forms in architecture, and in what has been called the language of decoration, that but few artists can avoid the temptation of using them too profusely.

In the town of Andover, in the early part of this century, there lived an old negro named Pomp, with Dinah his wife, in a little plain cottage near the pond that still bears his name. Pomp and his wife were unlettered and poor, but they lived by honest labor and industry; they were not beggars. He owned a few acres of land, and on this little farm he raised fruits and vegetables, and sold the milk of one cow that was often seen feeding by the green roadside. Pomp was a skillful gardener, and earned many an honest day's wages by working for the people of the village. Dinah raised herbs and flowers in her garden, and was a kind of simpler for her neighborhood; she was also hired for various humble services. And when there was a call for charitable labor, gratuitous nursing for the sick, or any other simple offices of kindness, this worthy pair were always ready with their offers and their services, which were useful, sincere, and without affectation. There was not a couple in the whole town who enjoyed more of the esteem and affection of the inhabitants than this old negro and his wife.

Pomp's house was a cottage of very neat and simple construction, of one story, having a small close porch, with a gable, for the front entrance, and a small wing opposite in the rear for a kitchen. The roof had two gable ends, and two dormer windows in front. These simple appendages made the house a very pretty and suggestive building, beside its beauty of proportion. The house was unpainted, except its facings, which were yellow, and its want of color caused it to harmonize well with the homely landscape about it. But there was so much neatness in the grounds that surrounded it, so many marks of care and industry

in the well-constructed wood-piles and the clean footpaths that led through the greensward to the doors of the house, and such a charming though simple variety of flowers in the garden, that the place became one of the sights which people visiting the town were always invited to see, among the interesting objects of classic Andover. Another of its attractions was the amiable and original character and habits of its occupants. Their neat little cottage was the picturesque representation of their humble life, the scene of the charming romance of their simple biography.

It may be objected that the house would have no charms for a spectator who knew nothing of its occupants. I reply that they would only be weakened, as the pleasure with which we contemplate a ruin is weakened by our ignorance of its history and purpose. But neither the cottage nor the ruin is entirely dependent on this knowledge for its attractions. The ruin, though its history were unknown, would still affect us with an agreeable sensation of grandeur and mystery; and in viewing the cottage, its appendages, and its grounds, we should immediately picture to our minds some worthy and humble family as having dwelt there, and the neatness and simplicity of its whole appearance would awaken our sympathies and cause it to be admired as the scene of some pleasing domestic romance. We are affected by all these things when we examine pictures. There is hardly a person of moderate culture who would not admire a well-executed painting of Pomp's cottage and grounds; and if any person would not admire the same object in real landscape, it is because he needs the genius of the painter to fix his attention upon it and assist his imagination. Our mistake when we view such pictures is to suppose that it is the painting we admire, and not the scene it represents. But if the spectator has no sympathy with the humble classes, the picture of the cottage would be nothing to him except as a work of art, and the real cottage would only disfigure the prospect. In like manner would the

ruin appear, to one who is both ignorant and stolid, as a mere ugly heap of earth and stones.

Some of the picturesque objects that have affected me with the most pleasure, when passing over the old roads that lead from one village to another in the rural districts of New England, are certain neat farm cottages near the roadside, which we meet at frequent and irregular intervals. They generally stand upon an inclosure of a few acres of land, with a barn and barn-yard near, indicating that the owner is a tiller of the ground, while a small building not far from the house, but seldom adjoining it, reveals that the farmer is also a shoemaker, and that when he lays aside the spade and the reaping-hook, he takes up the lapstone for his winter occupation. These buildings, which resemble each other in their general form and appearance, seldom contain more than two or three windows, affording room for as many workmen, and are usually placed a little nearer the road than the dwelling-house. But the beauty of these workshops, which are in the plainest style, consists in the expression of the industrious habits of the people who occupy them. There are no artificial objects in a village landscape that so beautifully harmonize with the pleasant scenes of nature as these little homely buildings. The simple and economical system of agriculture that still prevails in many parts of the country has left the face of nature undespoiled of that spontaneous embroidery which constitutes the most interesting landscape. We may walk in some counties over a distance of many miles of such scenery, interspersed with hundreds of plain farm-houses, as beautiful as they are plain and simple, and as lovely as the wild vines that clamber over their fences. But these cheerful objects are rapidly disappearing, and in the same ratio is village scenery growing vapid and ostentatious, showing forth the vanity of the people and the pedantry of artists, and concealing the interesting habits of the population.

There are many who admire these objects and look upon them with affection,

but will not admit that they deserve to be called beautiful or ornamental to the landscape. They acknowledge that their presence awakens agreeable sensations, but will not consent to name the cause of these sensations beauty; beauty is for them some mystical æsthetic quality

which is too vague to be defined. These simple and homely objects excite in our minds the most agreeable sensations, often surpassing the effects of the most beautiful scene in nature; still they are not beautiful, and they deface and deform the landscape!

Wilson Flagg.

BRIDE BROOK.

WIDE as the sky Time spreads his hand,
And blindly over us there blows
A swarm of years that fill the land,
Then fade, and are as fallen snows.

Behold, the flakes rush thick and fast;
Or are they years that come between,
When, peering back into the past,
I search the legendary scene?

Nay; marshaled down the open coast,
Fearless of that low rampart's frown,
The winter's white-winged, footless host
Beleaguers ancient Saybrook town.

And when the settlers wake, they stare
On woods half-buried, white and green,
A smothered world, an empty air:
Never had such deep drifts been seen!

But "Snow lies light upon my heart!
An thou," said merry Jonathan Rudd,
"Wilt wed me, winter shall depart,
And love like spring for us shall bud."

"Nay, how," said Mary, "may that be?
Nor minister nor magistrate
Is here, to join us solemnly;
And snow-banks bar us, every gate."

"Winthrop at Pequot Harbor lies,"
He laughed. And with the morrow's sun
He faced the deputy's dark eyes:
"How soon, sir, may the rite be done?"

"At Saybrook? There the power's not mine,"
Said he. "But at the brook we'll meet,

That ripples down the boundary line;
There you may wed, and Heaven shall see 't."

Forth went, next day, the bridal train
Through vistas dreamy with gray light.
The waiting woods, the open plain,
Arrayed in consecrated white,

Received and ushered them along.
The very beasts before them fled,
Charmed by the spell of inward song
These lovers' hearts around them spread.

Four men with netted foot-gear shod
Bore the maid's carrying-chair aloft;
She swayed above, as roses nod
On the lithe stem their bloom-weight soft.

At last beside the brook they stood,
With Winthrop and his followers;
The maid in flake-embroidered hood,
The magistrate well cloaked in furs,

That, parting, showed a glimpse beneath
Of ample, throat-encircling ruff
As white as some wind-gathered wreath
Of snow quilled into plait and puff.

A few grave words, a question asked,
Eyelids that with the answer fell
Like falling petals, — form that tasked
Brief time; — yet all was wrought, and well!

Then "Brooklet," Winthrop smiled and said,
"Frost's finger on thy lip makes dumb
The voice wherewith thou shouldst have sped
These lovers on their way; but, come,

"Henceforth forever be thou known
By name of her here made a bride;
So shall thy slender music's moan
Sweeter into the ocean glide!"

Then laughed they all, and sudden beams
Of sunshine quivered through the sky.
Below the ice the unheard stream's
Clear heart thrilled on in ecstasy;

And lo, a visionary blush
Stole warmly o'er the voiceless wild,
And in her rapt and wintry hush
The lonely face of Nature smiled.

Ah, Time, what wilt thou? Vanished quite
 Is all that tender vision now;
 And like lost snow-flakes in the night,
 Mute lie the lovers as their vow.

And O thou little, careless brook,
 Hast thou thy tender trust forgot?
 Her modest memory forsook,
 Whose name, known once, thou utterest not?

Spring wakes the rill's blithe minstrelsy;
 In willow bough or alder bush
 Birds sing, with golden filigree
 Of pebbles 'neath the flood's clear gush;

But none can tell us of that name
 More than the "Mary." Men still say
 "Bride Brook" in honor of her fame;
 But all the rest has passed away.

G. P. Lathrop.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

XI.

EASTON began to show signs of decided convalescence. Day by day he became more susceptible of the kindnesses which his sympathizers yearned to lavish upon him, all the more ardently for being so long held aloof by the certainty that the best thing they could do was to let him alone; the ladies got out their recipes for sick-room delicacies again, and broths and broils were debated. One day he sat up in a chair to have his bed made, and then a great wave of rejoicing ran through the house. Mrs. Farrell created a wine-jelly which, when it was turned out of the mold upon a plate, was as worshipfully admired as if it had been the successful casting in bronze of some great work of art.

Her spirits had begun to rise; that day she moved as if on air, and as he grew better and better, she put off the moral and material tokens of her lingering bondage to fear. For some time she had suffered herself to wear those great

hoops of Etruscan gold in her ears; now she replaced her penitential slippers and sober shoes with worldly boots; she blossomed again in the rich colors that became her; on the following Sunday she celebrated her release in a silk that insulted her past captivity, and sang for joy as she swooped through the house in it. On Monday she bought out the small stock of worsteds at the West Peckin store, and sat matching them in her lap when Gilbert came out upon the piazza. He stopped to look at her, and she asked him if he had any taste in colors. "Men have, a great deal oftener than women will allow," she said. "At least they are quite apt to have inspirations in color."

"I don't believe I have," answered Gilbert, still looking at her radiance and not at the worsteds. "I lived long and happily without knowing some colors from others by name."

Mrs. Farrell laughed. "Oh, I did n't mean the names. Women are glibber than men with those. But you'd have

been able to criticise the effect, would n't you? You'd have known that blue would n't do for a brunette, if you'd seen it on her?"

"I'm not so sure," said Gilbert.

"Why, look!" cried Mrs. Farrell, taking up a delicate shade of blue, and holding it against one cheek, while she fixed her eyes upon his with business-like preoccupation. "There! don't you see how we take the life out of each other? Don't you see that it perfectly kills me?"

"Well, I don't know. I should say that the worsted was getting the worst of it."

"Worsted and worsted; a pun or an opinion?" demanded Mrs. Farrell, still holding the color to her cheek, and her eyes on his.

"Oh, either; one's as good as the other."

"I don't believe you meant either. I'm sorry you can't help me about matching these wools, and I've a great mind to make use of you in another way. But I don't suppose you would do it," she said, glancing up at him as she straightened the skeins of yarn by slipping them over her two hands.

"What do you wish to do?"

"Why, I wish to wind these skeins into little balls, and"—

"Me to hold them, as you're doing, whilst you wind? I don't mind that."

"Really? I think it's the silliest position in the world for a man; and I can't let you. No, no; you shall not."

"Yes, but I will. Come. I wish to show you that my manly dignity can rise superior to holding worsteds."

He took up a skein and stretched it on his hands; she loosened a thread and began to wind; both with gloomy brows. When she had half done, she flung down the ball, and burst into a laugh. "No, no; you can't face it out. You look silly in spite of that noble frown. How do you suppose you appear to those ladies down there under the trees, with your hands raised in that gesture of stage-supplication? You look as if you were imploring me for your life—or something; and here I am making all these

cabalistic motions," she resumed her winding, "as if I were weaving a spell around you! Do let us stop it! And I'll get Miss Jewett to help me."

"No, go on," said Gilbert. "If you offer to stop, I shall clasp my hands!"

"Oh, oh!" shouted Mrs. Farrell. "Don't, for pity's sake! Was ever a poor sorceress so at her victim's mercy before? This skein is nearly done. Will you put down your hands, you cruel object of my unhallowed arts?"

"I will, if you'll let me put them up again, and help finish the other skeins. If you don't consent, I'll keep holding them so."

"Well, then I'll leave you in that interesting attitude."

"If you dare to rise, I'll follow you all about in it."

"Oh dear me! I really believe you would. There, take up another skein."

"No, you must put it on, yourself; I've just got my hands in the right places."

"But you said you'd put them down if I'd let you put them up again," lamented Mrs. Farrell.

"I've changed my mind. I said that before I perceived that I had you in my power. If you don't hurry, I'll exaggerate the attitude. Quick!"

She was laughing so that she could hardly arrange the yarn upon the framework so rigidly presented to her.

"Don't hold your thumbs like sticks," she besought him. "Have a little flexibility, if you have no pity. It's some satisfaction to think you *do* look foolish."

"I have the consolation of suspecting that you *feel* so. I'm quite willing to do the looking."

Mrs. Farrell said nothing, but swiftly wound the yarn upon the ball, and "Don't hurry!" commanded Gilbert. "I'm not going to put my hands down till I like, any way. So you may as well take your time."

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert," pleaded Mrs. Farrell. "How can you threaten me, when I'm so meekly letting you have your own way! I never should have supposed you were that kind of man."

"Neither should I," said Gilbert. "This is the first opportunity I've had to play the tyrant to one of your amiable sex, and I'm determined to abuse it."

"Oh, that's a likely story! With that conceited air of yours, when you are so good as to address a woman! Don't be a humbug, if you are a faithless despot."

"And don't you employ harsh language in addressing me, Mrs. Farrell, or I'll sit here all day with my hands outstretched to you."

"All day? Oh,—happy thought! Wind very slowly and tire him out!"

"Do! I could stop here until I changed into a mere figure in a bas-relief—a profile and the back of a lifted hand; and you a classic shape intent upon the flying thread"—

"That's not fair, Mr. Gilbert. To make remarks upon me when you know I can't help myself."

"Don't you like to have remarks made upon you?"

"Not when I can't help myself."

"Why not? I have n't forbidden you to answer back."

"But you would, if my answers did n't suit you. How is it, if you don't know anything about colors, that you dress in such very tolerable taste?"

"Do I? Mrs. Farrell, don't take advantage of my helplessness to flatter me! I suppose it's my tailor's taste—which I always go against. And then, it's New York."

"Yes, New York is well dressed," sighed Mrs. Farrell. "Oh dear me! The style of some New York girls that I've seen! I suppose men can't feel it as we do."

"Don't be so sure of that. We can't give any but the elementary names of things that a woman has on, but I don't believe the subtlest effect of a dress is ever lost upon men; and I believe the soul of any man of imagination is as much taken with style in dressing as with beauty. Americans all adore it,—perhaps because it's so characteristic of American women that they seem almost to have invented it. It's a curious thing,—something different from

beauty, something different from grace, something more charming than either, and as various as both. I should say it was the expression of personal character, and that American women have more style than any other women because they have more freedom, and utter themselves in dry-goods more fearlessly."

Mrs. Farrell stopped winding the yarn a moment, and instinctively cast down her eyes over her draperies. He smiled.

"For shame!" she cried indignantly, while her eyes dimmed with mortification at her self-betrayal. But she boldly grappled with the situation. "Did you think I was thinking you thought me stylish? I know I am so; I had no need to think that. I was thinking that if ever you left the law and followed the true bent of your genius, New York ladies need n't go to Worth for their dresses."

"Is n't that an unnecessarily elaborate bit of insult, considering that I had n't said a word to provoke it?"

"You smiled."

"Why, you've been laughing all the time."

"But I was n't laughing at you."

"Whom were you laughing at?"

"I was laughing at myself."

"Well, I merely smiled at you."

But Mrs. Farrell was plainly hurt past jesting for the present. She wound furiously at the worsted, and they both kept silence.

At last Gilbert asked, "What is all this yarn for?"

"To knit a smoking-cap for Mr. Easton," she said coldly, and then neither spoke again. Presently she caught a half-finished skein from his hand, tossed the balls and skeins together in her lap, and gathering them up swept in-doors, leaving him planted where he had sat confronting her.

In spite of the careless gayety of his banter, Gilbert had worn a look that was neither easy nor joyous. He did not seem much irritated by her excessive retaliation, but presently rose and walked listlessly up to the village to get his letters, and when he came back, he went

to his sister-in-law's room with a letter which he showed her.

"Shall you go?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know. I don't know why I'm not on fire to go, but I don't happen to be so. There's a day or two for thinking it over. If it were not for Easton"—

"He's a long while getting well," said Mrs. Gilbert with an impatient sigh; "I don't see why he's so slow about it."

"Well, Susan," languidly reasoned Gilbert, "you've been about fifteen years yourself getting well, and you have n't quite finished yet. You can't consistently complain of a few weeks, more or less, in Easton. I dare say he would be well at once, if he could; but it is n't a matter that he can hurry, exactly."

"No," said Mrs. Gilbert. "But are n't you losing a great deal of time here, William? You came for two weeks, and you've stayed nearly six. Don't you think Easton could get on without you, now?"

"Why, considering that Easton came here because he thought I'd like to have him, when I was merely a little under the weather, I don't think it would be quite the thing for me to go off now, and leave him before he's fairly on his legs."

"That's true," sighed Mrs. Gilbert. "And I'm glad to have you so faithful to your friend, William. I'm sure you never could forgive yourself if you were recreant to him in the slightest thing. Your friendship has sacred claims upon you both. I have sometimes thought it was a little too romantic, but it's a great thing to have the highest standard in such matters, and you could never let your fidelity be less than Easton's."

Gilbert looked at her and pulled his mustache uneasily, but Mrs. Gilbert kept her eyes upon the sewing she had in hand. "You and Mrs. Farrell seem to be friends at present. I have heard of your holding worsted for her to wind, just now. The ladies who saw you at a little distance thought it a very picturesque group, and seemed grateful for

the topic you had given them. They talked about it a good deal. I suppose it *was* picturesque—at least her part of it. I don't think manly grace is at its best under such circumstances, though I dare say you were n't posing for spectators."

"I had no quarrel with Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, choosing to ignore the other points.

"No? I thought there seemed to be a little coldness at one time."

"Perhaps the shyness of comparative strangers, Mrs. Gilbert."

"William," said Mrs. Gilbert, "I wish you would talk seriously with me a moment."

"Then you must start a serious subject. You can't expect me to be very earnest about genteel comedy, or even melodrama."

"Do you mean that she's always playing a part? Why, don't you believe"—

"Excuse me, Susan," said Gilbert, "I have n't formulated any creed on that subject, and I'd rather you'd make your conversation a little less Socratic, this morning, if it's quite the same to you."

"I beg your pardon, William; I know that with your notions of loyalty to your friend, you would n't allow yourself to speculate about the nature of the woman he hoped to make his wife, and I honor you for your delicacy, though she's only another woman to me. Easton would deal the same with himself, if the case were yours."

Gilbert listened with a stolid but rather a haggard air, and his sister-in-law continued:—

"I suppose she must make it difficult to treat her at times with the lofty respect that you'd like to use, and that you have to keep *him* in mind pretty constantly. And yet, I don't know, after all. It seems to me that if you interpret her behavior generously,"—Gilbert winced a little at the words, used almost as Easton had once used them,— "and make due allowance for her histrionic temperament, it can't be so very hard for an honorable man."

"The clemency of your sentiments in regard to Mrs. Farrell is a continual surprise to me, Susan, when I remember what an outfit you gave her the time we first talked of her," said Gilbert.

"Oh, you can easily convict me of inconsistency on any point," answered his sister-in-law. "But why should n't I see a change for the better in her? why should n't I sincerely believe her capable of nobler things than I once did?"

"You have all the reasons in the world; and if you had none, still, optimism is amiable. But really, do you know this is getting very tiresome? Am I to spend all my leisure moments with you in philosophizing Mrs. Farrell? I'm willing to take any version of her that you give me. How can I doubt her devotion to Easton when I see her getting ready to knit him a smoking-cap? I know she's sorry for having made that misunderstanding between him and me, for she said she was. Who would n't believe a handsome young woman when she says she's sorry? Perhaps another handsome young woman. Not I."

"Now you're talking in a very silly, cynical way, William, and you'd better say good morning, and come again when you're in a different mood."

"I'm willing enough to say good morning," returned Gilbert, and went.

He went by an attraction which he could not resist to Easton's room, and experienced again that heartquake with which he now always met his friend's eye, and which he was always struggling to prevent or avert. It was a thing which his nerves might be reasoned out of, with due thought, and it did not come, when he was once in Easton's presence and confronted him from time to time. But in the morning, when their eyes first met, or after any little absence, the shock was inevitable; and he knew, though he would not own it to himself, that he had been trying somehow to shun the encounter. The bitterest rage he had felt against his friend was bliss to this fear of the trust he saw in Easton's face. He could best endure it when he could

meet him in Mrs. Farrell's presence. In the gay talk which he held with them together, he could persuade himself that the harmless pleasure of the moment was all. He found a like respite when alone with her. He did not pretend to himself that he tried to avoid her; he knew that he sought her with feverish eagerness; now and then in the pauses of her voice a haggard consciousness blotted his joy in her charm, but when he parted from her, he was sensible of a stupid and craven apprehension, as if the fascination of her presence were also a safeguard beyond which he could not hope for mercy from himself. At such times it was torture to meet Rachel Woodward, and the shy friendship which had sprung up between them died of this pain. His haunting inward blame seemed to look at him again from her clear eyes; he accused himself in the tones of her voice; she confronted him like an outer conscience, even when her regard seemed explicitly to refuse intelligence of what was in his heart.

At dinner, that day, Mrs. Farrell was very bright-eyed and rather subdued; she looked like a woman who had been having a cry. She talked amiably with everybody, as was now her wont, and when she found herself, late in the afternoon, again on the piazza with Gilbert, she said, "You're sorry, I suppose."

"Not the least," he answered, with nervous abruptness. "Why should I be sorry? Because you made an outrageous speech to me?"

"You are rather a vindictive person, are n't you?" she asked, beginning again.

"No, — I don't think so," returned Gilbert. "Do you?"

"You cherished a grudge against me a good while, and if you had n't happened to overdo it, you'd be still bearing malice, I suppose."

"And because you overdid it this morning you're able to pardon me now. I see the process of your reasoning. Well, hereafter I shall not offend you by smiling; I'm going to frown at everything you do."

"No, don't do that! I want you to be very kind to me."

"Yes? How is a gentleman to be kind to a lady?"

"Everything depends upon character and circumstance. If she is n't the wisest of her sex, — so few of us are, — and has been used to doing and saying quite what she pleased, without regard to consequences, and she finds herself in a position where circumspection is her duty, he ought to look about for her and guard her."

"From what?"

"Oh — hawks, and lynxes, and — cats. They're everywhere."

Mrs. Farrell sat down on the benching and drew from her pocket the balls of worsted which she had loosely rolled in a handkerchief, together with some knitting already begun, and went on with the work, while Gilbert stood before her, looking down at her.

"You ought n't to have helped me with these this morning," she said, pushing the little balls about, and sorting them for the right colors.

"You asked me to do it!"

"But you ought to have refused. It was because I thought you were trying to embarrass me, and take advantage of my foolishness, that I got angry and was rude to you."

Gilbert said nothing, and after a little more comparison of the worsteds Mrs. Farrell made her decision, and took her knitting in hand.

"Help me, don't hinder me!" she went on in a low voice. "Don't be amused at me; let me alone; keep away from me; don't make me talked about!"

"Shall I go now?" asked Gilbert, huskily.

Mrs. Farrell looked up at him in astonishment that dispersed all other emotions. "Oh good gracious!" she cried, "they're all alike, after all! No, you poor — *man*, you! You must stay, now, till some one comes up; and don't run off the instant they do come! And you must keep on talking, *now*. Come, let us converse of various matters —

'Whether the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings.'

There, thank Heaven! there comes Mrs. Stevenson. Pay some attention to her. Ask her about her art, as she calls it, and try to seem interested. Mrs. Stevenson, I'm in despair over these worsteds. I can make nothing of them. Did you see any at the Bazar, the other day, when you were at Quapsaug? There ought to be crewels in that immense assortment. Where is that lavender? Where, oh tell me where, is that little lavender gone? Perhaps it's in my pocket — no! Perhaps it's rolled under the bench — no! Then I've left it in my room, and I'll have to go after it. Excuse!" She caught her worsteds against her dress, and, turning a sidelong glance upon him as she whirled past, made "Talk!" with mute lips, and left him.

When she came back, neither he nor Mrs. Stevenson was there. They had apparently dispersed each other. She sat down a while and knitted contentedly, and then went with her work to visit Mrs. Gilbert, who had not been at dinner.

"I'm very glad to see you," said Mrs. Gilbert, who had a flask of cologne in her hand, and moistened her forehead with it from time to time as she talked.

"Headache?" suggested Mrs. Farrell.

"Yes, only a minor headache, — nothing heroic at all. It's merely something to occupy the mind. Do you happen to know where my brother is?"

"I left him with Mrs. Stevenson on the piazza, a few moments ago — talking art, I suppose." Mrs. Farrell adventured this. "They're not there, now; perhaps he's gone to look at her works."

"That's the smoking-cap, is it?" asked Mrs. Gilbert.

Mrs. Farrell held up at arms-length the small circle of the crown which she had so far knitted, and, gazing at it in deep preoccupation, answered, "Yes. These are the colors," she added. She leaned toward the other, and held them forward in both hands. "I think it's pretty well for West Pekin."

"I've no doubt it will be charming," said Mrs. Gilbert. "I don't approve of smoking, of course, but I hope he'll soon be able to use his smoking-cap. I was just thinking about you, Mrs. Farrell. I want Mr. Easton to get well as soon as possible, so that you can begin to have a good, long, commonplace courtship. If you were a daughter of mine" —

"I should be a pretty old daughter for you, Mrs. Gilbert," said Mrs. Farrell, flatteringly.

"Oh, I fancy not so very. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-four."

"And I'm forty-five, and look fifty. You're still in your first youth, and I'm in my first old age. I could easily be your mother."

"I wish you were! I should be the better for being your daughter, Mrs. Gilbert."

"I don't know. I should n't like to promise you that. But sometimes I think I could have been a good mother, or at least that children would have made a good mother of me, for I believe that half the goodness that women get credit for is forced upon them by those little helpless troubles. Men could be just as good if they had the care and burden of children — men are so very near being very good as it is."

"I know it," sighed Mrs. Farrell. "I never knew my own mother," she added; "if I had, I might have been a better woman. But are we to blame, I wonder, that we are not so good as we might have been, — you if you'd had children, and I if I had had a mother?"

"Oh, I don't know. I dare say we shall never be judged so harshly anywhere else as we are in this world."

"That's true!" said Mrs. Farrell, bitterly.

"Not that we don't stand in need of judgment," continued the other, "as much as we do of mercy. It's wholesome, and I've never been unjustly blamed yet that I don't feel I deserved it all, and more. Oh, Mrs. Farrell, if I were really to speak to you as my daughter" —

"Don't call me Mrs. Farrell! Call me by my own name," cried the younger woman impulsively. "Call me — Rosabel."

"Is that your name? I took it for granted you were Isabel. It's a very pretty name, very sweet and quaint; but I won't call you by it; it would make you more of a stranger to me than Mrs. Farrell does."

"Well, no matter. You shall call me what you like. Come; you said if you were to speak to me as your daughter" —

"Oh, I'm not certain whether I can go on, after all. Perhaps what I was going to say would degenerate into a kind of lecture on love and marriage in the abstract. If I had a daughter whose love affair had been so romantic as yours, I believe I should tell her to make all the surer of her heart on account of the romance. I'm afraid that in matters of love, romance is a dangerous element. Love ought to be perfectly ordinary, regular, and every-day like."

"Those are very heretical ideas!" said Mrs. Farrell, shaking her head.

"Yes, yes, I dare say," answered Mrs. Gilbert; "but, as I said before, I hope for both your sakes that you and Mr. Easton will have a good stupid wooing — at least a year of it — when he gets well."

"I shall not object to that, I'm sure," said Mrs. Farrell demurely.

"No, I should hope you were too much of a woman. That's a woman's reign, the time of courtship. Her lover is never truly subject to her again. Make it as long as you can — long enough to get the romance out of your heads. And I wish you a sound quarrel or two."

"Oh! Now you are joking."

"Yes, I am. I hope you may never say an unkind word to each other. Have you a temper?"

"Not much, I believe."

"Has he?"

"I've been a little afraid of him once or twice."

"Already? Well, I think it's a pity you have n't a temper, too. Don't be one of the coldly self-possessed kind

when he is angry; it's far better to be frightened."

"I will try always to be frightened. But I'm not sure that it was any violence of his that scared me, so much as his" —

"What?"

"Well, his goodness — or somebody else's badness. Mine, for example."

"Ah, yes! He is a good man. It's a merit in a husband, goodness is; though I doubt very much if young people often think of that; they're so blinded by each other's idolatry that they have no sense of good or bad; they adore one quite as much as the other. And you must consider yourself a young person. You must have been very young when you were married, Mrs. Farrell."

"Yes, I was very young indeed. It seems a great while ago. And afterwards my life was very unhappy — after his death — they made it so. Mrs. Gilbert," she cried, "I know you don't like a great many things in me; but perhaps you would like more if you knew more."

"Yes, but don't tell them. One must have something to disapprove of in others, or how can one respect one's self?"

"I don't say that the fault was all theirs; I don't pretend that I was a very meek or manageable sister, but only that I could have been better with better people. They were vulgar to the tips of their fingers. And that drove me from them at last."

They sat some moments without saying anything, Mrs. Gilbert keeping her eyes intent upon Mrs. Farrell's face, whose fallen eyes in turn were fixed upon her work. Then the former said with a little sigh, "So you think I don't like some things about you! My dear, I like altogether too many. Yes," she continued absently, studying the beautiful face, "I suppose I should, too."

"Should what?" asked Mrs. Farrell.

"Make a fool of myself, if I were a man. I never could resist such a face as yours; I only wonder they don't have more power. But recollect, my dear,

that somehow, sometime, you'll be held responsible for your power, if you abuse it, even though we poor mortals seem to ask nothing better than to be made fools of by you."

"Was that what you were going to say?" asked Mrs. Farrell, lifting her eyes from her work, and looking keenly at Mrs. Gilbert.

"No, it was n't. But I'm so far off the track, now, I won't say it. After all, it might seem like a glittering generality about" —

The women relaxed their wary regard; the elder did not offer to go on, and the younger did not urge her. Mrs. Farrell knitted half a round on the smoking-cap, as if to gain a new starting-point, and then dropped her work in her lap, and laid her hands, one on top of the other, over it. "Did you ever try inhaling the fumes of coffee for your headaches?" she asked.

"Oh, my dear, I gave that up away back in the Dark Ages," returned Mrs. Gilbert, resorting to the cologne.

"I suppose the cologne does you no good?"

"Not the least in the world. But one must do something."

"Yes," said Mrs. Farrell, drawing the word in with a long breath, "one must do something." She took up her work again and knitted a while before she added, "I wonder if a man would go on forever doing something that he knew did him no good, as a woman does?"

"No, I suppose not. Men are very queer," said Mrs. Gilbert, gravely.

"They're quite inert. But that gives them some of their advantages."

"They have pretty nearly all the advantages, have n't they?" asked Mrs. Farrell, quickly. "Even when some woman makes fools of them! At least when that happens they have all the other women on their side." As she knitted rapidly on she had now and then a little tremulous motion of the head that shook the gold hoops in her ears against her neck.

"Well, then they have a right to our pity."

"Oh, do you think so? It seems to

me that *she* has a right to more." She looked down on either side of her at the floor. "I thought I brought both balls of that ashes of roses with me." Mrs. Gilbert looked about the carpet in her vicinity. "Don't trouble yourself. It's no matter. I think I won't use it here, after all. I'll use this brown. A woman never makes a fool of a man unless she respects him very much. Of course there must be something fascinating about him, or she would n't care to have him care for her, at all; it would be disgusting."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gilbert.

"And then," continued Mrs. Farrell, keeping her eyes on her work, and knitting faster and faster, "if she has any heart at all, it must be half broken to think of what she's done. The falsest coquette that ever was would feel like bowing down to true love in a man; and what is she to do if ever the worst comes to the worst, and she finds she's afraid she does n't love him? She must know that his good faith is ten million times stronger than her looks, and that it has a claim which she must try to answer somehow. Shall she marry him out of pity, and put him to the shame of finding it out some day? That would be the worst kind of treachery. No, no; she could n't do that! And can she tell him how wicked she has been, and ask him never to see her face or breathe her name or hear it spoken again? That would be easy, if it were only for her! But if she did this, if she could have the courage to kill his faith in her with such a blow as that, and to blacken his life with shame for having loved her, what better would she be than a murderer?"

She grew pale as she spoke, but no tremor now shook the hoops in her ears; she only wrought the more swiftly and kept her eyes upon the flying needle, while a kind of awe began to express itself in the gaze that Mrs. Gilbert bent upon her.

"What should you think *then* of the power of a pretty face?" asked Mrs. Farrell, flashing a curious look of self-scorn upon her. "What could the pret-

ty face do for her, or for him? Could it help her to forgive herself, or help him to forget her? And which would have the greatest claim to the pity of the spectators?—supposing there were spectators of the tragedy, and there nearly always are. Come, imagine some such woman, Mrs. Gilbert, and imagine her your daughter,—you were imagining *me* your daughter, just now,—and tell me what you would say to her. You would n't know what to say, even to your own daughter? Oh! I thought you might throw some light upon such a case." She had lifted her eyes with fierce challenge to Mrs. Gilbert's, but now she dropped them again upon her work. "But what if the case were still worse? Can you imagine so much as its being worse?"

"Yes, I can imagine its being worse," said Mrs. Gilbert, whose visage seemed to age suddenly with a premonition that a thing long dreaded, long expected, was now coming, in spite of all attempted disbelief.

"Oh yes, certainly! You were wondering just now that beauty did n't have greater power! Suppose that even in all this wretchedness, this miserable daughter of yours was afraid— Ah! Mrs. Gilbert," she cried, starting violently to her feet, "you were trying a minute ago—don't you think I knew your drift?—to peep into my heart! How do you like to have it flung wide open to you?" She confronted Mrs. Gilbert, who had risen too, with a wild reproach, as if she had made the wrong another's by tearing the secret of it from her own breast. Mrs. Gilbert answered her nothing, and in another instant she faltered, "Don't blame him, don't be harsh with him. But oh, in the name of mercy send him away!"

XII.

It was already dark when Gilbert knocked at his sister's door. She was sitting in the chair from which she had risen at parting with Mrs. Farrell, and into which she sank again at her going.

Gilbert sat down before her, but did not speak.

"Have you made up your mind when you shall go, William?" she asked, gently.

"I have n't made up my mind that I shall go at all," he answered, in a sullen tone.

"But I think you had better," she said as before.

"I am always glad, Susan, of advice that costs me nothing," he returned, with an affectation of his habitual lightness.

"I have been thinking about you, William, and I want you to go to New York at once. Your friend is out of all danger, now, and it's you who are in danger."

"You know I never was good at conundrums, Mrs. Gilbert. May I ask what particular peril is threatening me at present?"

"A peril that an honest man runs from — the danger of doing a great wrong, of committing a cowardly breach of faith."

"Upon my word, Susan, you are using words" —

"Oh, don't catch at my words, my poor boy. Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? If you have n't, I beg your pardon with all my heart, and I will be glad to take back my words, yes, take them back upon my knees!"

"What is all this coil about? What are you worrying me with these emotional mysteries for?" demanded Gilbert, angrily, yet with a note of unguine bluster in his voice. "What are you trying to get at?"

"Your heart, William; your conscience, your honor, your self-respect. Do you think I am blind? Do you think I have not seen it all? If you will tell me you don't know what I mean, and make me believe it, I will never call myself unhappy again."

"If you have suffered yourself to be made uncomfortable by any affair or condition of mine," said Gilbert, "I advise you to console yourself by reflecting that it does n't really concern you. How long is it," he demanded, savage-

ly, "since you have felt authorized to interfere in my questions of honor and conscience?"

"Ever since a motherless boy let a childless woman love him. Oh, think that I do love you, my dear, and speak to you out of my jealousy for your stainless good faith, your sacred friendship, your unsullied life! You know what I mean. Think that she is pledged by everything that is good in her to your friend. If you believe she does not love him, let her break with him how and when she will. But don't you be her wicked hope — wicked a thousand times than she! — don't be the temptation, the refuge of her falseness. Leave her to herself! You could only add your treason to hers by staying!"

"Wicked hope, temptation, treason — this is all rather theatrical for you, Susan," said Gilbert, with an attempt to smile. He frowned instead. "And what do I owe to Easton in the way of loyalty? Do you know how little care he has had for me? Do you know?" —

"No, no, no! I don't know, I *won't* know! If he has wronged you in any way, you are only the more bound to be faithful to him in such a case as this. But I will never believe that Easton has wronged you willingly, and you don't believe it, either, whatever the trouble is that she made between you — you know you don't. You are talking away your own sense of guilt, or trying to. Well, I can't blame you for that; but keep these things to silence your conscience with when you are alone; you will need them all. How long have you watched by your friend's pillow with the hope of revenge in your heart?"

Mrs. Gilbert rose from her chair and walked to one of the windows, and then came and paused in front of Gilbert, where he now stood leaning against the mantel-piece. "Come," she entreated, "you *will* go away, won't you, William? I know you never meant him wrong. It has all been something that has stolen upon you, but you will go now, won't you?"

"No, I will not go!"

"You will remain?"

"Till such time as I see fit. I am not a boy, to be sent hither and thither."

"What good will you remain for?" demanded the woman, sternly. "Or do you choose to remain for evil? Every hour that you remain deepens your responsibility. Some things have been talked of already. How long will it be before the whole house sees that you are in love with the woman promised to your friend?"

"Do you suppose I care what this houseful of spying, tattling women see or say?"

"They are no spies and no tattlers; but if they were, a man who had n't shut his senses against his own conscience would care. No one blames you as yet, but the time will soon be when you will make the blame all your own."

"I would n't ask her to share it."

"Oh, very fine! you think your brave words will make a brave affair of a cowardly, sneaking treason!"

"Susan!"

"William! These people who are beginning to talk you over do not know what I know. They see that you are beginning to be fascinated with her, as *he* was. They don't know that you have believed her false and shallow from the first, and that if you have any hopes of her love now, they are in your belief that after all that has happened she is still too false and shallow to be true to him. *He* was taken with what was best in her, with all that he believed was good. But you have dared to love her in the hope that she had no principles and no heart. You are ready to lay your honor at her feet, to give all that makes life worth having for what would make your whole life a sorrow and a shame. If you could commit this crime against Easton and yourself and her, if you could win the heart you think so empty and so fickle, what would you do with it? If you could make her false enough to love you, how could you ever have peace again? How could you ever meet each other's eyes without seeing the memory of your common falsehood in them? Think — Oh, my dear, dear boy, forgive me! I know that it is n't your *fault*;

I take it all back, all that I have said against you; I don't blame you for loving her — how could you help it? She is charming — yes, she charms me too; and to a man she must make all other women seem so blank and poor and plain! But now you must n't love her: she cannot be yours without a wrong that when you're away from her you must shudder at. And — and — you will go, won't you, William?"

Gilbert's arm dropped from the mantel where it lay, to his side. "I will go," he said, sullenly. "But I acknowledge nothing of all that you have chosen to attribute to me, motive or fact. And you must be aware that you have said things to me that are not to be forgiven."

He turned to go out of the room, without looking at her, but she cried after him, "Never mind forgiving me, my dear. Only go now, in time to forgive yourself, and I will gladly let you hate me all your life. Good-by, good-by; God bless you and keep you!"

He did not answer, nor turn about, but closed the door behind him and left her standing with her hands clenched, in the gesture of her final appeal. She sank into her chair, spent by the victory she had won.

Gilbert went to the room which he had been occupying since his constant attendance upon Easton had ceased to be necessary, and began to gather together the things scattered about the room. It was a great and bewildering labor, but he had succeeded in heaping many of them into his valise when Rachel Woodward appeared with his lighted lamp. Then he knew that he had been working in the dark. "Oh, thank you, thank you," he said, in a strange voice of unconscious, formal politeness. "I — I was just going away, and it's rather difficult getting these things together without a light."

"You are going away?" she asked.

"Yes; I had a letter this morning recalling me to New York, but I had n't made up my mind to go until just now. I'm going to try to catch the express; I'll get a man to drive me over from

the hotel, and I'll send him back from there for this bag."

"And you are going at once?" she said, almost gladly.

"Yes," he said; and he gave her an address, to which he asked her to have her mother send the account of her charges against him. With a little hesitation he offered her his hand, and she took it with something like a show of penitence. "Good-by," said he, "I hope if you ever have occasion to think of me, you'll be lenient to my memory; and if it is n't the thing for me to say that I feel as if I somehow owed you a debt of gratitude for being what you are, why, I hope you'll excuse it to the confusion of the parting moment."

Rachel's face flushed a little, but she did not try to respond to the odd compliment, and Gilbert said he must go and take leave of Easton. He went abruptly to his friend's room, but faltered a moment before he softly turned the door-knob. It was dark within, and the long and even breathing from the bed where Easton lay revealed that he was asleep. Gilbert stood a moment beside him, and then leaned over and peered through the darkness with his face close to the sleeper's. Neither stirred. Gilbert waited another moment, and with a heavy sigh crept from the room. He went to his sister's door, at which he knocked, but impatiently opened it without waiting to be bidden enter. Mrs. Gilbert looked at him without surprise.

"I came back on a small matter of business, Susan. I neglected to say, a moment ago, that I think myself an infamous wretch, totally unworthy of your pains and affection. You are right in everything. I thought I'd mention it in justice to you; we all like to have our little impressions confirmed. Good-by."

"Oh, my dear, good boy! I knew you would n't leave me so; I knew you would come back." She took his hand between her own, and he bent over and kissed the pale fingers that clasped his with their weak, nervous stress. "You're so good, my dear, that I've half a mind not to let you go; but I think you had better go. Don't you?"

"Yes; I don't wish to stay. Very likely I should be able to behave myself; but it would be an experiment, and I have n't time for it. On the whole," he said, with a smile, "I'd as lief be innocent as virtuous."

"Oh, yes indeed," answered Mrs. Gilbert, "it's preferable in some cases, decidedly. You're not so young as you were when I used to kiss you, William," she added, "but neither am I, and I'm really going to give you a kiss now for your exemplary obedience, and for good-by."

"You overwhelm me, Susan. None of the women at Woodward farm seem able to resist my fascinations. I think perhaps I had better go away on *your* account."

He stooped down and took the kiss she had volunteered, and then with another clasp of the hand he went.

The moon had risen, and was striking keenly through the thin foliage of the avenue of white birches which the highway became in its approach to the farmhouse, and in the leaf-broken light he saw drifting before him a figure which he knew. He stopped, and trembled from head to foot. Then, whatever may have seemed the better part for him to choose, he plunged forward again, and overtook her.

"You are going away," she said, half-turning her face upon him. "I came here so that you could not go without seeing me. I could not bear to have you go away thinking I was such a heartless woman as you do, with no care or regret for all the trouble I've made you."

"I was n't thinking of that," said Gilbert; "I was n't thinking so much of you as of a man—excuse the egotism—who has a great deal more to answer for."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Sometime, when you tell Easton about it all, as you must, I want you to excuse me to him; no one else can. Tell him—tell him that all I had to urge in my own behalf was that I loved you."

"No, no, no! You must n't speak to me in that way! It is too dreadful."

"Oh, yes, it's dreadful. But you

can excuse it if he could n't. How could you excuse me if I did n't love you? Why else should we be parting? I must have loved you from the first—before I knew. What else could have made me so bitter with poor Easton about what he told you? I knew he never meant me any harm; I knew he could n't; he was a man to have died for me. I was mad with jealousy. Did you mean it? You managed it well! But I loved you——What a fool I am! Don't come any farther; in Heaven's name go back! No," he said, perceiving that she faltered in her steps, as if she were about to sink, "don't stop—come on." He had caught her hand, and now he drew it through his arm, and hurried forward. "Yes, come! I have something to ask you. I want you to tell me that since you have felt yourself bound to him, you have never—I want you to tell me that I was altogether in a delusion about you, and that you have done nothing to make me recreant to him."

"Oh, oh, oh!" she moaned. "How pitiless you are! How hard, how hard you make it for me!" She released her hand and pressed it against his arm in

the eagerness of her entreaty. "Leave me—do leave me—the poor hope that I have seemed worse than I was!"

He threw up his arm across his forehead and started a few paces onward.

She hastened after him. "And do believe," she implored him, "that I only wanted to meet you to-night to say—to—to—somehow to make it easier for you to go. Indeed, indeed——Don't leave me to despair!"

He halted, and confronted her. "Was that what you came for? I thought it might have been to see if you could n't make me say what I have just said; I fancied you might have wished to send me away beggared in everything that makes a man able to face the past and the future, and to meet the eyes of honest men. I deserved it. But I was mistaken, was I?" he asked, with a bitter derision. "Well, good-by!"

"No, no! You shall never go, believing such a thing as that! If I hated you,—hated you to death,—how could I wish to do that to you? Ah, you don't believe it. You"—

But he turned from her, and hurried swiftly down the lane without another look or word.

W. D. Howells.

TOLD IN CONFIDENCE.

Vow you'll never, never tell him!

Freezing star now glittering farthest, fairest on the winter sky;

If he woo me,

Not your coldest cruel ray

Or can or may

Be found more chill and still to him than I.

Swear you'll never, never tell him!

Warm red roses lifting your shy faces to the summer dew;

If he win me,

Blush your sweetest in his sight

For his delight,

But I can be as sweet, as sweet as you!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

IX.

I WAS coming home one day from a tramp towards Cramond Beach, and was just on the brow of a wooded height looking towards Edinburgh and not two miles from it, when a heavy thunder-cloud darkened the sky above my head and pelted me with large drops of ominous warning. On one side of the road the iron gate and lodge of some gentleman's park suggested shelter, and, the half-open door of the latter showing a tidy, pleasant-looking woman busy at an ironing table, I ventured to ask her to let me come in till the sponge overhead should have emptied itself. She very good-humoredly consented, and I sat down while the rain rang merrily on the gravel walk before the door, and smoked in its vehement descent on the carriage-road beyond.

The woman pursued her work silently, and I presently became aware of a little child, as silent as herself, sitting beyond her, in a small wicker chair; on the baby's table which fastened her into it were some remnants of shabby, broken toys, among which her tiny, wax-white fingers played with listless unconsciousness, while her eyes were fixed on me. The child looked wan and wasted, and had in its eyes, which it never turned from me, the weary, wistful, unutterable look of "far away and long ago" longing that comes into the miserably melancholy eyes of monkeys, to suggest the dismal doom of their *descent from us*, rather than Mr. Darwin's more cheerful theory of our ascent from them.

"Is the baby ill?" said I.

"Ou na, mem; it's no to say that ill, only just always peaking and pining like," and she stopped ironing a moment to look at the little creature.

"Is it your own baby?" said I, struck with the absence of motherly tenderness in spite of the woman's compassionate tone and expression.

"Ou na, mem, it's no my ain; I hae nane o' my ain."

"How old is it?" I went on.

"Nigh upon five year old," was the answer, with which the ironing was steadily resumed with apparently no desire to encourage more questions.

"Five years old!" I exclaimed, in horrified amazement; its size was that of a rickety baby under three, while its wizened face was that of a spell-struck creature of no assignable age, or the wax image of some dwindling life wasting away before the witch-kindled fire of a diabolical hatred. The tiny hands and arms were pitifully thin, and showed under the yellow skin sharp little bones no larger than a chicken's; and at her wrists and temples the blue tracery of her veins looked like a delicate map of the blood, that seemed as if it could hardly be pulsing through her feeble frame; while below the eyes a livid shadow darkened the faded face that had no other color in it.

The tears welled up into my eyes, and the woman, seeing them, suddenly stopped ironing and exclaimed eagerly, "Ou, mem, ye ken the family, or maybe ye'll hae been a friend of the puir thing's mither!" I was obliged to say that I neither knew them nor anything about them, but that the child's piteous aspect had made me cry.

In answer to the questions with which I then plied her, the woman, who seemed herself affected by the impression I had received from the poor little creature's appearance, told me that the child was that of the only daughter of the people who owned the place; that there was "something wrong" about it all, she did not know what,—a marriage displeasing to the grandparents perhaps, perhaps even worse than that; but the mother was dead, the family had been abroad for upwards of three years, and the child had been left under her charge. This was all she told me, and probably

all she knew; and as she ended she wiped the tears from her own eyes, adding, "I'm thinking the pair bairn will no live long itself."

The rain was over and the sun shone, and I got up to go; as I went, the child's dreary eyes followed me out at the door, and I cried all the way home. Was it possible that my appearance suggested to that tiny soul the image of its young lost mother?

The other incident in my rambles that I wish to record was of a far pleasanter sort. I had gone down to the pier at Newhaven, one blowy, blustering day (the fine Granton Pier Hotel and landing-place did not yet exist), and stood watching the waves taking their mad run and leap over the end of the pier, in a glorious, foaming frenzy that kept me fascinated with the fine uproar, till it suddenly occurred to me that it would be delightful to be out among them (I certainly could have had no recollections of seasickness), and I determined to try and get a boat and go out on the frith.

I stopped at a cottage on the outskirts of the fishing town (it was not much more than a village then) of Newhaven, and knocked. Invited to come in, I did so, and there sat a woman, one of the very handsomest I ever saw, in solitary state, leisurely combing a magnificent curtain of fair hair, that fell over her ample shoulders and bosom and almost swept the ground. She was seated on a low stool, but looked tall as well as large, and her foam-fresh complexion and gray-green eyes might have become Venus Anadyomene herself, turned into a Scotch fish-wife of five-and-thirty, or "thereawa." "Can you tell me of any one who will take me out in a boat for a little while?" quoth I. She looked steadily at me for a minute, and then answered laconically, "Ay, my man and boy shall gang wi' ye." A few lusty screams brought her husband and son forth, and at her bidding they got a boat ready, and, with me well covered with sail cloths, tarpaulins, and rough dreadsnaughts of one sort and another, rowed out from the shore into the turmoil of the sea. A very little of the

dancing I got now was delight enough for me, and, deadly sick, I besought to be taken home again, when the matronly Brinhilda at the cottage received me with open-throated peals of laughter, and then made me sit down till I had conquered my qualms and was able to walk back to Edinburgh. Before I went, she showed me a heap of her children, too many, it seemed to me, to be counted; but as they lay in an inextricable mass on the floor in an inner room, there may have seemed more arms and legs forming the radii, of which a clump of curly heads was the centre, than there really were.

The husband was a comparatively small man, with dark eyes, hair, and complexion, but her "boy," the eldest, who had come with him to take care of me, was a fair-haired, fresh-faced young giant, of his mother's strain, and like her looked as if he had come of the Northern vikings, or some of the Niebelungen Lied heroes.

When I went away, my fish-wife bade me come again in smooth weather, and if her husband and son were at home they should take me out; and I gave her my address, and begged her, when she came up to town with her fish, to call at the house.

She was a splendid specimen of her tribe, climbing the steep Edinburgh streets with bare white feet, the heavy fish-basket at her back hardly stooping her broad shoulders, her florid face sheltered and softened in spite of its massiveness into something like delicacy by the transparent shadow of the white handkerchief tied hoodwise over her fair hair, and her shrill sweet voice calling "Caller haddie!" all the way she went, in the melancholy monotone that resounds through the thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and is the only melodious street cry (except the warning of the Venetian gondoliers) that I ever heard.

I often went back to visit my middle-aged Christie Johnstone, and more than once saw her and her fellow fisher-women haul up the boats on their return after being out at sea. They all stood on the beach clamoring like a flock of

sea-gulls, and, as a boat's keel rasped the shingles, rushed forward and seized it; and while the men in their sea clothes, all dripping like huge Newfoundland dogs, jumped out in their heavy boots and took each the way to their several houses, their stalwart partners, hauling all together at the rope fastened to the boat, drew it up beyond water-mark, and seized and sorted its freight of fish, and stalked off each with her own basket full, with which she trudged up to trade and chaffer with the "gude wives" of the town, and bring back to the men the value of their work. It always seemed to me that these women had about as equal a share of the labor of life as the most zealous champion of the rights of their sex could desire.

The men took, it is true, the risk and peril of the sea for their part, but I doubt if their positive toil was harder than that of their helpmates, though the latter escaped the exposure to life and limb of the fishing itself; it seemed to me a very fair division, for the women bore and nursed the children that swarmed in all directions, the elder bairns "minding" the younger, and Heaven minding them all.

I did not indulge in any more boating expeditions, but admired the sea from the pier, and became familiar with all the spokes of the fish-wife's family wheel; at any rate enough to distinguish Jamie from Sandie, and Willie from Johnnie, and Maggie from Jeanie, and Ailsie from Lizzie, and was great friends with them all.

When I returned to Edinburgh, a theatrical star of the first magnitude, I took a morning's holiday to drive down to Newhaven, in search of my old ally, Mistress Sandie Flockhart. She no longer inhabited the little detached cottage, and divers and sundry were the Flockhart "wives" that I "speired at" through the unsavory street of Newhaven, before I found the right one at last, on the third flat of a filthy house, where noise and stench combined almost to knock me down, and where I could hardly knock loud enough to make myself heard above the din within and without.

She opened the door of a room that looked as if it was running over with live children, and confronted me with the unaltered aspect of her comely, smiling face. But I had driven down from Edinburgh in all the starlike splendor of a lilac silk dress and French crape bonnet, and my dear fish-wife stared at me silently, with her mouth and gray eyes wide open; only for a moment, however, for in the next she joyfully exclaimed, "Ech, sirs! but it's yer ain sel' come back again at last!" Then seizing my hand she added breathlessly, "I'se gotten anither ane, and ye maun come in and see him;" so she dragged me bodily through and over her surging progeny, to a cradle where, soothed by the strident lullabies of its vociferating predecessors, her last-born and eleventh baby lay peaceably slumbering, an infant Hercules.

The old Newhaven pier was once the scene of a pretty piece of rough-and-ready gallantry, of which a young lady relation of mine was the object, and which I think deserves recording. On a stormy day she and a girl companion had walked out to the end of the pier, fascinated, I suppose, as I had been, by the fine aspect of the sea; when they turned to retrace their steps they were suddenly assailed by a furious gust of wind, that alarmed them by almost blowing their clothes over their heads. My friend, who was an extremely timid, shy, feminine girl, was either too slow in her movements or too frightened to keep pace with her companion (who had rushed back along the pier), and, struggling against the wind in her endeavors to follow her, became so perfectly helpless with apprehension that she stopped short in the middle of the blast, against which she could make no head, vainly endeavoring in an agony of distress to hold her clothes down. A rough sailor who was on the lookout on the pier, and who saw the poor girl's trouble, came straight to her, spread his arms over the fluttering, rebellious garments, furling them dexterously round her figure towards her feet, and lifting her up in his arms carried her rapidly off the pier and set her

down out of reach of the insolence of "rude Boreas;" and, without saying a word to her, returned to his station at the pier-head.

Sir Walter Raleigh could not have done better, and such an adventure could hardly have befallen a woman of more natural delicacy and modesty than the lassie who was the heroine of it, —

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and gentle that her motion
Blushed at itself,"

sweet and low voiced, with a carriage of the utmost refinement and reserve; so that the painful position from which she was rescued by this kind-hearted man could hardly, I think, have affected any one more terribly.

A curious little incident illustrative of her extreme constitutional shyness occurs to me at this moment. She had been persuaded one evening to play on the piano, and sing, which she did very sweetly, to a small circle of very intimate friends; and as she rose to resume her gloves after her performance, an old gentleman, with the rather demonstrative gallantry of his earlier day, took her hand, saying, "Ah, do not put on that glove yet!" The hand, which was a peculiarly pretty, soft, white, dimpled hand, blushed to the taper finger-tips as it was thus made an object of observation, and in spite of the kindly smile which the delicate little sensitive hand excited, I felt quite a painful sympathy with the confusion which overwhelmed its owner, as she hastily drew it away and hid it in her glove.

Among Mrs. Harry Siddons's intimate friends and associates were the remarkable brothers, George and Andrew Combe, the former a lawyer by profession, but known to the literary and scientific world of Europe and America as the Apostle of Phrenology, and the author of a work entitled *The Constitution of Man*, and other writings, whose considerable merit and value appear to me more or less impaired by the craniological theory which he made the foundation of all his works, and which to my mind diminished the general utility of his publications for those readers who are not prepared

to accept it as the solution of all the mysteries of human existence.

His writings are all upon subjects of the greatest importance and universal interest, and full of the soundest moral philosophy and the most enlightened humanity, and their only drawback, to me, is the phrenological element which enters so largely into his treatment of every question. Indeed, his life was devoted to the dissemination of this new philosophy of human nature (new, at any rate, in the precise details which Gall, Spurzheim, and he elaborated from it), which, Combe believed, if once generally accepted, would prove the clew to every difficulty, and the panacea for every evil existing in modern civilization. Political and social, religious and civil, mental and moral government, according to him, hinged upon the study and knowledge of the different organs of the human brain, and he labored incessantly to elucidate and illustrate this subject, upon which he thought the salvation of the world depended. For a number of years I enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, and I have had innumerable opportunities of hearing his system explained by himself; but as I was never able to get beyond a certain point of belief in it, it was agreed on all hands that my brain was deficient in the organ of causality, i. e., in the capacity of logical reasoning, and that therefore it was not in my power to perceive the force of his arguments or the truth of his system, even when illustrated by his repeated demonstrations.

Of the general accuracy of some part of the phrenological theory I feel quite convinced, and have no doubt whatever that the outward conformation of the whole skull indicates with considerable precision, and with no more frequent exceptions than go to the proving of every rule, the general tendency of the character and disposition. I believe that the deep, broad forehead indicates intellectual power; the finely-arched and elevated crown of the head, a preponderating moral element; and the thick and heavy back head and neck, predominating animal propensities and passions.

In the minute division and subdivision of the brain into separate chambers for every conceivable quality to which a specific name or place could be assigned, I do not believe.

But by far the most important element in the system, in my opinion, was the weight attached by George Combe and his disciples to the general original organization and temperament of each individual. This, indeed, seemed to me very often to modify so much the effect of cerebral development, according to them, that it really rendered the deductions drawn from observations of the skull of very little reliable utility, and was the ready refuge to which my phrenological friends invariably betook themselves to account for the frequent discrepancies between their theory and manifest facts which contradicted it.

The conformation of the head might be such as to warrant certain conclusions, which not being corroborated, however, by the characteristics exhibited in the subject of observation, his or her temperament was then considered answerable for the disagreement; and of course if any such cause was always actively affecting the very substance of the brain itself, as well as its functions, no conclusion drawn from the separate organs and their demonstrations could be of any value either for observation, education, or any purpose whatever. Latent insanity, or even insanity in the family to which an individual belonged, scrofula, or any physical cause affecting unfavorably the tissue of the brain itself, rendered any deductions from the development quite fallacious; and I know one instance in which a very over-average cerebral endowment was adjudged by Mr. Combe to a person whose conduct and character tallied so little with the phrenological report of the organs, that the fact of two severe attacks of brain fever undergone in youth, and afterwards mentioned to Mr. Combe, was, he said, quite sufficient to account for the discrepancy between his verdict as to the brain and what he subsequently learned of the individual.

But this seemed to me to reduce the

"infallible" mode of judging, from people's heads, of people's characters, below even the measure of accuracy which the uninitiated achieve by dint of mere common observation, aided by common-sense. And I am bound to say that my cousin Cecilia Combe had quite as much trouble with her household, her lady's-maids were quite as inefficient, her house-maids quite as careless, and her cooks quite as fiery-tempered and unsober, as those of "ordinary Christians," in spite of Mr. Combe's observation and manipulation of their bumps previous to engaging them.

The scrutiny to which one was liable from these phrenological professors was not a little comical, and it might be some comfort to know that they were not infallible in their estimate of one's organs. I remember, once, when I was sitting to Lawrence Macdonald for my bust, which was one of the first he ever executed, before he left Edinburgh to achieve fame and fortune as the most successful marble portrait-maker in Rome, an absurd instance of Mr. Combe's insight into character occurred at my expense.

Macdonald was an intimate friend of the Combes, and I used to see him at their house very frequently, and Mr. Combe often came to the studio when I was sitting. One day while he was standing by, grimly observing Macdonald's absorbed manipulation of his clay, while I, the original clay, occupied the "bad eminence" of an artist's studio throne (of all seats but a dentist's chair surely the most miserable), my aunt came in with a small paper bag containing raspberry tarts in her hand. This was a dainty so peculiarly agreeable to me that, even at that advanced stage of my existence, those who loved me, or wished to be loved by me, were apt to approach me with those charming three-cornered puff paste propitiations.

As soon as I espied the confectioner's light paper bag, I guessed its contents, and, springing from my dignified station, seized on the tarts as if I had been the notorious knave of the nursery rhyme. "There now, Macdonald, I told you so!" quoth Mr. Combe, and they both

began to laugh; and so did I, with my mouth full of raspberry puff, for it was quite evident to me that my phrenological friend had impressed upon my artistic friend the special development of my organ of alimentiveness, as he politely called it, which I translated into the vulgate as bump of greediness. In spite of my reluctance to sit to him, from the conviction that the thick outline of my features would turn the edge of the finest chisel that "ever yet cut breath," and perhaps by dint of phrenology, Macdonald succeeded in making a very good bust of me; and some time after, to my great amusement, having seen me act in the Grecian Daughter, he said to me, "Oh, but what I want to do now is a statue of you."

"Yes," said I, "and I will tell you exactly where—in the last scene, where I cover my face."

"Precisely so!" cried my enthusiastic friend, and then burst out laughing, on seeing the trap I had laid for him; but he was a very honest man, and stood by his word.

The attitude he wished to represent in a statue was that when, having stabbed Dionysius, I raised the dagger towards heaven with one hand, and drew my drapery over my face with the other. For my notion of heroic women has always been, I am afraid, rather base, —a sort of "They do not mind death, but they cannot bear pinching;" and though Euphrasia might, could, would, and should stab the man who was about to murder her father, I have no idea that she would like to look at the man she had stabbed. "O Jupiter, no blood!" is apt to be the instinct, I suspect, even in very villainous feminine natures, and those who are, and those who are not cowards alike shrink from sights of horror.

When I made Macdonald's acquaintance I was a girl of about seventeen, and he at the very beginning of his artistic career; but he had an expression of power and vivid intelligence which foretold his future achievements in the exquisite art to which he devoted himself.

My second visit to Edinburgh was made when I was about twenty, immediately after my first season in London. I returned to Scotland in a sort of blaze of notoriety, which contrasted very drolly with the school-girl appearance, character, and deportment under which my friends had known me during my previous stay among them. I found Macdonald already successfully launched in his career, having executed some excellent busts and achieved considerable reputation in Edinburgh as an artist of great power and promise. To the innate consciousness of genius he had now added the proof which compels acknowledgment from others; his conversation, always original and vivid, had acquired ease, his manner had lost its early roughness, and he was altogether a striking and interesting person. We always had a great deal to say to each other, generally in the shape of lively discussion, for I dissented from most of his notions, and we were both of us vehement rather than courteous disputants. Byron was an especial theme of disagreement between us, Macdonald knowing no bounds to his enthusiasm for him, while I qualified my admiration for the poet's genius with a youthful and femininely severe expression of moral disapprobation.

When next I met Macdonald, it was after a long lapse of time, in 1846, in Rome. Thither he had gone to study his divine art, and there he had remained for a number of years in the exercise of it. He was now the Signor Lorenzo of the Palazzo Barberini, the most successful and celebrated maker of busts, probably, in Rome, having achieved fame, fortune, the favor of the great, and the smiles of the fair, of the most fastidious portion of the English society that makes its winter season in Italy. He dined several times at our house (I was living with my sister and her husband); under his guidance we went to see the statues of the Vatican by torchlight; and he came out once or twice in the summer of that year to visit us at our villa at Frascati.

I returned to Rome in 1852, and saw Macdonald frequently, in his studio, in

our own house, and in general society; and shortly before leaving Rome I met him at dinner at Mrs. Archer Clive's (the authoress of Paul Ferrol). I had a nosegay of snowdrops in the bosom of my dress, and Macdonald, who sat next me, observed that they reminded him of Scotland, that he had never seen one in all the years he had passed in Italy, and did not even know that they grew there.

The next day I went to the gardener of the Villa Medici, an old friend of mine, and begged him to procure a pot of snowdrops for me, which I carried to Macdonald's studio, thinking an occasional reminiscence of his own northern land, which he had not visited for years, not a bad element to infuse into his Roman life and surroundings. Macdonald's portraits are generally good likenesses, sufficiently idealized to be also good works of art. In statuary he never accomplished anything of extraordinary excellence. I think the Ulysses recognized by his Dog, his best performance in sculpture. His studio was an extremely interesting place of resort, from the portraits of his many remarkable sitters with which it was filled. Not only the beauty of our English female nobility was worthily represented in the countless exquisite heads, shoulders, and profiles, but all the eminent men who during the last thirty years have distinguished themselves, or been distinguished by genius or station, were gathered round its walls. It was one of the most interesting galleries of celebrities that could be seen.

I remember among the beautiful casts in his studio one of Lady Walpole's feet, which were in *puris naturalibus*, and admirably formed, moreover; on a cushion of clay reposed another pair of wonderfully exquisite feet, duly clothed in stockings and slippers, which were Lady Coventry's beautiful extremities. Macdonald was an intimate friend of hers, and, during her residence in the Palazzo Barberini, constantly spent his evenings there, and on one occasion when she was indisposed, and lying on her sofa, he copied her feet exactly as they rested on the cushion of her couch; they certainly were very lovely.

I met dear old Macdonald in the winter of 1873, creeping in the sun slowly up the Pincio as I waddled heavily down it (*Eheu!*), his snow-white hair and mustache making his little-altered and strongly-marked features only more striking. I visited his studio and found there, ardently and successfully creating immortal gods, a handsome, pleasing youth, his son, inheriting his father's genius and, strange to say, his broadest of Scotch accents, though he had himself never been out of Rome, where he was born.

When my sister and myself visited Mr. Combe in Edinburgh, not long after his marriage to my cousin, Cecilia Siddons, I took that occasion to endeavor to prevail with her to alter her fashion of wearing her hair, which all her family thought ugly and unbecoming. She brushed it so smooth, and fastened it back so tight, that she looked as if she had a brown satin skull-cap on. The morning after we arrived in Edinburgh, as she was plastering her hair upon her head after her usual fashion, I reminded her of the opportunity she was giving our host of ascertaining at a glance every peculiarity of her character and disposition. Terrified at this suggestion, she declared she would go down-stairs disheveled, she would put on a cap, she would wear a wig, all of which I repeated to Mr. Combe, to his great amusement. "But," said he, very quietly, "tell your sister not to take the trouble to alter her head-dress. I had an admirable opportunity of observing her development yesterday evening when you arrived, as soon as she took off her bonnet." So the mischief was done, and she continued to wear her brown satin skull-cap. On one occasion Mr. Combe was consulted by Prince Albert with regard to the royal children, and was desired to examine their heads. He did not, of course, repeat any of the opinions he had given upon the young princes' developments, but said they were very nice children and likely to be capitally educated, for, he added (though shaking his head over cousinly intermarriages among royal personages), Prince Albert was well acquainted with the writings of Gall and

Spurzheim, and his own work on the constitution of man. Prince Albert seems to have known something of everything that was worthy of a wise man's knowledge.

In spite of my inability to accept his science of human nature, and my impertinent practice, which he always laughingly resented, of calling *organs* by the unvenerable name of *bumps*, Mr. Combe was always a most kind and condescending friend to me. He was a man of singular integrity, uprightness, and purity of mind and character, and of great justice and impartiality of judgment; he was extremely benevolent and humane, and one of the most reasonable human beings I have ever known. From first to last my intercourse with him was always delightful and profitable to me. Of the brothers, however, the younger, Dr. Andrew Combe, was by far the most generally popular, and deservedly so. He was one of the most excellent and amiable of men; his countenance, voice, and manner were expressive of the kindest benevolence; he had none of the angular rigidity of person and harshness of feature of his brother; both were worthy and distinguished men, but Andrew Combe was charming, which George Combe was not, at least to those who did not know him. Although Dr. Combe completely indorsed his brother's system, he was far less fanatical and importunate in his advocacy of it; nor are his writings, like his brother's, so completely saturated with the theory of phrenology as to detract from their general interest and utility. Indeed, his works upon physiology, hygiene, and the physical education of children are of such universal value and importance that no parent or trainer of youth should be unfamiliar with them. Moreover, to them and their excellent author society is indebted for an amount of knowledge on these subjects which has now passed into general use and experience, and become so completely incorporated in the practice of the present day that it is hardly remembered to whom the first and most powerful impression of the importance of the "natural laws," and

their observance in our own lives and the training of our children, is due. I knew a school of young girls in Massachusetts, where taking regular exercise, the use of cold baths, the influence of fresh air, and all the process of careful physical education to which they were submitted, went by the general name of *Combeing*, in honor of Dr. Combe.

Dr. Combe was Mrs. Harry Siddons's medical adviser, most trusted friend, and general counselor; the young people of her family, myself included, all loved and honored him, and the gleam of genial pleasant humor (a quality of which his worthy brother had hardly a spark) which frequently brightened the gentle gravity of his countenance and demeanor made his intercourse delightful to us; and great was the joy when he proposed to take one or other of us in his gig for a drive to some patient's house, in the lovely neighborhood of Edinburgh. I remember my poor dear mother's dismay when, on my return home, I told her of these same drives. She was always in a fever of apprehension about people's falling in love with each other, and begged to know how old a man this delightful doctor, with whom Mrs. Harry allowed her own daughters and my mother's daughter to go *gigging*, might be. "Ah," replied I, inexpressibly amused at the idea of Dr. Combe in the character of a gay gallant, "ever so old!" I had the real school-girl's estimate of age, and honestly thought that dear Dr. Combe was quite an old man. I believe he was considerably under forty. But if he had been much younger, the fatal disease which had set its seal upon him, and of which he died, — after defending his life for an almost incredible space of time from its ultimate victory (which all his wisdom and virtue could but postpone), — was so clearly written upon his thin, fallow face, deep-sunk eyes, and emaciated figure, and gave so serious and almost sad an expression to his countenance and manner, that one would as soon have thought of one's grandfather as an unsafe companion for young girls. I still possess a document, duly drawn up and engrossed in the form of a deed

by his brother, embodying a promise which he made to me jestingly one day, that when he was dead he would not fail to let me know if ever ghosts were permitted to revisit the earth, by appearing to me, binding himself by this contract that the vision should be unaccompanied by the smallest smell of sulphur or flash of blue flame, and that instead of the indecorous undress of a slovenly winding-sheet, he would wear his usual garments, and the familiar brown great-coat with which, to use his own expression, he "buttoned his bones together" in his life. I remembered that laughing promise when, years after it was given, the news of his death reached me, and I thought how little dismay I should feel if it could indeed have been possible for me to see again, "in his image as he lived," that kind and excellent friend. On one of the occasions when Dr. Combe took me to visit one of his patients, we went to a quaint old house in the near neighborhood of Edinburgh. If the Laird of Dumbiedikes's mansion had been still standing, it might have been that very house. The person we went to visit was an old Mr. M——, to whom he introduced me, and with whom he withdrew, I suppose for a professional consultation, leaving me in a strange, curious, old-fashioned apartment, full of old furniture, old books, and faded, tattered, old nondescript articles, whose purpose it was not easy to guess, but which must have been of some value, as they were all protected from the air and dust by glass covers. When the gentlemen returned, Mr. M—— gratified my curiosity by showing every one of them to me in detail, and informing me that they had all belonged to, or were in some way relics of Charles Edward Stuart. "And this," said the old gentleman, "was his sword." It was a light dress rapier, with a very highly cut and ornamented steel hilt. I half drew the blade, thinking how it had flashed from its scabbard, startling England and dazzling Scotland at its first unsheathing, and in what inglorious gloom of prostrate fortunes it had rusted away at last, the scorn of those who had opposed and

the despair of those who had embraced its cause. "And so that was the Pretender's sword!" said I, hardly aware that I had spoken until the little withered, snuff-colored gentleman snatched rather than took it from me, exclaiming, "Wha' did ye say, madam? it was the prince's sword!" and laid it tenderly back in the receptacle from which he had taken it.

As we drove away, Dr. Combe told me, what indeed I had perceived, that this old man, who looked like a shriveled, russet-colored leaf for age and feebleness, was a passionate partisan of Charles Edward, by whom my mention of him as the Pretender, if coming from a man, would have been held a personal insult. It was evident that I, though a mere chit of the irresponsible sex, had both hurt and offended him by it. His sole remaining interest in life was hunting out and collecting the smallest records or memorials of this shadow of a hero; surely the merest "royal apparition" that ever assumed kingship. "What a set those Stuarts must have been!" exclaimed an American friend of mine, once, after listening to Bonnie Prince Charlie, "to have had all those glorious Jacobite songs made and sung for them, and not to have been more of men than they were!" And so I think, and thought even then, for though I had a passion for the Jacobite ballads, I had very little enthusiasm for their thoroughly inefficient hero, who, for the claimant of a throne, was undoubtedly *un très pauvre sire*. But in 1828 it was not a little curious to find still warm and breathing this antique loyalty for a cause so long dead, if it ever had anything but a mere galvanized appearance of life. Talking over this with me, as we drove from Mr. M——'s, Dr. Combe said he was persuaded that at that time there were men to be found in Scotland ready to fight a duel about the good fame of Mary Stuart.

Sir Walter Scott told me that when the Scottish regalia was discovered, in its obscure place of security, in Edinburgh Castle, pending the decision of government as to its ultimate destina-

tion a committee of gentlemen were appointed its guardians, among whom he was one; and that he received a most urgent entreaty from an old lady of the Maxwell family to be permitted to see it. She was nearly ninety years old, and feared she might not live till the crown jewels of Scotland were permitted to become objects of public exhibition, and pressed Sir Walter with importunate prayers to allow her to see them before she died. Sir Walter's good sense and good nature alike induced him to take upon himself to grant the poor old lady's petition, and he himself conducted her into the presence of these relics of her country's independent sovereignty; when, he said, tottering hastily forward from his support, she fell on her knees before the crown, and, clasping and wringing her wrinkled hands, wailed over it as a mother over her dead child. His description of the scene was infinitely pathetic, and it must have appealed to all his own poetical and imaginative sympathy with the former glories of his native land. I suppose there are people born with their heads set, as one may say, retrospectively, hind part before, on their shoulders. Dante has made it a punishment in the other world; it is not unfrequently a cause of persecution in this, though it seems to me rather an agreeable deformity than otherwise, and pleasant, upon the whole, to its possessors. It is certain that nothing either in the past or future can be *common-place*; that must be the especial property of "things present," which these amiable people who live backwards, as it were, avoid. If I had my choice, however, I would rather live forwards, that is, have my head in my hand (martyr fashion, which is an allegorical representation of what befalls people with a propensity for living before their time), and carry it a little in advance of my body. Neither fashion is altogether safe, however, the majority of people are so prejudiced in favor of the stupid, common usage, and so ill-natured towards those who depart from it, by either peculiarity; but more especially by the one that I should prefer.

My mother's anxiety about Dr. Combe's age reminds me that my intimacy with my cousin, Harry Siddons, who was now visiting his mother previous to his departure for India to begin his military career, had been a subject of considerable perplexity to her while I was still at home and he used to come from Addiscombe to see us. Nothing could be more diametrically opposite than his mother's and my mother's system, if either could be called so, of dealing with the difficulty, though I have my doubts whether Mrs. Harry perceived any in the case; and whereas I think my mother's apprehensions and precautions would have very probably been finally justified by some childish engagement between Harry and myself, resulting in all sorts of difficulties and complications as time went on and absence and distance produced their salutary effect on a boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen, Mrs. Harry remained passive, and apparently unconscious of any danger; and we walked and talked and danced and were sentimental together after the most approved cousinly fashion, and Harry went off to India with my name engraved upon his sword, — a circumstance which was only made known to me years after, by his widow (his and my cousin, Harriet Siddons), whom he met and loved and married in India, and who made me laugh, telling me how hard he and she had worked, scratched, and scrubbed together to try and efface my name from the good sword, which, however, being true steel, and not inconstant heart of man, refused to give up its dedication. I should have much objected to any such inscription, had I been consulted; for if the sword was to see service (as it undoubtedly would, if Harry Siddons had lived till the Indian mutiny), I should have thought with horror of my name being plunged into some wretch's heart, though the blade that bore it was avenging English men and women on Hindoo savages. My cousin Harry's wife was the second daughter of George Siddons, Mrs. Siddons's eldest son, who through her interest was appointed, while still quite a young man,

to the influential and lucrative post of collector of the port at Calcutta, which position he retained for nearly forty years. He married a lady in whose veins ran the blood of the kings of Delhi, and in whose descendants, in one or two instances, even in the fourth generation, this ancestry reveals itself by a type of beauty of strikingly Oriental character. Among these is the beautiful Mrs. Scott-Siddons, whose exquisite features present the most perfect living miniature of her great-grandmother's majestic beauty. In two curiously minute, highly-finished miniatures of the royal Hindoo personages, her ancestors, which Mrs. George Siddons gave Miss Twiss (and the latter gave me), it is wonderful how strong a likeness may be traced to several of their remote descendants born in England of English parents.

To return to Edinburgh; another intimate acquaintance, or rather friend, of Mr. Combe's whom I frequently met at his house was Duncan McClaren, father of the present member of Parliament, the able editor of *The Scotsman*. Between him and the Combes all matters of public interest and importance were discussed from the most liberal and enlightened point of view, and it was undoubtedly a great advantage to an intelligent girl of my age to hear such vigorous, manly, clear expositions of the broadest aspects of all the great political and governmental questions of the day. Admirable sound sense was the characteristic that predominated in that intellectual circle, and was brought to bear upon every subject; and I remember with the greatest pleasure the evenings I passed at Mr. Combe's residence in Northumberland Street, with these three grave men. Among the younger associates to whom these elders and betters extended their kindly hospitality was William Gregory, son of the eminent professor of chemistry, who himself has since pursued the same scientific course with equal success and distinction, adding a new lustre to the honorable name he inherited.

Mr. William Murray, my dear Mrs. Harry's brother, was another member

of our society, to whom I have alluded, in speaking of the Edinburgh Theatre, as an accomplished actor; and sometimes I used to think that was all he was, for it was impossible to determine whether the romance, the sentiment, the pathos, the quaint humor, or any of the curiously capricious varying moods in which these were all blended, displayed real elements of his character or only shifting exhibitions of the peculiar versatility of a nature at once so complex and so superficial that it really was impossible for others, and I think would have been difficult for himself, to determine what was genuine thought and feeling in him, and what the mere appearance or demonstration or imitation of thought and feeling. Perhaps this peculiarity was what made him such a perfect actor. He was a very melancholy man, with a tendency to moody morbidness of mind which made him a subject of constant anxiety to his sister. His countenance, which was very expressive without being at all handsome, habitually wore an air of depression, and yet it was capable of brilliant vivacity and humorous play of feature. His conversation, when he was in good spirits, was a delightful mixture of sentiment, wit, poetry, fun, fancy, and imagination. He had married the sister of Mrs. Thomas Moore (the Bessie so tenderly invited to "fly from the world" with the poet, and who, having done so, was left in her little Sloperton nest, while the poet flew back to the world alone), and I used to think that he was like an embodiment of Moore's lyrical genius: there was so much pathos and wit and humor and grace and spirit and tenderness, and such a quantity of factitious flummery besides in him, that he always reminded me of those pretty and provoking songs in which some affected attitudinizing conceit mingles with almost every expression of genuine feeling, like an artificial rose in a handful of wild flowers.

I do not think William Murray's diamonds were of the finest water, but his *paste* was; and it was difficult enough to tell the one from the other. He had a charming voice and sang exquisitely,

after a fashion which I have no doubt he copied (as, however, only original genius can copy) from Moore; but his natural musical facility was such that, although no musician and singing everything only by ear, he executed the music of the Figaro in Mozart's *Nozze*, admirably. He had a good deal of his sister's winning charm of manner, and was (but not, I think, of malice prepense) that pleasantly pernicious creature, a male flirt. It was quite out of his power to address any woman (sister or niece or cookmaid) without an air and expression of sentimental courtesy and tender chivalrous devotion, that must have been puzzling and perplexing in the extreme to the uninitiated; and I am persuaded that until some familiarity bred—if not contempt—at least comprehension, every woman of his acquaintance, his cook included, must have felt convinced that he was struggling against a respectful and hopeless passion for her.

Of another acquaintance of ours in Edinburgh, a Mrs. A——, I wish to say a word. She was a very singular woman; not, perhaps, in being tolerably ignorant and silly, with an unmeaning face and a foolish, commonplace manner, an average specimen of vacuity of mind and vapidness of conversation, but undoubtedly singular in that she combined with these not unfrequent human conditions a most rare gift of musical and poetical interpretation,—a gift so peculiar that when she sang she literally seemed inspired, taken possession of, by some other soul, that entered into her as she opened her mouth and departed from her as she shut it. She had a dull, brick-colored, long, thin face, and dull, pale green eyes, like boiled gooseberries; but when in a clear, high, sweet, passionless soprano, like the voice of a spirit, and without any accompaniment, she sang the old Scotch ballads which she had learnt in early girlhood from her nurse, she produced one of the most powerful impressions that music and poetry combined can produce. From her I heard and learnt by ear *The Douglas Tragedy*, *Fine Flowers in the Valley*, *Edinbro'*, and many others, and became

completely enamored of the wild beauty of the Scotch ballads, the terror and pity of their stories, and the strange, sweet, mournful music to which they were told. I knew every collection of them, that I could get hold of, by heart, from Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* to Smith's six volumes of *National Scotch Songs with their Musical Settings*, and I said and sang them over in my lonely walks perpetually; and they still are to me among the deepest and freshest sources of poetical thought and feeling that I know. It is impossible, I think, to find a truer expression of passion, anguish, tenderness, and supernatural terror, than those poems contain. The dew of heaven on the mountain fern is not more limpid than the simplicity of their diction, nor the heart's blood of a lover more fervid than the throbbing intensity of their passion. Misery, love, longing, and despair have found no finer poetical utterance out of Shakespeare; and the deepest chords of woe and tenderness have been touched by these often unknown archaic song-writers, with a power and a pathos inferior only to his. The older ballads, with the exquisite monotony of their burthens soothing and relieving the tragic tenor of their stories, like the sighing of wind or the murmuring of water; the clarion-hearted Jacobite songs, with the fragrance of purple heather and white roses breathing through their strains of loyal love and death-defying devotion; and the lovely, pathetic, and bewitchingly humorous songs of Burns, with their enchanting melodies, were all familiar to me, and, during the year that I spent in Edinburgh, were my constant study and delight. For their sake I love the memory of S——, in spite of the dull days I occasionally spent there, and of the picture, forever framed in them, of Mrs. A—— sitting in the midst of her children, and, when they bared at her anything more than commonly foolish, turning upon them the maternal tenderness of her sheep's face and bleating back at them, at the rate of a syllable a second, "Eh, my lammie!"

I am reminded, by contrast with Mrs.

A—, of another of our Edinburgh friends, a delightful original woman, humorous, funny, witty, and withal a *grande dame* of the old school—Miss —, whose name will remind every one who had the good fortune of her acquaintance of one of the most entertaining persons they have ever known. Miss — was the descendant of John Grahame of Claverhouse, the Dundee of Scottish history and ballad poetry and Scott's novels; and there was a great deal in her character and manner to warrant this heroic strain. She was more like a *gentleman* than a *lady*; I don't mean more like a man than a woman, for there was nothing masculine about her; but she was a gallant lady, frank, fearless, prompt, active, energetic, a little impatient, a little imperious, with that sort of high-bred air and manner which Jules Janin has so admirably discriminated in his essay on *La grande Dame* and *La Femme comme il faut*. She showed blood, as used to be said formerly of such a person, and I think that element in her must have been a kind of justification and protection to her in some of the freaks she was seduced into by her singular faculty of dramatic personation. This peculiar gift perpetually suggested to her the perpetration of practical jokes upon her friends, which she carried out with the most wonderful power of assumption, presence of mind, and ludicrous success. There is extant a small book recording her curious feats in this kind; and recounting, among other comical incidents, her taking in Lord Jeffrey, who was intimately acquainted with her, and had defied her skill to deceive him in any disguise or by any assumption of character, and before whom she nevertheless presented herself as an old huckster woman, who came with an appeal to him about some paltry matter of traffic in which her interests were concerned, and loudly and garrulously remonstrated with him until he dismissed her, without entertaining the remotest suspicion of her identity. She was for many years a kind friend of mine, and I seldom visited Edinburgh without renewing my

agreeable intercourse with her. The last tidings that reached me from Scotland of this valiant old gentlewoman (now upwards of ninety years of age) were of her driving into Dundee from her country residence, to launch and christen a new ship.

On one occasion when I had the honor and pleasure of dining with her, I sat by Robert Chambers and heard him relate some portion of the difficulties and distresses of his own and his brother's early boyhood (the interesting story has lately become generally known by the publication of their memoirs); and I then found it very difficult to swallow my dinner, and my tears, while listening to him, so deeply was I affected by his simple and touching account of the cruel struggle the two brave lads—destined to become such admirable and eminent men—had to make against the hardships of their position. I remember his describing the terrible longing occasioned by the smell of newly baked bread in a baker's shop near which they lived, to their poor, half-starved, craving appetites, while they were saving every farthing they could scrape together for books and that intellectual sustenance of which, in after years, they became such bountiful dispensers to all English-reading folk. Theirs is a very noble story of virtue conquering fortune and dedicating it to the highest purposes. I used to meet the Messrs. Chambers at Mr. Combe's house; they were intimate and valued friends of the phrenologist, and I remember when the book entitled *Vestiges of Creation* came out, and excited so great a sensation in the public mind, that Mr. Combe attributed the authorship of it, which was then a secret, to Robert Chambers.

Another Edinburgh friend of ours was Baron Hume, a Scottish law dignitary; a charming old gentleman, of the very old school, who always wore powder and a pigtail, knee breeches, gold buckles, and black silk stockings; and who sent a thrill of delight through my girlish breast when he addressed me, as he invariably did, by the dignified title of "madam;" though I must sorrowfully

add that my triumph on this score was considerably abated when, on the occasion of my second visit to Edinburgh, after I had come out on the stage, I went to see my kind old friend, who was too aged and infirm to go to the theatre, and who said to me as I sat on a low stool by his sofa, "Why, madam, they tell me you are become a great tragic actress! But," added he, putting his hand under my chin and raising my face towards him, "how am I to believe that of this laughing face, madam?" No doubt he saw in his memory's eye the majestic nose of my aunt, and my "visnomy" under the effect of such a contrast must have looked comical enough, by way of a tragic mask. By the bye, it is on record that while Gainsborough was painting that exquisite portrait of Mrs. Siddons which is now in the South Kensington Gallery, and which for many fortunate years adorned my father's house, after working in absorbed silence for some time he suddenly exclaimed, "Damn it, madam, there is no end to your nose!" The *restoration* of that beautiful painting has destroyed the delicate charm of its coloring, which was perfectly harmonious, and has as far as possible made it coarse and vulgar: before it had been spoiled, not even Sir Joshua's Tragic Muse seemed to me so noble and beautiful a representation of my aunt's beauty as that divine picture of Gainsborough's.

Two circumstances occurred during my stay in Edinburgh which made a great impression upon me: the one was the bringing of the famous old gun, Mons Meg, up to the castle; and the other was the last public appearance of Madame Catalani. I do not know where the famous old cannon had been kept till it was resolved to place it in Edinburgh Castle, but the event was made quite a public festival, and by favor of some of the military authorities who presided over the ceremony we were admirably placed in a small angle or turret that commanded the beautiful land and sea and town, and immediately overlooked the hollow road up which, with its gal-

lant military escort of Highland troops, and the resounding accompaniment of their warlike music, the great old lumbering piece of ordnance came slowly, dragged by a magnificent team of horses, into the fortress. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast presented by this huge, clumsy, misshapen, obsolete engine of war, and the spruce, trim, shining, comparatively little cannon (mere pocket-pistols for Bellona) which furnished the battery just below our stand, and which, as soon as the unwieldy old warriorress had occupied the post of honor reserved for her in their midst, sent forth a martial acclaim of welcome that made the earth tremble under our feet, and resounded through the air, shivering with the strong concussion more than one pane of glass in the windows of Princes Street, far below.

Of Madame Catalani, all I can say is that I think she sang only God save the King and Rule Britannia, on the occasion on which I heard her, which was that of her last public appearance in Edinburgh. I remember only these, and think had she sung anything else I could not have forgotten it. She was quite an old woman, but still splendidly handsome. Her magnificent dark hair and eyes, and beautiful arms, and her blue velvet dress with a girdle flashing with diamonds, impressed me almost as much as her singing; which, indeed, was rather a declamatory and dramatic than a musical performance. The tones of her voice were still fine and full, and the majestic action of her arms as she uttered the words, "When Britain first arose from the waves," wonderfully graceful and descriptive; still, I remember better that I saw, than that I heard, Madame Catalani. She is the first of the queens of song that I have seen ascend the throne of popular favor, in the course of sixty years, and pretty little Adelina Patti the last; I have heard all that have reigned between the two, and above them all, Pasta appears to me preëminent for musical and dramatic genius, alone and unapproached, the muse of tragic song.

Frances Anne Kemble.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

READ AT THE MEETING HELD AT MUSIC HALL, FEBRUARY 8, 1876, IN
MEMORY OF DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

I.

LEADER of armies, Israel's God,
Thy soldier's fight is won!
Master, whose lowly path he trod,
Thy servant's work is done!

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep
Our wandering feet to guide;
From Horeb's rock no waters leap;
No Jordan's waves divide;

No prophet cleaves our western sky
On wheels of whirling fire;
No shepherds hear the song on high
Of heaven's angelic choir,

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent
God's angel comes a guest;
He comes on heaven's high errand sent,
In earth's poor raiment drest.

We see no halo round his brow
Till love its own recalls,
And like a leaf that quits the bough,
The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,
Ere winter's killing frost,
The message came; so passed away
The friend our earth has lost.

Still, Father, in Thy love we trust;
Forgive us if we mourn
The saddening hour that laid in dust
His robe of flesh outworn.

II.

How long the wreck-strewn journey seems
To reach the far-off past
That woke his youth from peaceful dreams
With Freedom's trumpet-blast!

Along her classic hill-sides rung
The Paynim's battle-cry,
And like a red-cross knight he sprung
For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath
For Sparta's bravest son;
No truer soldier sleeps beneath
The mound of Marathon;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave
In front of angry foes;
To lift, to shield, to help, to save,
The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll
No traveller's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire throne.
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first through depths unknown
His doubtful pathway felt,

Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
Of reason's morning star!

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form
The sightless orbs would seek,
And smiles of welcome light and warm
The lips that could not speak.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs;
His tablet is the human heart,
His record loving deeds.

III.

The rest that earth denied is thine, —
Ah, is it rest? we ask,
Or, traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task?

Had but those boundless fields of blue
 One darkened sphere like this;
 But what has heaven for thee to do
 In realms of perfect bliss?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
 No rugged path to smooth,
 No struggling soul to help and cheer,
 No mortal grief to soothe!

Enough; is there a world of love,
 No more we ask to know;
 The hand will guide thy ways above
 That shaped thy task below.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

THE battle of Bunker Hill had the effect of determining the relation which New England held toward the mother country, and went far toward defining the attitude of all the thirteen colonies. The British army in Boston represented England, and when the forces, already called American, issued from camp in Cambridge on the 16th of June to plant themselves with menace on the hill that overlooked the town, the act was an unquestioned assertion of armed hostility. England had no other alternative than to meet it promptly with sharp rejoinder; but in doing this she as inevitably confirmed the foregone conclusion of American independence. The victory which the British army won gave them the hill on which the battle was fought, but it gave them nothing more; the effect of the battle on the defeated forces was to increase their number at once, and to drive them forward in that siege of Boston which had begun after the battle of Concord and Lexington, but had thus far been scarcely more than an armed watch of the army in possession of the town.

A fortnight only elapsed before the arrival of Washington, in possession of that authority to command which was

the first requisite of the unorganized, restless body of men who clustered upon the hills that surrounded Boston and camped on the broad farms that lay by the river, which then more than now separated the town from the main-land. Behind Washington, the coming leader, was the Continental Congress, rude anticipation of the legislative government yet to come, and the army itself under its colonial divisions had been adopted by that Congress; but though news of the engagement was at once sent off, there was no interruption in the course begun upon months before. In Boston there was constant expectation of an attack; in the camp there was a similar apprehension that the enemy would follow up the advantage gained; in the country, wherever the news penetrated there was sharper division than ever into two parties. No one seemed to know, in the excitement that followed the thunder-clap of a battle, just what was to happen, but inaction was no part of the temper either of the besieging forces or of the British army. On the night of the 17th of June, when General Howe was throwing up breastworks on the northwestern declivity of Bunker Hill, General Putnam was hard at work on

Prospect Hill, engaged in the same task. "I found him," his son says, "on the morning of the 18th of June, about ten o'clock, on Prospect Hill, dashing about among the workmen, throwing up intrenchments, and often placing a rod with his own hands. He wore the same clothes he had on when I left him on the 16th, and said he had neither put them off nor washed himself since."¹ Work was constantly going forward during the fortnight upon this important hill, and a large body of men was stationed there; the hill, which has since been razed and is still under the pick and spade, was a commanding eminence under which lay the road from Cambridge to Charlestown; and from whose summit both the British and the American lines were in full view. The New Hampshire troops, which before the battle had been in camp at Medford, retreated in that direction, but stopped at Winter Hill and began to fortify it, continuing in possession during the fortnight. General Thomas, who had been in command of the forces posted in Roxbury and had not been at Bunker Hill; was at work strengthening his position, at the point where the main avenue from Boston issued, a point which had hitherto been strangely neglected, and his men received the liveliest attention from the Boston guns. Volunteers and curious visitors came down all the country roads; refugees struggled out of Boston, Tories hurried to get under shelter of the king's arms; and while there was confusion inevitably incident to the condition, there was evidence on all sides of what a writer of that day declared: "This battle has been of infinite service to us; made us more vigilant, watchful, and cautious." The troops were in high spirits, and the whizzing of balls to and fro was the accompaniment to their work at the intrenchments.

The town of Boston, which was to be watched thus by these men for nine months, can be held in the reader's mind only by an effort of the imagination and

memory in lopping off the extraneous portions which from time to time have been added to the original peninsula. Up to the year of the siege this remained, in its physical features, much the same as when occupied by the solitary Blackstone a hundred and fifty years before. The peninsula, which could have been made an island in a few hours by cutting through the sandy neck, only some three hundred paces broad, was marked by its rough hills. — Copp's, Fort, and the three-headed Beacon Hill; its coves, including the mill pond, bounded we may say by Prince, Salem, Hanover, Hawkins, Green, and Leverett streets, dammed by the causeway, now Causeway Street, and connected with the harbor by the sluggish mill creek; its Common, ending in a marsh a little below where Charles Street now borders it; its pastures and fields, covering the tract first ravaged by the great fire of 1873; its wharves and ship-yards, occupying the water front from Barton's Point, at the end of Leverett Street, around the peninsula to the neck, which was narrowest where Dover Street now crosses Washington, over which the tides sometimes washed, and by the margin of which unwary travelers sometimes floundered and lost their way, until the road was hedged in by pickets. The peninsula comprised less than a thousand acres, being about a mile and three quarters long from the neck to Winnisimmet Ferry, and a little more than a mile wide at its widest point. There were no bridges connecting it with the neighboring points of land: an old mile-stone has lately been dug up in Cambridge and reinstated in comfortable vicinity to Massachusetts Hall, with the legend in blushing red, "Boston 8 miles;" that was the distance Lord Percy had to travel when he set out on April 19th to reinforce Colonel Pitcairn, for he had to cross Boston Neck, traverse Brookline, and cross the Brighton bridge, the only one then spanning Charles River. People living in Chelsea then had a trip of a dozen miles to make if they

¹ Quoted from Colonel Swett's MS. Memoirs by Daniel Putnam in Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*. I again acknowledge an indebtedness to Frothing-

ham's History, which must be shared by all who follow him in treating this subject.

would reach Boston on foot or in a wagon. A ferry-boat ran to Charlestown and one to Winnisimmet, and if the wind was contrary the scow would take an hour in making the trip. There was an occasional ferry to Cambridge also, but the ice in the river in winter made the passage irregular and difficult.

Upon this ragged peninsula lived some fifteen or sixteen thousand people, but even before the affair of April 19th the number had begun to be reduced by the withdrawal of those disaffected toward the government and suspicious of the coming difficulties, and by the depression of trade consequent upon the enforcement of the Port Bill. After the warning of the Concord fight the exodus was greatly increased, and after the battle of Bunker Hill no one of the patriot party stayed behind who could well help it, so that in July, before the last permission to leave the town was given, a count showed only six thousand five hundred and seventy-three inhabitants, exclusive of the troops with their wives and children. It had been the policy of the governor, who was also commanding officer, to get rid of as many inhabitants as possible, foreseeing the incumbrance which a great and hungry population would be, should the colonial forces succeed in closing the avenues to the town; and the anxiety which he felt to be rid of the people was equaled only by that of the people to get away. The governor took care also to secure their arms, under a formal agreement with the town authorities, which he afterward violated, and to make it difficult for those escaping from the town to carry much personal property with them. But there was a small counter-migration of tories living in the neighborhood of Boston, who sought the protection of the government from the persecution of their angry neighbors; and these, with the tories resident there, remonstrated against a course which would leave in the town no hostages to deter the besiegers from destroying the place altogether. So effectual was their remonstrance that the governor broke faith with the patriots, and pursued a policy by which the mis-

ery of the siege was increased by the separation of families and the retention in the town of helpless women and children.

It is intimated that some of the bold-er kept up a communication with their friends outside, by means of signals from the church steeples. "About three weeks ago," a letter-writer of July 25th says, "three fellows were taken out of one of the latter [steeples] who confess they had been so employed for seven days." There were yet a few men of character who remained, notably the Rev. Andrew Eliot and Dr. Isaac Rand, though the latter may perhaps be classed among the quiet tories. Both of these did much to lighten the distresses of the poor, for the great majority of the patriot families that remained were of the humbler sort, trades-people and artisans, whose daily bread depended on their toil in their shops. There certainly was no demonstration of patriotism inside the town. *Madam Draper's News Letter*, the only paper published in Boston during the siege, copies in its issue for July 13th a notice by William Cooper, the town clerk, which had appeared in one of the outside papers, calling upon the dispersed freemen of Boston to meet at Concord in order to choose a representative to general court, and adds, mockingly, "Some have been wondering of late at the peaceableness of this town; it is to be hoped that their surprise will now cease, when they find that Mr. Cooper and the rest of our town-meeting folks have adjourned to Concord."

The few patriots were necessarily looked upon with suspicion by the officers, and with hatred by the loyalists; they were closely watched, and thrown into prison upon slight pretenses. The loyalists, confident of the final success of the king's arms, joined the troops in excessive demonstration of their loyalty. They formed a company entitled *The Loyal American Fencibles*, and took much of the patrol duty. They made a valiant attack upon the famous liberty-tree that stood opposite the present Boylston Market, and, regarding it as in some sort an incarnation of the spirit of lib-

erty, made mouths at it, disported themselves in insolent antics about the dignified, silent witness, and finally chopped it down. There were more than a thousand living thus under protection of the British guns, and these included all classes of society, farmers, traders, and mechanics being numbered among them, as well as gentlemen connected with the government, rich merchants, and clergymen.

The people who from choice or necessity spent those nine dreary months in Boston could hardly have led a very cheerful life, though the officers of the garrison took some pains to break up the monotony. Business was at a standstill. The Port Bill had already destroyed for a time the commerce of the town, and the warehouses on the wharves, deserted by their owners, were used as *dépôts* for military and naval stores. The custom-house was ironically reopened, and trade resumed — on paper. There were auctions held by Joshua Loring, Jr., one being the stock of Henry Knox, whilom bookseller, and now, while the auction was going on, making his way from Ticonderoga, bringing the "noble train of artillery" which Washington was so glad to get. Occasional straggling advertisements appear in the News Letter of goods for sale, but there was small temptation to buy anything beyond the daily necessities of life. The public schools were dispersed, Master Lovell, of the Latin school, casting in his lot with the crown, while his son James, an usher in the same school, was thrown into prison under suspicion of being a spy, and carried off in chains by the army with which his father decamped as a loyalist. One solitary school was kept gratuitously by Mr. Elias Dupee; the only other educational offer seems to have been that of Daniel McAlpine "to instruct all lovers of the noble science of Defense, commonly called the Back Sword, in that art." Of the churches, King's Chapel was the customary place of worship for the officers, and the rector, Dr. Caner, went off with his congregation at the evacuation, carrying with him, in his zeal, the church registers,

plate, and vestments. The officers stationed at the north end of the town worshipped at Christ Church, but troops were quartered in Hollis Street Church, the old West Church, and Brattle Street Church, though services were sometimes held in the last named, as reference is made in the News Letter to a very edifying discourse on sedition and conspiracy delivered to a genteel audience by Dr. Morrison, successor to the wicked Dr. Cooper. The Old North was pulled down for fuel. The Old South was used by Burgoyne for a riding-school, the pulpit and pews removed, and gravel brought in to cover the floors. The religious dissipation of the Thursday lecture, so dear to excellent old Bostonians, finally gave way near the end of the siege. "We hear," says one of the papers in a sympathetic tone, "that the Thursday lecture, which has been held in Boston for upwards of one hundred and thirty years without any interruption, was closed about a fortnight since by the Rev. Dr. Eliot, who delivered a discourse well adapted to the occasion." We fancy that the minister had more funeral than other services to perform that winter, and that he must have reckoned the Thursday lecture as having but a flickering life, those dark months. One of the first acts of the people, however, after Boston was restored to them, was to revive this venerable institution.

The officers of the British army were gentlemen, and while of course they took possession of the best houses in town, they used them well; even Hancock's house, upon General Washington's report, received no damage worth mentioning, the furniture being left in tolerable order and the family pictures untouched. We should have been badly off if the Copleys in town had been hacked and hewed. Hancock's house was occupied by General Clinton, while Burgoyne occupied the Bowdoin mansion on Beacon Hill, near where the street named from Bowdoin now runs, and Lord Percy at one time held Gardiner Greene's house on Pemberton Hill; Howe, like his predecessor Gage, had his headquarters at the Province House.

The houses occupied by the soldiery, however, were a good deal abused, and several hundred buildings, most of them old, were pulled down for fuel as the winter grew deeper, among them the parsonage attached to the Old South, and the house built by Governor Winthrop. The town, being under military rule, was kept clean, and, suffering very little from occasional bombardment, it was subjected to no greater damage than I have indicated.

It was dull work for the officers and ladies and gentlemen to stay cooped up in the little peninsula through the dismal winter, their eyes and ears besieged by the forlorn condition of the inhabitants, and enjoying small show of that dignified merry-making for which Boston has been famous. The officers found time enough for gallantry, and two ladies living then in town, daughters of the famous Dr. Byles, used to tell, half a century later, when they were still unflinching loyalists, of their promenades with General Howe and Lord Percy on Boston Common, and of the music of his lordship's band, played under their window at his lordship's order. A new regiment arrived from England in December, and the *News Letter* chirped at mention of the excellent band it brought, with promise of a concert for the diversion of the town. When the new year set in, a series of subscription balls was announced, to be held at Concert Hall once a fortnight. The last ball at the Province House was the queen's ball, given, curiously enough, on the 22d of February. The festival of St. John the Evangelist was duly celebrated by a dinner at Free Mason's Hall, a march to Brattle Street, and an appropriate sermon, but there is no mention of any public festivity at Christmas. The most

elaborate effort at entertainment was in the theatrical representations given under the patronage of General Howe. A number of officers and ladies formed a Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements, a title which somehow seems to give a certain solemnity to the proceedings, and they did this, the announcement frankly stated, for their own amusement and the benevolent purpose of contributing to the relief of distressed soldiers, their widows, and children. Faneuil Hall had been fitted up with a stage, and the performances began at six o'clock. The entrance fee was not immoderate, one dollar for the pit and a quarter of a dollar for the gallery. The surplus over expenses was to be appropriated to the relief of the poor soldiers. For some reason, either because the play was immensely popular or from some difficulty with the currency, the managers were obliged to announce, after a few evenings, "The managers will have the house strictly surveyed, and give out tickets for the number it will contain. The most positive orders are given out not to take money at the door, and it is hoped gentlemen of the army will not use their influence over the sergeants who are door-keepers, to induce them to disobey that order, as it is meant entirely to promote the ease and convenience of the public by not crowding the theatre." The theatre gave some business to the printer, who announces that he has ready the tragedy of *Tamerlane* as it is to be acted at the theatre in this town. The tragedy of *Zara* seems to have been the favorite, and the comedy of *The Busybody*, with the farces of *The Citizen* and *The Apprentice*, were also given. The most notable piece, however, was the local farce of *The Blockade of Boston*, by General Burgoyne,¹ whose

¹ I cannot find that Burgoyne's farce was ever printed, but it met easily with ridicule, and after the siege a literary revenge was taken by an anonymous writer in the farce of *The Blockheads*, or the Affrighted Officers, a not overnice production, which jeers at the situation of officers and refugees when forced to evacuate the town. The characters are—

Captain Bashaw . . . Ad
Puff G

L . . d Dapper	L . . d P . . y .	} Officers.
Shallow	G . . t .	
Dupe	Who you please.	} Refugees and
Mengre	G . . y .	
Surly	R . . s .	} Friends to
Brigadier Faunch	B . . e .	
Bonny	M . . y .	} Government.
Simple	E . . n .	
Jemima, wife to Simple.		
Tabitha, her daughter.		
Dorcas, her maid. Soldiers, women, etc.		

reputation as a wit and dramatist has kept quite even pace with his military fame. On the evening of the 8th of January it was to be given for the first time. The comedy of *The Busybody* had been acted, and the curtain was about to be drawn for the farce, when the actors behind the scenes heard an exaggerated report of a raid made upon Charlestown by a small party of Americans. One of the actors, dressed for his part, that of a Yankee sergeant, came forward upon the stage, called silence, and informed the audience that the alarm guns had been fired and a battle was going on in Charlestown. The audience, taking this for the first scene in the new farce, applauded obstreperously, being determined to get all the fun there was to be had out of the piece, when the order was suddenly given in dead earnest for the officers to return to their posts. The audience at this was thrown into dire confusion, the officers jumping over the orchestra, breaking the fiddles on the way, the actors rushing about to get rid of their paint and disguises, the ladies alternately fainting and screaming, and the play brought to great grief. Whether it was ever given or not does not appear, but the *News Letter* in reporting the incident intimates that the interruption was likely to last: "As soon as those parts in the Boston Blockade which are vacant by some gentlemen being ordered to Charlestown can be filled up, that farce will be performed, with the tragedy of *Tamerlane*."

But the idle sports and the festivities at the Province House and the houses of the few rich loyalists could scarcely have covered, with their feeble blaze, the wretchedness of the town during that winter. In the first place, there was not enough to eat, and what there was they were sometimes forced to eat with squeamishness. The Yankees outside

had a joke that the Town Bull, aged twenty, was killed and cut up for the use of the officers, and we are not sure how much there may have been of a jest in the letter of an officer in town to his father: "Why should I complain of hard fate? General Gage and all his family have for this month past lived upon salt provision. Last Saturday General Putnam, in the true style of military complaisance which abolishes all personal resentment and smooths the horrors of war when discipline will permit, sent a present to General Gage's lady of a fine quarter of veal, which was very acceptable, and received the return of a very polite card of thanks." At one time during the siege, we are told, only six head of cattle were in the hands of butcher master-general Hewes, as entire stock for troops or inhabitants, and the rejected portions of the slaughtered animals found purchasers among those who were both rich and dainty. One account, dated the middle of December, says, "The distress of the troops and inhabitants in Boston is great beyond all possible description. Neither vegetables, flour, nor pulse for the inhabitants; and the king's stores so very short none can be spared from them; no fuel, and the winter set in remarkably severe. The troops and inhabitants absolutely and literally starving for want of provisions and fire. Even salt provision is fifteen pence sterling per pound."

It is likely enough that accounts from without as well as some from within exaggerate the actual suffering. Provisions were dear and scarce, but the communication by sea was open, and the vessels went on foraging excursions along the coast, while provisions and even fuel were sent from England. Perhaps as good a picture of the life of a well-to-do inhabitant as can be found, with hints of the condition of the poorer, occurs

It is not difficult to supply the omitted letters in the names and read Lord Percy, Gilbert, Gray, Ruggles, Brattle, Murray, Edson. Lord Percy is represented as a libertine, and there is some attempt at characterizing the several loyalists. Brattle had the reputation of being a good liver, and Ruggles of being a rough-spoken man; probably the hits in the piece were more telling to those closer to

the characters in time. In the prologue are the lines, —

"By Yankees frightened too! oh dire to say!
Why Yankees sure at red coats faint away!
Oh yes — they thought so too — for lackaday,
Their general turned the *blockade* to a play:
Poor vain poltroons — with justice we'll retort,
And call them *blockheads* for their idle sport."

in one of the letters of John Andrews. Writing at the end of the siege, and looking back over the winter, this good-natured and merry merchant says, "I am well in health, thank God, and have been so the whole of the time, but have lived at the rate of six or seven hundred sterling a year; for I was determined to eat fresh provisions while it was to be got, let it cost what it would; that since October I have scarce eat three meals of salt meat, but supplied my family with fresh at the rate of one shilling to one shilling and sixpence sterling the pound. What wood was to be got was obliged to give at the rate of twenty dollars a cord, and coals, though government had a plenty, I could not procure (not being an addressor or an associator¹), though I offered so high as fifty dollars for a chaldron, and that at a season when Nabby and John, the only help I had, were under inoculation for the small-pox, that if you 'll believe me, Bill, I was necessitated to burn horse-dung. Many were the instances of the inhabitants being confined to the provost for purchasing fuel of the soldiers, when no other means offered to keep them from perishing with cold, yet such was the inhumanity of our masters that they were even denied the privilege of buying the surpluse of the soldiers' rations. Though you may think we had plenty of cheese and porter, yet we were obliged to give from fifteen pence to two shillings a pound for all we ate of the former, and a loaf of bread of the size we formerly gave threepence for, thought ourselves well off to get for a shilling. Butter at two shillings. Milk, for months without tasting any. Potatoes from nine shillings to ten shillings and sixpence a bushel, and everything else in the same strain. Notwithstanding which, Bill, I can safely say that I never suffered the least depression of spirits other than on account of not having heard from Ruthy,

in one season, for near five months; for a persuasion that my country would eventually prevail kept up my spirits and never suffered my hopes to fail."²

The number of troops occupying the town during the siege was about fourteen thousand, including women and children. The sailors were perhaps the most comfortably off, especially in the summer time, but under General Howe's management great care seems to have been taken of the health and condition of the troops. By the middle of winter affairs had been reduced to order, and the life in barracks went on with monotonous uniformity. About seven hundred men occupied the barracks on Bunker Hill, while the remainder were in Boston, upon the Common, on board the fleet, at the Castle in the harbor, quartered in houses, and holding the intrenchments at the neck and the battery on Copp's Hill. General Howe held his forces with a strong hand, but the records show that he had a turbulent and unruly set of men to manage. The large number of deserted houses, the destruction of others for fuel, the defenseless condition of the families of patriots who had left the town, all conspired to tempt plundering and depredation. In one case the wife of one of the privates, convicted of receiving stolen goods, was sentenced "to receive one hundred lashes on her bare back with a cat-o'-nine-tails, at the cart's tail, in different portions of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and to be imprisoned three months." The small-pox broke out both in the army and among the inhabitants, and was still ravaging the town when it was taken possession of by Washington, after the evacuation.

Excepting the naval expeditions in search of provisions, upon one of which Falmouth was burned, there were only occasional sallies out of town, and noth-

¹ An addressor was one of those, presumably loyalists, who joined in congratulatory addresses to Gage and Howe on different occasions; an associator was one of the military company of Loyal American Associators, volunteers who had offered their services to the commander-in-chief, and were enrolled under that name.

² Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, July, 1866. From some expressions in the earlier part of Andrews's letters I am inclined to suspect that his great confidence in his country was in part an emotion after the fact.

ing that looked like an attempt to drive the Americans from their position. Captain Hall, in his History of the Civil War in America, says, "Little was attempted against the enemy save a design of burning the town of Roxburgh, which was imperfectly executed from the obstacles and superior force it was discovered we should have had to contend with, had matters been pushed further than they were at that time." General Howe from the beginning refused to entertain the idea of attacking the works, unless compelled to by the enemy's movements, since it was plain that even if success were had, there would be but a barren advantage to show for what would cost an enormous loss of life and property. The ministry indeed had desired Howe to remove the army to New York before winter, but the general was compelled to reply that he could not convey the entire force at once for lack of transports, and dared not divide his army. The winter's stay was forced upon him, and his inaction was equally beyond his control, though it is difficult to understand now why, when the American army was so miserably equipped, Howe did not push out with his forces and occupy some of the posts commanding the town, especially why he did not take possession of Dorchester Heights. Yet he had the experience of Bunker Hill, and he was not one to sneer at the courage of the besieging army. That army was not, he wrote to Lord Dartmouth, in "any ways to be despised;" it had in it "many European soldiers, and all or most of the young men of spirit in the country, who were exceedingly diligent and attentive in their military profession." It is perhaps sufficient to consider that the almost entire absence of a loyal party in Massachusetts would have rendered any advance into the country, even if the

American works were passed, nugatory. If they went inland from Boston, where should they go? and what was to be gained by capturing the forts that commanded the town, if it could be done, when it would only give them more ground to occupy and defend?¹

If Howe's inaction and the general attitude of the British army excited the jeers of the party in England that opposed the war, the delay of General Washington to turn the siege into a bombardment and an attack caused impatient criticism in America; but with our full information of the actual condition of the besieging forces, and especially with Washington's letters before us, the delay is perfectly intelligible, while the historic value of the delay is more evident the closer one inquires into the growth of the national spirit. What was the American army, how was it equipped, and what were its resources? It may almost be characterized as a recruiting force stationed behind Quaker guns charged with sand. When Washington took command, and the several colonial forces were constituted as one continental army, the lines extended from the extreme left at Winter Hill, overlooking the Mystic River, through Cambridge, where was the centre, to Roxbury and the borders of Dorchester, where the right rested. A line of intrenchments had been thrown up and points were constantly being strengthened, and these lines were held by about seventeen thousand men, quite unused to military tactics. The total number did not much exceed this at any time during the siege, and fell off in the middle of winter to less than twelve thousand. These men, moreover, had come upon short terms of enlistment, and the very spirit of patriotism which had suddenly called many from their firesides

¹ "The blockade of Boston cannot be effectually relieved. Not that I think it impossible, even with our disparity of numbers, to dislodge the enemy from their present posts; but that neither having bread-waggons, bat-horses, sufficient artillery horses, nor other articles of *attirail* necessary for an army to move at a distance, nor numbers to keep up posts of communication and convoys (had we even magazines to be convoyed), it would be im-

possible after success to open the country so as to force supplies." (Major-General Burgoyne to Lord George Germain, in the recently published Political and Military Episodes of the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century; derived from the Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne.) The chapter containing this letter gives an interesting view of the siege of Boston as seen from the point of view of a British officer undergoing siege.

was very nearly akin to that domestic spirit which made them exceedingly eager to get back to the same firesides, to their wives and children. Immediately after the first return of the state of the army ordered by Washington upon his arrival, he wrote to the President of Congress:—

"Upon finding the number of men to fall so far short of the establishment, and below all expectation, I immediately called a council of the general officers, whose opinion as to the mode of filling up the regiments and providing for the present exigency I have the honor of inclosing, together with the best judgment we are able to form of the ministerial troops. From the number of boys, deserters, and negroes that have been enlisted in the troops of this province, I entertain some doubts whether the number required can be raised here; and all the general officers agree that no dependence can be put on the militia for a continuance in camp, or regularity and discipline during the short time they may stay. . . . The deficiency of numbers, discipline, and stores can only lead to this conclusion, that their spirit has exceeded their strength. . . . It requires no military skill to judge of the difficulty of introducing proper discipline and subordination into an army while we have the enemy in view, and are in daily expectation of an attack; but it is of so much importance that every effort will be made to this end which time and circumstances will admit. In the mean time I have a sincere pleasure in observing that there are materials for a good army, a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage." The infusion of order and discipline¹ into this mob of men, brought together from all manner of motives, was a slow and painful one. The orderly books of the day show the character of the offenses, and the frequent courts-martial indicate that the process of discipline was a rugged one. Steal-

ing and drunkenness were most common, but disobedience, desertion, and even mutiny testified to the undisciplined condition of the troops; the whipping-post, pillory, and wooden horse were set up in the camp. It was the custom then as it is now to ascribe to the common people of New England at that time a lofty and heroic standard of duty, which enabled them to meet the exigencies of the war with an unconquerable, unselfish spirit. There must have been a sturdiness of temper and a resolution, or the stand could not have been made; but war brings with it a touch-stone for all the baser elements of human nature as well, and those who stood nearest to the army almost despaired of ever finding in it a strong instrument for attack or defense. "His Excellency," writes General Greene of Washington, "has not had time to make himself acquainted with the genius of this people. They are naturally as brave and spirited as the peasantry of any other country; but you cannot expect veterans of a raw militia of only a few months' service. The common people are exceedingly avaricious; the genius of the people is commercial, from their long intercourse with trade. The sentiment of honor, the true characteristic of a soldier, has not yet got the better of interest. His Excellency has been taught to believe the people here a superior race of mortals; and finding them of the same temper and dispositions, passions and prejudices, virtues and vices of the common people of other governments, they sink in his esteem. The country round here set no bounds to their demands for hay, wood, and teaming. It has given his Excellency a great deal of uneasiness that they should take this opportunity to extort from the necessities of the army such enormous prices." And also in another place, when considering the chances of an attack on the British army, he says, "There must be some cowards among them as well as among us." The army, dirty. The freedom to which the New Englanders have always been accustomed makes them impatient of control, and renders it extremely difficult to establish that discipline so essential to troops in order to success.¹⁷

¹ Gordon writes under date of July 12th, "Since the arrival of the continental general, the regulations of the camp have been greatly for the better. Before, there was little emulation among the officers, and the soldiers were lazy, disorderly, and

far from consisting of picked men, was made up of anybody that could be had, and the greatest anxiety was felt as the enlistments dragged and it seemed impossible to fill the regiments to the required standard. Moreover, the generals were embarrassed, precisely as at the outset of the late war, by the short terms of enlistment and the failure of more than a few minds to foresee the necessity of adequate preparation for the coming conflict.

If Great Britain was for us squeezed then into the crooked town of Boston, America with ampler promise was to be seen in a nutshell in the camp before the town. It was a strange medley of good and bad material. The officers were by military discipline further removed from the soldiers than these quite liked at first; but Washington and Lee were great men to those about them, the former giving at once the full face of his character, which was to grow in the minds and hearts of men, the latter giving only occasional profile views, by which every one read him differently from his neighbor; while the rough-and-ready Putnam early parted with half of his surname to catch the whole of the affection of the men, and Greene, commanding respect everywhere, was building slowly and surely his solid reputation. The men were all from New England, with the exception of a few from Pennsylvania and the South, who were objects of curiosity to their Yankee comrades. Great stories were told of their sharp-shooting and dash. "Two brothers in the company," runs one veracious anecdote, "took a piece of board five inches broad and seven inches long, with a bit of white paper, about the size of a dollar, nailed in the centre, and while one of them supported this board perpendicularly between his knees, the other at the distance of upwards of sixty yards, and without any kind of rest, shot eight bullets through it successively, and spared a brother's thigh." This is one for the Southern troops, and I cannot forbear taking a passage from one of merry John Andrews's earlier letters, for its droll testimony not only to the ex-

cellence of New England marksmen, but also to the dialect and dry humor which are of no recent birth: "It's common for the soldiers to fire at a target fix'd in the stream at the bottom of the common. A countryman stood by a few days ago, and laugh'd very heartily at a whole regiment's firing, and not one being able to hit it. The officer observ'd him and ask'd why he laugh'd? Perhaps you'll be affronted if I tell you, reply'd the countryman. No, he would not, he said. *Why then*, says he, I laugh to see how awkward they fire. *Why*, I'll be bound I hit it ten times running. Ah! will you, reply'd the officer; come try: Soldiers, go and bring five of the best guns, and load 'em for this honest man. *Why*, you need not bring so many: let me have any one that comes to hand, reply'd the other, but I chuse to load *myself*. He accordingly loaded, and ask'd the officer where he should fire? He reply'd, to the right — when he pull'd tricker, and drove the ball as near the right as possible. The officer was amaz'd — and said he could not do it again, as that was only by chance. He loaded again. Where shall I fire? *To the left* — when he perform'd as well as before. Come! once more, says the officer. — He prepar'd the third time. — Where shall I fire *naow*? — In the centre. — He took aim, and the ball went as exact in the middle as possible. The officers as well as soldiers star'd and tho't the Devil was in the man. *Why*, says the countryman, I'll tell you *naow*. I have got a *boy* at home that will toss up an apple and shoot out all the seeds as it's coming down."

The diaries of officers and soldiers reveal the different phases of character which the army presented. Here is Paul Lunt, who scrupulously sets down "nothing remarkable" against one day after another, and does not forget to go to church whenever it is possible, and record the text. Benjamin Craft, too, on the 23d of June remarks that it remains very dry, and "God's judgments seem to be abroad on the earth; may we forsake our sins." He goes to church, also, and hears Mr. Murray, who prayed

well, affecting Benjamin and his other hearers. "He was very successful in gaining the attention of his hearers," which is not unlikely, from the solitary passage in the sermon which is set down: "He said he believed the devil was a tory." One Sunday, just after meeting, two floating batteries came up Mystic River, and the alarm was given. We "fired several shot at the regulars which made them claw off as soon as possible. General Gage this is like the rest of your Sabbath day enterprises." Little David How — we know he must have been little — keeps a diary with infinite pains, as judged by his struggles with the spelling-book, and innocently draws a picture of himself as irrecoverably given over to swapping and trading. He buys cider and chestnuts and leather breeches and half boots, and trades the same with an eye to profit, setting down complacently on the 30th of January, "We have sold Nuts and Cyder Every Day This Week." His passion for trade was too much for his military ardor, and he was finally given leave to set up in business as a boot-maker. But I cannot let him go without extracting one further entry from his diary: "March 5. Our people went to Dodgster hill Last Night and built a fort there. There was afiring of Bums all Night and they killed one man at Litchmors point with A Bum. They have ben firing At Dogester almost all Day."¹

There were simple, affectionate men in camp who longed to return to their families, but remained steadfast at their posts. One cannot read such artless letters as those of William Turner Miller² without finding in the uncouth garb the tenderness of the Puritan nature; it is easy to pass to them from the earlier letters between John Winthrop and his wife. "Dearest Lydia," he writes, "I received your Kind Letter by Mr. Burr as also the Inkstand Corn & Cucumbers you sent Every Letter & Present from you is Like a Cordial to me in

my absence from you my Heart is delighted in Reading Your Letters Especially when on the Countenance of them you Appear to be in Health and when you appear by your Letters to be in Trouble I Long to participate with you." And again, "I received Yours wherein you Expressed your Joy in my Not going to Quebeck Remember the Psalmists Expression, if I take the wings of the Morning and fly to the uttermost Parts of the Sea behold Thou art there I doubt not but where Ever I am god will be there and be my Stay and Support my Love I had it under Consideration whither to offer my Self to go to Quebeck and had so far Concluded upon the matter that If I had been Requested to go I should not have Refused though I think it Carries the Appearance of a Desperate undertaking."

The soldiers in camp were at first sheltered by canvas tents or huts rudely constructed. "It is very diverting," writes the Rev. Mr. Emerson, who visited the camp just after Washington's arrival, "to walk among the camps. They are as different in their form as the owners are in their dress, and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards and some of sail-cloth. Some partly of one and some partly of the other. Again, others are made of stone and turf, brick and brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others curiously wrought with doors and windows done with wreaths and withes in the manner of a basket. Some are your proper tents and marquees, looking like the regular camp of the enemy." It was late in the season before regular barracks were provided, and in the poverty of the troops one great-coat would be made to serve the purpose of each relieving sentry. But the winter, according to a British officer, was the mildest in the memory of the oldest man. The soldiers had games and wrestling

¹ The struggles of this diarist with the name Dorcester resulted in substantial victory for the spell-er. Besides the above forms, he experiments on *Doeester* and *Dolestier*.

² New England Historical and Genealogical Register, April, 1857.

matches to relieve the tedium, but they never were long without the excitement of an alarm of some sort.

The critical time came at the close of the year, when the term of the old soldiers' enlistment expired and the ranks were filled with the newly enlisted. "It is not in the pages of history, perhaps," writes Washington to the President of Congress on the 4th of January, "to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together without —, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another, within that distance of twenty-odd British regiments, is more, probably, than ever was attempted. But if we succeed as well in the last as we have heretofore in the first, I shall think it the most fortunate event of my whole life." The blank purposely left in this letter, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, was filled at once, from the knowledge of Congress, with the word "powder;" for as at Bunker Hill, so now the crying need was of ammunition. At one time it was suddenly discovered that there were only thirty-five barrels of powder in the magazine, or not half a pound a man. General Sullivan writes that when General Washington heard of this he was so much struck by the danger "that he did not utter a word for half an hour. Every one else was equally surprised. Messengers were dispatched to all the Southern colonies to call in their stores," and the secret was kept within the knowledge of the council of war only. The orders show how uneasy the officers were on this score, and how much the soldiers regarded their occupation as a kind of lark. "Every person that fires his gun without positive orders to be punished immediately by a regimental court-martial." "It is impossible to conceive upon what principle this strange itch for firing originates, as it is rather a mark of cowardice than bravery to fire away ammunition without any intention." "There being an open and daring violation of a general order in firing at geese, as they pass over the camp, General Greene gives positive orders

that any person that fires for the future be immediately put under guard. Every officer that stands an idle spectator, and sees such a wanton waste of powder and don't do his utmost to suppress the evil, may expect to be reported."

The gradual unification of the army was significant of the increasing solidarity of the young nation, and ideas which had been slowly spreading were quickened and made vigorous during that winter before Boston. The very existence of the army was a visible, tangible evidence of a common country. "I found," Dr. Belknap writes, when visiting the camp in October, "that the plan of independence was become a favorite point in the army, and that it was offensive to pray for the king." Thacher in his *Journal* notes that a public fast had been appointed throughout the colonies, "the first general or continental fast ever observed since the settlement of the colonies," and *Madam Draper's News Letter* calls attention to the circumstance that the Thanksgiving proclamation in November ends with "God save the people" instead of "God save the king." The tories in Boston were quick to catch that sound; they had heard something like it before from Sam Adams. The first day of the new year witnessed in a peculiar degree the outward sign of this national growth. On that day, amidst much anxiety, the new continental army was mustered in, and that army was the result of Washington's absorbing endeavor to construct an army representing the entire country; on that day, too, was received in camp the king's speech at the opening of Parliament, in which the rebellious war was denounced and the purpose of the government declared to hold with an iron hand the colonies in America. On that day, most significant of all, the Union flag of thirteen stripes was for the first time raised. "A volume of them" (the king's speeches), writes Washington, "was sent out by the Boston gentry, and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them without knowing or intending it; for on that day, the day which gave being to the new army, but before the proc-

lamation came to hand, we had hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United colonies. But behold, it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear by a person out of Boston last night. By this time I presume they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines."

From the first there had been occasional encounters of the two armies, which were made quite as much of by the country as the facts would warrant. The courage of the soldiers was tested by these frequent encounters, and the confidence of their officers in them increased, although the daring was sometimes looked upon by the moderate men as foolhardiness. So Dr. Belknap, after relating an exploit in October when a couple of floating batteries annoyed the enemy, says, "This manœuvre is not generally approved by thinking people; it seemed to be rather a military frolic than a serious expedition." But in truth the condition of the Americans required them much of the time to repress their military ambition rather than give vent to it. "We are just in the situation," writes Joseph Reed, "of a man with little money in his pocket; he will do twenty mean things to prevent his breaking in upon his little stock. We are obliged to bear with the rascals on Bunker Hill, when a few shot now and then in return would keep our men attentive to their business and give the enemy alarms." Meanwhile the brilliant capture by Captain Manly of the British ordnance brig Nancy, laden with military stores, not only added to their scanty stock of ammunition, but gave an impetus to their courage and resolution. The coming in of recruits also, during the last month of the year, to take the place of those whose term of enlistment expired with the last day of the year, brought fresh vitality into camp and gave evidence of the energetic measures taken by the colonies.

To attack Boston was Washington's first wish. From the beginning, with all his sense of the inadequacy of the

material at his command, he was ready at any time, when he could bring the officers to agree with him, to strike the blow. He called a council for this purpose early in September, and again in the middle of October, but each time he was overruled in his purpose. He persisted, however, in urging it, and on the 22d of December, after long and serious debate, Congress passed a resolution authorizing Washington to make an assault upon the British forces, "in any manner he might think expedient, notwithstanding the town and property in it might be destroyed." On receipt of the resolution, he again called a council of war, throwing the whole weight of his influence in favor of an early attack. The terms in which he expressed himself illustrate the political view of the conflict which still lingered in men's minds. In his judgment "it was indispensably necessary to make a bold attempt to conquer the ministerial troops in Boston before they could be reinforced in the spring, if the means should be provided and a favorable opportunity should offer." Men still clung to the delusion that they were fighting an administration, but that the king was on their side. So the government party and forces in Boston were frequently termed Gageites. The result of the council was a requisition on Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire for thirteen regiments of militia, to remain until the end of March, with the expectation of making a movement as soon as they should arrive.

Meanwhile, as the new troops came in, Washington still found himself miserably supplied with military stores. "There are near two thousand men now in camp without firelocks," he writes on the 9th of February, and he is at his wits' end to procure arms; and on the next day, writing to Joseph Reed, he declares, "My own situation is so irksome to me at times, that if I did not consult the public good more than my own tranquillity, I should long ere this have put everything on the cast of a die. So far from my having an army of twenty thousand men well armed, I have been here

with less than one half of that number, including sick, furloughed, and on command, and those neither armed nor clothed as they should be. In short, my situation is such that I have been obliged to use art to conceal it from my own officers."

Once more, on the 16th of February, Washington called a council of war and urged the attack, planning to cross the ice, which was solid from Dorchester Point to Boston Neck and from Roxbury to the Common; but he was overruled by the other generals, who maintained that they had not powder enough, and that the enemy's force was larger than Washington estimated it to be. But action of some kind was determined upon. The possession of Dorchester Heights was the point, and it was held that since that hill commanded the harbor, the British must be drawn into some movement, should it be occupied. Washington proceeded with alacrity to act upon the decision, with an ulterior purpose of following up the possession of the hill by attack if the opportunity was presented. He notified the Council of Massachusetts of his intention, and requested them to order the militia of the towns next to Dorchester and Roxbury to repair to the lines at these places with their arms, ammunition, and accoutrements, instantly upon a signal being given. It was now the beginning of March. The militia called for by Washington were rapidly coming in, and every preparation was made for the approaching venture. The minds of the men were impressed; a general order forbids games of chance, and the soldiers are reminded of the greatness of the cause in which they are engaged, reminded too of other things by the words, "It may not be amiss for the troops to know that, if any man in action shall presume to skulk, hide himself, or retreat from the enemy without the orders of his commanding officer, he will be instantly shot down as an example of cowardice; cowards having too frequently disconcerted the best-formed troops by their dastardly behavior." The activity in the camp was a more forcible reminder.

Material for intrenching, in the shape of bales of hay and movable parapets; bandages for dressing broken limbs; *bateaux* and floating batteries in the Charles River, — all indicated the approaching movement, and people within the town could see that the besieging forces were busy with some plan.

What the plan was, Washington took good care not to divulge. For three nights, those of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 2d, 3d, and 4th of March, a furious cannonade was kept up from Cobble Hill, Lechmere's Point, and Lamb's Dam, directed against Boston and intended to divert attention, for on the third night, when the sun had been down an hour, General Thomas, stationed in Roxbury, marched over to South Boston to take possession of Dorchester Heights. He had with him two thousand men with intrenching tools and material. It was an expedition differing from that of the June before, as the more settled purpose and knowledge of the men who marched differed from the ignorant bravery of the defenders of Bunker Hill. They were an hour reaching the hill. The moon was shining brightly, and the roar of cannon was heard all about them, as they set to work throwing up intrenchments. Along the road by which they had come they made a temporary barricade of hay to protect the carts as they moved back and forth, while two detachments of troops, four hundred each, were posted as watch and guard. The working party was under the direction of Gridley, who had planned the works at Bunker Hill, and of Colonel Rufus Putnam, a son of the general, and worked steadily for eight hours. Now, as before, the British commander discovered in the morning what the enemy had been doing while he slept. Two forts rose before him; Dorchester Heights was occupied with works that commanded both the harbor and the town. Now, as before, he must attack if he would hold his own, and there was no delay in the decision. Howe at once began his preparations for attack the following night, and Washington prepared to meet it. The works on Dorchester Heights were

strengthened; the forces there were increased by two thousand fresh troops; barrels filled with earth were ranged at the top of the hill, which were to be rolled down upon the advancing troops;¹ we can imagine the eagerness with which this frolicsome part would be carried out by the boyish soldiers. The bateaux on Charles River were ranged near the Cambridge shore, and four thousand men were drawn up under arms, ready to embark for a direct attack upon Boston. They were in two divisions, under command of General Greene and of General Sullivan, and were to land, one at the powder house, about half-way between Cambridge Street and Beacon Street, the other at the end of Leverett Street, and, meeting, to force the gates and works at the solitary land entrance on the neck, opening the town thus to the forces without.

A battle that was never fought has great possibilities in it, and when one considers the nine months' siege, the pressure brought to bear by the country, and the professional pride which a general must feel in an army which he has organized and equipped, it is easy to believe that Washington's eagerness to bring on an attack was the expression of a thorough conviction that an engagement then and there would have brought victory to the American forces, such a victory, moreover, as might have vast political results. The battle was not to be fought. The men were there, and the occasion; it was, besides, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, six years before, thus far the event that had laid strongest hold upon the minds of the people. "Remember it is the 5th of March, and avenge the death of your brethren," said Washington, as he moved among his men; but as the day wore on and all were breathlessly awaiting the attack, the March winds began to blow, the sea to rise, and when the night had come, the time set by Howe

for the attack, there was a tempest which came as an angel with a two-edged sword to smite both armies: the British could not cross to Dorchester Heights, the forces under Greene and Sullivan could not embark in their boats. The storm continued all through the next day, and the Americans took advantage of the delay to strengthen their works. When the storm was over, the situation was graver than before. The Americans were firmly intrenched, their works commanded the fleet in the harbor, and the batteries in the river could at once bombard the town. The delay had made an attack upon the hill more dubious than at first.

Howe called a council and presented the alternative of a disastrous attack or the saving of the army by evacuation. His own judgment was decisive in favor of evacuation, and his officers agreed with him, glad enough, also, no doubt, to get away from their cooped-up quarters. But the loyalists who had remained or had sought shelter in Boston were beside themselves with rage. They had in their zeal added contempt of the rebels to their loyalty, and it was impossible for them to remain. They made ready to leave with their military friends, but it was the scramble into the boats of selfish men from a sinking wreck. The whole town was thrown into agitation and confusion when the decision of the commander was known.² For ten days there was sleepless anxiety. The army was embarking and carrying away such stores as it could, destroying much that it must leave; plunder was going on upon all sides, authorized and independent, and as the day drew nearer for the departure of the troops, the excesses increased in spite of the following order from General Howe: "The commander-in-chief finding, notwithstanding former orders that have been given to forbid plundering, houses have been forced open and robbed, he is therefore under

¹ "A curious provision," says Stedman in his history, "by which whole columns would have been swept off at once. This species of preparation will exemplify in a striking manner that fertility of genius in expedients which strongly characterized the American army during the war."

² "Nothing can be more diverting than to see the town in its present situation; all is uproar and confusion: carts, trucks, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, coaches, chaises, are driving as if the very devil was after them." (*The Blockheads*, Act III., Scene 3.)

a necessity of declaring to the troops that the first soldier who is caught plundering will be hanged on the spot." The wind and weather delayed the departure, and Washington, who had been waiting impatiently for the troops to take their leave, began to suspect that Howe might be making only a show of leaving, in order to gain time for expected reinforcements to arrive. On the 16th of March, therefore, another forward step was taken in the fortifying of Nook's Hill, not far from the present Dover Street Bridge, a point still nearer to Boston and more completely commanding it. The British cannonaded it, but the fire was not returned, and as the act was one that threatened an immediate attack, Howe so understood it and obeyed the menace. Early the next day, Sunday, the garrison at Bunker Hill embarked. The movement was observed from the Cambridge shore, but as sentries still were seen in the fortress, there was some doubt as to the exact state of affairs. Two men were sent out to reconnoitre, and discovered that the sentries were wooden, whereupon a detachment immediately took possession, and another detachment was sent over to Boston to take possession there. From the camp at Roxbury the troops in Boston had been seen to embark, and a body of men came down the neck, unbarred the gates at the entrance, and marched into town, carefully avoiding

VOL. XXXVII. — NO. 222.

31

the crows' feet — iron points so arranged that, however the instrument was thrown on the ground, one point would always be thrust up — which had been sown by the British to impede the passage of cavalry; a somewhat ironical proceeding in the then state of that arm of the service. So a bloodless victory followed, instead of the encounter to which the troops had been looking. "The event," a British historian says with such complacency as he can muster, "justified the measure on our side by offering a larger field of action for the ensuing campaign, and baffling the conjectures of the enemy as to the object we had next in contemplation."

For two days restrictions were placed upon entrance and exit, until the town could be freed from the infection of small-pox, but on the 20th of March the army marched into Boston, the citizens began to flock back, the siege was raised, and a signal victory recorded for American generalship. Bunker Hill makes a sharper impression upon the imagination; daring, and grim, stubborn resistance were there; but in taking note of the characteristics of the conflict which accompanied the formal institution of the nation, the siege of Boston gives us, in clear, unmistakable lines, the resolution, self-reliance, patience, and far-sightedness which were as distinctly present in the character of the people and their leaders.

H. E. Scudder.

LIERNUR'S PNEUMATIC SYSTEM OF SEWERAGE.

THE important problem of town sewerage seems to be seeking its solution by the aid of all the natural elements. Water and earth have had their trials and have been more or less successful, and now an ingenious Dutch engineer has called air into requisition, and promises to solve all the difficulties which have been but partially overcome by previous systems.

Captain Charles T. Liernur, of Holland, a military and civil engineer of much experience (long a railroad engineer in America), has devised a system for which he claims great results, and which, theoretically at least, seems to possess advantages far beyond those of any other that has been applied to densely populated town areas. This system has, as yet, been too incompletely tested, and some of its important supplementary details have been too little experimented with, for one to say definitely that it is an assured success which is entirely to drive from the field the water sewerage now in such general use; but its claims are set forth with such positive assurances of merit, and its various parts seem to have been so well considered, that it is worthy of more than passing notice as merely a curious mechanical contrivance.

As every important invention in connection with the removal of the faecal matter of towns should be approached in a hopeful spirit, and encouraged by the fullest opportunity for its development, it will be best first to state what are, and what are to be, the mechanical details of Liernur's process, and what its adherents believe that it will accomplish.

The initial principle of the system lies in the suction to a central public reservoir of the accumulation of faecal material deposited in receptacles at separate houses, these being connected with this reservoir by air-tight pipes. The reservoir being exhausted of its air, the accumulations

are drawn toward it by pneumatic pressure. No matter how large may be the area occupied by the sewered houses, each district has its central reservoir, and these reservoirs are in turn and in like manner themselves discharged into a main vacuum chamber at any convenient point, being connected with this by a similar system of pneumatic pipes. The deposits at each house are first removed to central points in their districts, and the whole mass is by a second or even by a third operation drawn to the main depot, where it is to be disposed of according to the requirements of the conditions of health, and most conveniently for agricultural use.

The invention has grown gradually from small beginnings, and it has been in one or two instances applied over large areas with very satisfactory results. As the system in a town of even the largest size is merely an aggregation of smaller systems, to describe one of these latter will suffice for an understanding of its principles.

We will assume, then, a level town area of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty houses of medium size. In the centre of this area, in the middle of a street, and far enough below the surface to be secured against frost, there is sunk an air-tight iron reservoir having two openings at its surface, to either of which an air-pump connection, or the connecting pipe of an exhausted receiver may be attached. The air-pump attachment, used to create a vacuum, opens into the top of the reservoir, while the attachment of the exhausted receiver, being intended to suck out the liquid contents, is connected with a pipe reaching nearly to the bottom.

When the air-pump is applied for the exhaustion of the air of the reservoir, it creates a partial vacuum, which extends through the whole series of pneumatic pipes connected with it, and the pressure of the air entering at the remote open

ends of the pipes drives forward toward the vacuum-centre all of their liquid accumulations.

After the reservoir has become filled, the pipe reaching to its bottom is attached to the previously exhausted receiver, into which the liquid is drawn. Main pipes, under ground, running through the streets, or through the spaces between the backs of houses, and with branches to or under the houses themselves, allow the accumulations of the house closets to flow to the reservoir whenever a vacuum is established and is, by the opening of stop-cocks, brought to bear upon them. The closets of each house, which may be placed one over the other on the different stories, are connected with the branch pipe described, having a vertical or nearly vertical fall to the point of junction. When the cocks are opened, so that these branch pipes are brought into direct communication with the vacuum, every house pipe, being open at its upper end, becomes a source of pressure, and the air in seeking to fill the vacuum carries before it whatever matters may be accumulated within it.

In the earliest introduction of the system, each house branch was supplied with a cock, so that after the reservoir had been exhausted of air the opening of each of these, for a moment, caused the contents of its pipe to be thrown rapidly forward toward the street reservoir; but as there was no means of knowing the exact time needed for the emptying of the contents of each pipe, either there was necessarily incomplete work, or more air was admitted than the work required. Later, there was substituted for these stop-cocks an arrangement of self-acting air-traps which entirely overcame the difficulty. These traps give equal barometric resistances, and by their aid the accumulations of each house, be they great or small, far or near, are discharged with absolute uniformity and regularity by the opening of a single cock in the main pipe with which the house branches are connected. These automatic traps, depending for their action on this equal barometric

resistance, are not merely effective for the purpose for which they were intended: they are also interesting as a most ingenious and curious invention. Their action may be easily explained.

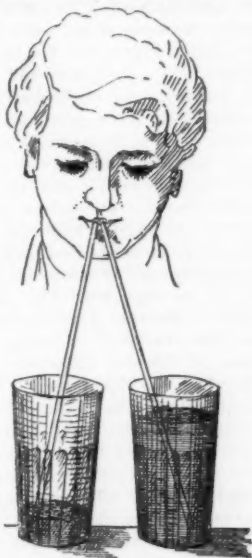


Figure 1.

The accompanying diagram (Figure 1) shows two tumblers containing water. One is nearly filled and the other has but an inch of water at its bottom; the difference in height between the two levels of the water we will assume to be two inches. The barometric resistance (against suction) is greater, by the pressure due to a column of two inches of water, in the one than it is in the other. Into each of these two tumblers a glass tube is inserted, and the ends of both tubes are taken into the mouth at the same time. We will assume that the vertical height between the surface of the water in one of the tumblers and the mouth is four inches, and between the surface of the water in the other tumbler and the mouth is six inches; consequently in one case there is a column of four inches of water to be lifted, and in the other a column of six inches. Now if

one sucks very gently on both tubes, that is, if both are *slowly* exhausted by the same mouth, water will flow only from the tumbler which is the fuller, or from which the shorter column is to be lifted, until the level of its water is reduced to the level of the water in the other tumbler; then, the height to be overcome being equal, there will be an equal flow from each tumbler until both are exhausted. No matter how much water there may be in one vessel nor how little in the other; if the same slow draft is made on both at the same time, the flow will always be entirely from the one standing at the higher level, and after the equilibrium is established there must be an absolute equality of level preserved until both are exhausted. The same effect will be observed if we experiment with a dozen tumblers, all having their contents at different elevations; that one in which the liquid stands at the highest level will be discharged first; when this reaches the level of the second, these two will be discharged together; when these descend to the level of the third, the three will deliver equally; and so on until the whole series, offering an equal resistance to an equal force, deliver their contents at the same rate.

Captain Liernur has applied this principle of barometric resistances to his pneumatic tubes by giving to each (for convenience, before it leaves the premises by which it is supplied) a break, or abrupt change in elevation, of exactly one foot. It is necessary that there should be always a distinct fall, or inclination toward the direction of the flow of the pipe, so that its liquid contents may move forward without halting at any point to deposit silt, which might in time obstruct them. Practically, it is said to be best to give an inclination of one foot in a length of fifty feet. This is the minimum; the maximum may be whatever circumstances require. In a level district all the pipes of the system may have this minimum inclination, but where the town is built on irregular surfaces one pipe may lie at this slight pitch, and the very next one may, without detriment, have an inclination of

forty-five degrees or more. All tend toward the same central point, and may have more or less fall in that direction. But each pipe has its flow interrupted by the trap or vertical step referred to.

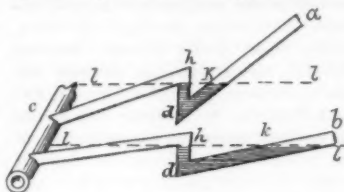


Figure 2.

Figure 2 shows two such pipes, leading from two different houses and delivering to the same street main: *a* is a pipe with a very steep inclination, and *b* is a pipe at the minimum inclination. The dotted lines *l l* show the height to which the liquid must rise in the pipes toward *a* and *b* before it can begin to flow over the high points *h*. If the production of either house is more than enough to fill the depression in the pipe below the dotted lines, any addition to the quantity will simply cause a discharge by gravitation over the angle *h*, and the liquid will flow on by its own force toward the reservoir. This flow will of course continue so long as there is an addition to the volume at the higher end, but the amount of liquid standing below the level of the dotted lines must always remain there until some artificial force is applied to move it. Now suppose the suction of a vacuum to be applied at the main pipe *c*, the pressure of the air is brought to bear on the surfaces of the liquid at the points *k*, forcing the whole mass forward over the high points *h*. The flow begins at the same instant in both pipes, but as there is a larger volume in the pipe having the more gradual (and longer) slope, and as the vertical descent of the two surfaces must be exactly the same, the amount flowing out of the pipe *b* will be greater than that flowing out of the pipe *a*, until *k* has descended to the lowest point *d*, when in both pipes there are equal columns to be overcome (from *h* to *d*), each twelve inches high, and, as the

pressure is equal, these are drawn over simultaneously. This principle is applied in practice even to one hundred and fifty pipes subjected to the force of the same vacuum, so that those of a whole district are exhausted at the same moment.

In addition to the difference of inclination, there is also a great difference in the quantity of material to be treated, and these different quantities are equally well managed by the same system.



Figure 3.

In Figure 3, *c* is the main pipe connected with the vacuum chamber. We will suppose *a* to be the outlet pipe of a large hotel, and *b* that of a small cottage in which only two persons are living. The pipe *a* receives an amount of liquid which will fill the space below the lines *ll* in an hour. During the remaining twenty-three hours of the day its sewage matter flows on directly toward the central reservoir; but the accumulation in the pipe *b* is only sufficient during twenty-four hours to fill the vertical part of the pipe between *h* and *d*. Of course this matter will lie level in the angle, and will rise but a part of the distance between *d* and *h*. When the vacuum is applied, the atmospheric pressure at *b* bears down upon the small supply and tends to raise it toward *h*, but at the same time an equal pressure in the pipe *a* is forcing forward the contents of that pipe and pouring them over the height. The contents of *b* cannot reach the point *h* until the quantity in the pipe *a* is reduced to the same amount, that is, until the whole pipe between *d* and *a* and *d* and *b* is emptied; then there will stand in the two pipes two columns, each twelve inches high, ready to pass over at the same moment.

This device has enabled Liernur to do away with every faucet or stop-cock in his whole system of pipes, except a single one in the main. By opening this the force of the vacuum is brought to

bear equally and instantly upon the house pipes of the whole system, with a quick pneumatic shock whose suddenly applied force is deemed important. It is thus made certain that there can at no point be a useless escape of air, until every one of the pipes has been exhausted of its contents; of course, at the angle, a small quantity will fall back after the air begins to flow over.

The arrangement of house closets is very simple: they are, wherever practicable, for economy's sake placed vertically one over the other on the different floors, in order that they may reach the outflow through the same down-pipe. The closet, as originally made, is a simple funnel of iron or earthenware with a bend trap at the bottom, as shown in

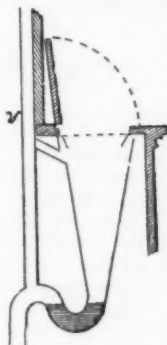


Figure 4.

Figure 4, a pan of enameled iron or whitened earthenware being inserted at the top for better appearance. From the highest point of the main pipe, outside of the trap, there rises a ventilating pipe *v*, reaching above the top of the house, and this pipe has a branch for the ventilation of the funnel, which it enters near its top, at a point behind the pan. The action of this branch is to afford an outlet for gases forming in the funnel and to cause a down draught when the lid is opened, so that there may never be an escape of foul air into the room. It is recommended, when practicable, to place these closets next to the outer wall of the house and to supply each with an open window, or in some manner to give a thorough ventilation. The pipes descending from the closets, the service pipes of the different houses, and the mains in the streets (in each district) are all five-inch cast-iron pipes, secured at the joints in the same manner as gas pipes.

So far as the emptying of the closets

is concerned, it is claimed that the system, as described, is entirely complete and satisfactory. The next problem was to apply it to the solid matters of the kitchen waste pipe. The amount of water flowing from the kitchen, from bath-tubs, etc., is much greater than it would be economical to treat by the pneumatic process, and a separate outflow is provided for them to the same system of sewers that is used for the removal of storm and subsoil waters.

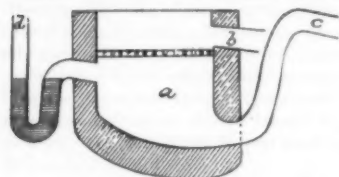


Figure 5.

Figure 5 shows the arrangement of the kitchen drain apparatus. *A* is a reservoir, say one foot square, furnished four inches below its top with a grate or screen fine enough to prevent the escape of any coarse matters which might obstruct the street sewer, or which it is worth while to preserve as manure. The bottom of the reservoir is curved, and is connected with a pneumatic sewer pipe; the outlet *c* takes, immediately, the rise of twelve inches needed to preserve the barometric resistance. The house drain *d* discharges its contents into the reservoir below the screen; it has a bend trap deep enough to give a decided resistance to atmospheric pressure. The flow from the house passes into the reservoir *a*, and its excess of water rises through the screen and flows off at *b*. During the day, more or less solid matter is accumulated below the screen, and when the pneumatic pressure is brought to bear, by opening the main pipe near the vacuum chamber, it is, simultaneously with the closet pipes, emptied of its contents, and at the same time whatever matters have adhered to the bottom of the screen are forcibly withdrawn by the pressure of air descending through it. In this way, while the chief volume of water or other liquid matters

is got rid of at once through the sewers, the more valuable solid material, which would create inconvenience in the sewers, and which has a manurial value, is added to the products of the closets for treatment with them during the subsequent processes of the system.

A locomobile engine having somewhat the appearance of a steam fire-engine, carrying a steam-engine and air-pump, and followed by a tender in the form of an iron tank, to which its air-pump may be attached, is used during the construction of the work, before the different street reservoirs are connected with a main central pumping station. The air-pump is attached to the opening at the top of the street reservoir, from which it exhausts the air, making about a three-quarter vacuum. The reservoir is then closed, and the air-pump exhausts the tank of the tender. This is then closed and its supply pipe is connected with the pipe reaching to the bottom of the reservoir, when, the valves being opened and the air being admitted to the top of the street reservoir, the contents of the latter are sucked into the tank, which may then be driven away to the point of discharge.

This locomobile serves to demonstrate the practicability of the system, and is an indispensable accompaniment of the earlier steps of construction. But its purpose is only a temporary one, and as fast as may be the street reservoirs are connected with the central station, by pipes which it is often necessary to make larger than five inches, owing to the quantity of liquid to be discharged through them. Each central station may answer for a district of say fifty thousand or sixty thousand inhabitants.

At this station a fixed engine and large receiving tanks serve for the numerous street reservoirs the same purpose that these (with the locomobile) originally served for the houses of their separate districts. The tanks at this station have sufficient capacity to receive the contents of the whole set of street reservoirs with which they are connected, and the engine has a sufficient power to maintain the required vacuum in these and in

the main pipes. By precisely the process heretofore explained the contents of the reservoirs are drawn to these tanks, and are made ready for their subsequent treatment.

The receiving tanks at the central station, which may be one or more in number, are large enough to store the contents of all the street reservoirs of the district. They are located in the basement, and each has an indicator by which the engineer can see when it is filled. We will now assume that all of the street reservoirs have been emptied, and that the tanks in the basement are filled. These tanks communicate by suction tubes with a similar tank elevated above the main floor of the building, which has also an indicator showing the level of its contents. This upper tank is exhausted of its air by the air-pump, and the communication between it and the bottom of one of the tanks in the basement being open, it fills itself with the liquid, which is now ready to be treated by the *poudrette* apparatus. For this purpose it is allowed to flow into a vertical tank, in the bottom of which there are coils of pipe connected with the exhaust pipe of the steam-engine.

The steam, on its escape from the exhaust valve, passes through a superheating chamber where the products of combustion on their way to the chimney, flowing around the coil, give the steam an additional heat. This reheated steam passing through the coils in the evaporating tank produces a furious ebullition and a rapid evaporation of the water of its contents. The vapors thus formed, being at the next stage of the process condensed, tend to produce a partial vacuum over the boiling liquid, so that this rapid evaporation may even take place at a temperature below that of boiling water. The condenser into which these vapors pass is a copper drum, the temperature of which they raise probably to two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. This drum revolves slowly, its lower part passing through the semi-desiccated, pappy liquid drawn from the evaporator first described. As it makes its slow

revolution it carries up a film of the pappy liquid, which the heat within renders perfectly dry, so that near the end of the rotation it may be scraped off by a stationary knife, and fall into a receiver below in a perfectly desiccated state, ready to be packed in bags or barrels for agricultural use.

This desiccated *poudrette* contains all or nearly all of the organic refuse of the household, not only the contents of the closets, but the particles of unused food, grease, and other solid constituents of the kitchen waste. The chief difference in condition between this *poudrette* and guano, or the manufactured *poudrette* of commerce, is that the matters it contains have had no opportunity to pass into a state of decomposition. Ordinarily, within thirty-six hours from the time of their production in the house they have all been transported to the central station without exposure to the air, desiccated, and packed away. As during the evaporating process a small quantity of sulphuric acid is added to the liquid, any ammonia produced by incipient fermentation is rendered non-volatile.

Concerning the value of this Liernur *poudrette* I have no other evidence than the report of Professor Voelcker's analysis given in Mr. Adam Scott's description of the system, in the Sanitary Record of November 21, 1874.

An analysis by Professor Voelcker, chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society, dated August 15, 1874, of a sample submitted to him by Sir Philip Rose, Bart., showed it to contain:—

Moisture	8.64
Organic matter ¹	62.96
Oxide of iron and alumina	3.29
Phosphoric acid	1.76
Lime	0.86
Chlorine	6.22
Sulphuric acid	6.02
Alkaline salts	8.20
Silica	2.06
	<hr/> 100.00

So far as I have been able to learn there has been no sufficient practical

¹ Containing nitrogen 9.35, 'equal to ammonia 11.35.

test made of the value of this *poudrette*, but when we consider the substances from which it is produced, it seems impossible that it should not have a great value, and Liernur and his advocates bring ample theoretical evidence in support of its claims. If it is true that the waste of the constituents of food which characterizes the domestic habits of all our towns is leading to the ultimate impoverishment of our fields, we can hardly regard with too much interest any process that promises to restore so nearly the entire amount consumed and squandered in our households.

Mr. Scott, in the article referred to, thus describes the practical working of the system:—

"The air-pump engine is set in motion, and maintains during the day a three-quarter vacuum in certain central reservoirs, placed below the floor of the building, and at the same time in the central pipes. Workmen perambulate the town, visiting each tank once a day. To drain the houses commanded by one tank, they alternately open the connecting cock of the central pipe and the stop-cock of any main pipe; the first to obtain a vacuum in the tank, the second to utilize this by emptying the closet-pipes connected with that particular main. After all the mains of the tanks in question have been operated upon, and their contents collected in the tank, the workman turns the discharging cock to send the whole mass to the central building for immediate conversion into *poudrette*. He then proceeds to the next tank, there to repeat the operation."

One of the minor objections anticipated by its inventor to the general introduction of this system is to be found in the fact that an influential class in every community where the water system has been introduced may object to any less fastidious substitute for the water-closet. To meet this objection there has been devised an apparatus, in which water is used, that seems completely to compass the requirements, but the practical need for its use is too slight for it to be considered as an essential part of

the system. And indeed it is better that at every step of the process there should be as little extraneous water as practicable thrown into the pipes. The natural product of liquid matters in every household is sufficient to insure the proper pneumatic action, and all additions beyond this create an increased demand for fuel for the final evaporation.

It is claimed by the advocates of the pneumatic sewerage that all other systems thus far tried, in addition to their danger to the public health, are necessarily and always very expensive, there being no offset in the way of profit that can possibly lessen the taxable charges required for their construction and operation. It is claimed also that these taxable charges are an excuse for the raising of rents, and consequently for the crowding of the working classes into smaller and less commodious and healthful quarters than they might have were the town free from the necessity for making this excessive yearly outlay.

It is no doubt too early in the history of pneumatic sewerage for figures based on actual experience to be adduced in support of its economy, but the published estimates, which so far as one can judge are based entirely on similar uses of steam, cost of laying pipes, etc., and which are apparently reliable and correct, show that so far from being a source of expense, the faecal matters of the town may constitute a reliable source of income. Such estimates have too often to be modified, in the light of subsequent experience in actual practice, to be relied upon with great confidence, but there seems to be a sufficient margin to cover any unforeseen contingencies and still to leave an important amount to be credited against the costs of working.

It is stated that the cost of the work in Amsterdam, including royalties, engineering, plant, machinery, and the necessary changes in houses, was not quite £2 10s. per inhabitant. To be on the safe side, Mr. Scott estimates that the cost in an English town would be £4 per inhabitant, and he applies his calculation to a town area of 250 acres,

with a population (75 per acre) of 18,750, placing the total cost of the works at £75,000. So far as the Liernur system alone is concerned, without referring to the storm-water sewerage, the cost would be, *pro rata*, the same for a small town as for a large one, provided the population is of the same density.

"Using the figures and proportions given by Captain Liernur, the following would be the estimate of working expenses per day:—

Coal.—Power of air-pump engine required, 80 indicated horse-power. Consumes, at 5 lbs. per horse-power per hour, in twelve hours, 4800 lbs. coal. Of the calorific due to this there is converted into work eight per cent., or calorific due to 384 lbs., leaving the calorific of 4800—384=4416 lbs. on hand for evaporating purposes. There are, however, to evaporate 54 ounces per day for 18,750 persons, making 63,281 lbs. water, requiring with drying apparatus <i>à double effet</i> , 63,281÷12=5273 lbs. of coal, for which there is left the above 4416. There is hence wanted 5273—4416=857 lbs. additionally to the 4800 lbs. of the air-pump engine, making in all 4800+857=5657, or say 2½ tons of coal per day, which, at 25s. per ton gives	£	s.	d.
Oil	3	2	6
One machinist and eleven laborers	0	4	0
Administration, repairs, and sundries	2	0	0
	6	0	0
Making per year, £8×365	2190	0	0
To this would have to be added,—			
For interest on capital of £75,000 borrowed from local board, including redemption, at four per cent. per annum	£3000		
For renewal fund of machinery, at eight per cent. on £3000	240		
	—3240	0	0
Total expenses	5430	0	0

"The income would be, however, the pondrette manure of 18,750 persons, which, at 10s. per head, gives annually the sum of £9375, leaving, after deducting above expenses, nearly £4000 annually as clear profit, after paying every charge."

This calculation is based on an estimate of ninety per cent. of water and ten per cent. of solid matter in the liquid as it is received at the central station. By an application of the same data to liquid containing ninety-five per cent. of water, the cost of evaporation with coal at twenty-five shillings per

ton would be £1081 in addition, which would reduce the net profit from £3940 to £2869. It is to be observed that with us his data would have to be materially changed, the cost of coal and labor being much greater, interest being at least six per cent. instead of four per cent., and the agricultural value of the product being certainly no larger.

What has been thus far given covers my knowledge of the Liernur system as derived from the various publications concerning it. It seemed worthy of further investigation, and I devoted some time to its study during a recent visit to Europe.

At Captain Liernur's office, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, I was shown the working drawings of every part of the system, and had all its details clearly explained by its very intelligent inventor, who to a thorough familiarity with modern sanitary engineering adds the most unbounded and enthusiastic belief in the merits of his own invention. I learned that steps are now being taken for an important trial in the city of St. Petersburg, at the hands of a company, who, upon its success being demonstrated, hope for a concession for the sewerage of the whole town. The conditions there existing are the same as in other places where actual trials have been made, save that the intense cold and the consequent necessity for placing the apparatus deep below the surface of the ground must increase the cost of construction, and, so far as house-pipes are concerned, may present many difficulties to be overcome. The use of the system at military barracks in Austria and Hungary was described as having been successful and profitable, but I was directed, for an ocular demonstration of pneumatic sewerage in actual operation, to visit Amsterdam and Leyden, in Holland, where the earliest trials were made, and Dortrecht, where the whole invention in its entirety is being adopted.

At Dortrecht, Liernur's partner, Mr. De Bruyn Kops, is constructing works for a large part of the town, to be subsequently extended over the whole. The central station was nearly finished, and

contained a thirty-five horse-power steam-engine, and an air-pump suited to its capacity; basement tanks capable of holding two days' product of the whole town; an elevated tank through which to transfer the liquid to the *poudrette* apparatus; and the apparatus itself, which was complete and had been in use. The superheating effect of the escaping products of combustion had been found insufficient, and a separate furnace with a small fire had been provided to raise the heat of the steam to the required point. The attempt to manufacture *poudrette* had not been entirely successful, that is, the product was rather moist and pasty than dry, and some modifications were being made in the machinery which rendered it impossible for the station to be at work during my visit. Pending these repairs the street reservoirs were being emptied by the locomobile, but as I was to see this in operation in Amsterdam, it was not thought worth while to bring it out. From the station we visited the poorest quarter of the town in which the pipes had been laid, passing through a district that still depended for its cleansing upon a sluggish canal, — a canal of the most offensive description, its surface constantly bubbling with the gases of the decomposing filth it contained. Similar canals had been filled up in front of the house connected with the pneumatic system, and this of itself should be a sufficient improvement to satisfy the Dordrecht authorities with their outlay. We visited closets in houses and in yards, and so far as I could judge from the manner of those who exhibited them, these were perfectly satisfactory in their operation. Equally unobjectionable closets in the houses of people of a corresponding class I have never before seen, and my general impression of the condition of the work in this town was that it may be in a fair way to prove all that its inventor claims for it, except possibly in the manufacture and value of the *poudrette*.

The next day we went to Amsterdam, where (and at Leyden) the first experiments with the system were made. It is now in universal use in nine consid-

erable sections of the town, and is being gradually extended. The *poudrette* apparatus is not in use there; indeed, the only set thus far put up is the one now being experimented with at Dordrecht. At all the stations in Amsterdam the liquid is run into barrels and transported to the country by canal-boats, being sold, thus far, for a nominal sum, very much less than would be its value here.

At the first station which we visited the engine was out of order, and we could see nothing; but at the second station it was demonstrated in my presence that the working of the air-pump and its effect on the street reservoirs of its district are entirely satisfactory. The liquid was transferred from house pipes to several street reservoirs, from these to the basement tanks at the station, and from these to the elevated tank from which the barrels are supplied, with certainty and regularity. In one case it was necessary to carry a main pipe, by a siphon, under a canal, and the transferring of the liquid through this was entirely successful. Indeed, if the object were only to transport in a quiet, inoffensive, and entirely hidden manner the products of private houses to a depot whence they can be inoffensively shipped to the country, my investigation seemed to prove clearly that entire success had been attained.

I hoped before leaving Holland to be able to see the Dordrecht *poudrette* works in successful operation; but a further trial, although it showed a great improvement, left something still to be desired, and the apparatus was not in satisfactory working at the time of my leaving the country.

In Amsterdam we visited a great number of houses of all classes, — a large children's hospital, private houses of the best class, tenement houses occupied by working people, an old ladies' home, and in one case a nest of sailor boarding-houses, which were said to be the worst in the whole town. This examination was of course made under the guidance of one who was interested in the success of the system, and it is possible that, had I been conducted by one op-

posed to it (and there are such), I might have been shown instances of failure. As it was, I can only say that under all the circumstances and conditions, both where the greatest attention was given to cleanliness and where the greatest neglect seemed to prevail, I found the condition of affairs in all cases good, and among the lower classes infinitely better than would be found in similar establishments in London or in New York, where the water system and the common vault prevail, though to the eye a well-kept water-closet is preferable.

Subsequently I took occasion to talk with several gentlemen of intelligence in Holland about the success and the prospects of the system. Of these, none were opposed to it, and some favored it very strongly. Mr. Van der Poll, the Dikegraaf of the Haarlem Lake Polder, who is an engineer of high standing and of sound judgment, gave it as his opinion that it must inevitably come into universal use in all the towns of Holland, although he was not prepared to say that it is better than water sewerage for places where a good and suitably located outfall can be had. Another friend was glad to get my opinion, for the reason that so much passion had been shown in all discussions of the subject in Amsterdam that it was impossible for disinterested persons to weigh the evidence for or against it. It was stated that there had been very serious opposition, and that the early introduction and working had been embarrassed by the fiercest opposition of the chief official who was directed with its execution, but that in spite of this, and of all the drawbacks attendant upon the education of the people in a new process, and all the mistakes inseparable from the practical development of a new invention, it had steadily made its way in popular favor, and had especially won the approval of the city officials, under whose direction it is now carried on. (An official told me this.) In one instance a large speculator in real estate, one who buys blocks of ground and builds houses for sale, had been originally a very strong opponent, protesting most earnestly against the in-

troduction of the system in districts in which he was interested. He is said now to petition for its introduction in each new district in which he buys property.

These statements are made with the reiterated qualification that my investigation was made under the guidance of one who is pecuniarily interested in the invention, and who had it in his power to mislead me, but who, I am glad to say, impressed me as a frank and fair-minded gentleman, who made no attempt to conceal defects, or to bias my judgment. Since my return I have learned that Dr. Folsom, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health, found his inspection of the working of the system in Amsterdam very unsatisfactory.

The question that naturally suggests itself is whether Liernur's pneumatics are to solve the whole sewerage problem. It would no doubt be safe to answer this, at once, in the negative, but it should be a negative with many qualifications. The whole problem is now so entirely unsolved, and is so embarrassed with intricacies and difficulties at every turn; it is of such vital consequence when regarded from the point of view of the public health; and it appeals so directly to the strongest interest of every householder, that no one interested in the subject can fail to give very careful attention to any suggestion of relief which promises so much as Liernur's does promise, and which is in all its details so complete and so well-balanced, and is apparently so successful in each department of its mechanical action.

On the other hand, we have been so long relying on the system of water carriage, and we have so long ascribed to it every advantage, only to find it riddled and honey-combed with faults, as time has brought us better acquainted with it; and a large class has placed such implicit confidence in the dry-earth system, only to find it almost impossible of introduction in an average community, that no one who has been long interested in the general question can be expected to glow with enthusiasm over any new

process that may be brought to notice. Liernur has struck out a new path, but it is a new path in an old field, in which we have learned to look out for pitfalls and ambushes at every step. We may well hope (and I unreservedly believe) that there is much in his invention that is of intrinsic value, and that it will perhaps accomplish all that we have so long sought. At the same time its success is certainly not to be achieved through a blind enthusiasm, ready to accept it as the final cure of the great and universal disease in our domestic economies against which it proposes to contend.

While, therefore, it is to-day unquestionably the most interesting new fact in sanitary engineering, and is worthy of the most careful experiment and even the most expensive investigation at the hands of local governments, the investigation and the experiment should be made with a clear understanding that the time given to them and the money spent upon them may bring but little return. The difficulties we are contending with are so grave, and the dangers to life and health and usefulness are so threatening, that we may well afford to tax ourselves as largely as may be necessary in order to demonstrate whether this new process, for which so much is claimed and which has so many firm adherents among those who have been living under its daily operation for some years, is or is not to open the door for our escape. Much that has hitherto been written about it has been of that enthusiastic and confident character that made its success appear at first blush a foregone conclusion. It seems to be better that, however great our individual confidence may be, — and I repeat that my own is very great, — we should undertake this trial resolutely and determinedly, but should at the same time be quite prepared for entire or partial failure.

The more ardent advocates of the system lay great stress upon its economical features, and seem to depend very much upon the prospect of profit for the reinforcement of their arguments. Let us rather take the wiser course of throw-

ing the questions of profit and economy entirely into the background, where they belong. This is a subject that reaches much further than any pecuniary interest, and it is one whose pecuniary interest centres much more in the lengthened life and full, healthful efficiency of our populations than in any question of the cost of constructing works, or of proceeds from the sale of manure. If it is found that with our price of machinery, labor, fuel, interest, and manure we can sell the product of Liernur's poudrette apparatus or the liquid drawn from Liernur's vacuum tanks at a price that will give a profit, or even will help materially to defray the expense of the system, it will be so much gained; but our people are quite prepared to take such a view of the sanitary question as makes all this far less than secondary. If the elements of fertility can be saved for return to our fields, and so continue and increase our prosperity, the benefit resulting will be immeasurable; but this benefit is, to the common understanding, too vague and theoretical to have much influence on the minds of the average denizens of towns.

Any prudent community, interested in the reformation of its present health-destroying process, will naturally and properly set aside all considerations of this character, and make their investigations of Liernur's pneumatic sewerage, or of any other system that may promise them relief, with an almost sole view to the completeness of its sanitary advantages, and to its practicability from a mechanical and commercial point of view.

All that it is safe to say about the system now, in its relation to our own condition, is that it is, as regarded in the light of what we know about the water system and the dry-earth system, sufficiently promising to justify the most energetic investigation. So far as I know, its opponents have adduced nothing against it that may not be remedied by practicable mechanical improvements, and its advocates, who are many, speak of its advantages with a confidence that, often at least, has grown from favorable experience of its practical working.

George E. Waring, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. LOWELL's new volume¹ is made up of essays on five poets, Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, Keats,—names which loose the imagination upon as long and wide a flight as any others in literature can give it. These poets, superficially so different, are fitly grouped together, for they have all in greater or less degree become types, and they are all alike in that something personal of which Mr. Lowell says, "Some men seem always to remain outside their work; others make their individuality felt in every part of it; their very life vibrates in every verse; . . . the virtue that has gone out of them abides in what they do."

This is especially true of Dante and Keats, of the latter of whom Mr. Lowell said long ago, when he wrote the essay here reprinted with some slight changes, "Every one of Keats's poems was a sacrifice of vitality; a virtue went away from him into every one of them; even yet, as we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flush of his fine senses and the flutter of his electrical nerves." The whole essay on Keats is an exquisite piece of thinking and feeling, and is worthy to be ranked as it is here with the critic's maturest work. It is as solidly done as that on Spenser, and has an advantage over the paper on Milton because it is devoted almost wholly to the consideration of Keats, and very little to the consideration of his biographer and editor. In the case of Milton there is too much of Mr. Masson,—not for Mr. Masson's good, or that of the reader who might otherwise come unwarned to his work,—but too much for an essay which we would rather have all about Milton. We could wish that Mr. Masson, having once been well laughed at for his follies in general and particular, could be turned bodily out of the book, and his room filled up with what more Mr. Lowell might have to say of the poet. It can be answered, of course, that Mr. Lowell is at least ostensibly a reviewer, and that he must consider somewhat the book under review. Nevertheless one resents the intrusion of anything between him and the great matter of his

discourse, and would have him as little like other reviewers in this as he is in everything else. Most critics approach the book or author they are to treat with a certain fever of preference or of prejudice, but in Mr. Lowell the difficult science of determining whether a thing is good of its kind seems nature. A broad and vivifying light of common sense shines upon all the facts and traits which his conscientious study and his subtle perception reach; his art is a sort of constructive criticism, which gives you the part criticised as a living whole, and not a bundle of dead particulars, as critical analysis is apt to do. Dante is as tangible a presence in Mr. Lowell's book as if a commentator had never lived, and that august figure, which so many have labored to obscure, stands out in the relief and noble proportion of which any sincere and faithful reader of his poem may have glimpses if he will keep his mind clear of the rubbish of centuries of supposition and attribution. The Dante of Mr. Lowell is not a political dreamer, not a vindictive refugee, punishing in his hell the parties and persons who have exiled him, not a ferocious bigot, but a man full of devout reverence for philosophy and truth, deeply religious, and a patriot wiser than most statesmen of his time, and willing to own a larger country than Florence, but by no means forecasting a united Italy. But above all, he is, what we chiefly know him to be when we read him, a poet,—mystical in form, because he was a literary man of the thirteenth century, and in his art and essence sublimely simple, because he is a poet for all the centuries.

"He discovered that not only the story of some heroic person but that of any man might be epical; that the way to heaven was not outside the world, but through it. Living at a time when the end of the world was still looked for as imminent, he believed that the second coming of the Lord was to take place on no more conspicuous stage than the soul of man; that his kingdom would be established in the surrendered will. A poem, the precious distillation of such a character and such a life as his through all those sorrowing but undependent years, must have a meaning in it which few men have meaning enough in

¹ *Among my Books*. Second Series. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

themselves wholly to penetrate. That its allegorical form belongs to a past fashion, with which the modern mind has little sympathy, we should no more think of denying than of whitewashing a fresco of Giotto. But we may take it as we may nature, which is also full of double meanings, either as picture or as parable, either for the simple delight of its beauty or as a shadow of the spiritual world. . . . The secret of Dante's power is not far to seek. Whoever can express *himself* with the full force of unconscious sincerity will be found to have uttered something ideal and universal. Dante intended a didactic poem, but the most picturesque of poets could not escape his genius, and his sermon sings and glows and charms in a manner that surprises more at the fiftieth reading than the first, such variety of freshness is in imagination."

To the lover of Dante this essay will be a delight, and to the student an instruction, such as our tongue does not otherwise afford. We are hardly willing to claim less for either of the other essays in its way. Hazlitt alone is worthy to compare with Mr. Lowell as a critic of English poetry, and even he has not our countryman's vast reach and thorough study. Imagine criticism with the appreciative humor of Lamb's, the keen, poetic sympathy of Hunt's, the artistic insight of Hazlitt's, and you have something like Mr. Lowell's, but nothing quite like it till you have added his own erudition. It is an infinite pity that the same hand which has given us these delightful desultory papers on English poets should withhold that continuous history of English poetry which no other has ever been so able to write. To think of M. Taine deepens the sense of deprivation almost insupportably. Besides, if Mr. Lowell had once set about so spacious a work as this, he might feel like economizing somewhat the affluence of imagination and suggestion that now floods his page, to the embarrassment of people accustomed to have thoughts come at longer intervals in their reading. His work is, in truth, not to be hastily run over by any, and one must read slowly if he would receive everything that is said. This lavishness is not merely the poet's present mood; it marks the paper on Keats, mainly written in 1856, as strongly as that on Milton, which was written last year. They are alike full of a mellow and long-boarded pleasure in the study of

the poet, and of a wise and ripe judgment. The Keats seems to us an almost perfect treatment of the subject, and it has passages that haunt the memory like the highest verse. We have quoted one of these, but the same tender yet restrained feeling for the poet makes the whole essay beautiful, and gives its criticism a tone that we find nowhere else.

The Spenser is imaginably one of those things in which the writer has taken the greatest pleasure. It advances from point to point with a sort of luxurious leisure, which has its response in the charmingly informal manner—a manner more personal than that of any other of the essays.

The criticism of Wordsworth is rather sketchy in structure as compared with the mellow perfection of the Spenser and the Keats, but we fancy it is of equal value as an estimate of the poet. It comes, after Wordsworthism has long triumphed in our poetic art and is, as it were, waiting to be superseded,—

"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"

and renews our sense of his greatness, while it follows his foibles with a most good-natured and delightful humor, and contrives with a sort of reverent amusement to set that outwardly formless greatness on high, where if any will climb he can see how inwardly beautiful and perfect it is.

—Mr. Bancroft has at length completed the publication of his valuable history of the native races of the Pacific coast,¹ and it stands to-day as one of the most valuable productions of American scholarship. From the vastness of the ground covered, the careful research it displays, and its unflinching, impartial treatment of the material collected, it is by all odds the most important contribution made to the subject of the early history of this country. In speaking of the preceding volumes we have expressed the feeling which they must inspire in all who read them, of respect and gratitude to the author for his admirable execution of so heavy a task. In mentioning the appearance of this last one we can only repeat the praise already given.

In this volume Mr. Bancroft runs over briefly, as they deserve, all the various conflicting theories concerning the origin of the native races of this country, which trace them back, according to the fancy of the investigator or manufacturer of the hypothesis. Primitive History. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

¹ *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume

esis, to their Chinese, Hindu, Japanese, Tartar, Egyptian, Phœnician, Carthaginian, Hebrew, Scandinavian, Celtic, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, Greek, or Roman ancestors. Since it has been impossible to come to any definite solution of this perplexing question, and since also the autochthony of the Indian races had to be denied because they were not accounted for in the early chapters of Genesis, hypothesis has run wild, and the arguments employed by some in defense of their theories read like a caricature of the approved methods of science. The early history of comparative philology alone shows similar unwisdom. The first Spaniards proved to their own satisfaction that Quetzalcoatl was St. Thomas, while Lord Kingsborough, who asserted that the Indians were derived from the Hebrews, thought that that great ruler was the Messiah himself. The notion that the Indians are descended from the lost tribes of Israel has its only sure ground in the apocryphal book of Esdras; from that point on it is wholly obscure and uncertain. The theory of Chinese origin which inspired Mr. Leland to write his *Fusang*, which we lately noticed in these pages, comes in for a few lines of unenthusiastic comment. All of these explanations are put before the reader without prejudice; he can choose his favorite theory, or, more wisely, leave them alone. He certainly has plenty to choose from. Lord Monboddo's patriotic belief that the Indians spoke the language of the native Highlanders is mentioned, as well as his statement that several lines of "Ossian's celebrated majestic poem of the wars of his ancestors" are to be found in the Indian war-songs. Dr. Johnson should have known this. By the way, it is probably a misprint that makes Lord Monboddo a writer of the seventeenth century, as is done on page 121; it should read eighteenth. Mr. Bancroft is very brief with regard to the learned Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, with his wild notion of a now submerged continent reaching from the shores of Central America to Europe, by means of which all the civilizations of Europe and Asia were derived from America. This explanation does not commend itself to most students, even if they have no other to put in its place, and Mr. Bancroft considered that an abridgment of the abbé's arguments would be unfair to him, while their full exposition would require too much space. It is with quiet humor that he goes

over this confused mass of theories, pointing out with the faintest possible sign of amusement some especially dreamy hypothesis. For himself he holds, until something different is proved, to the assumption that the Indians are autochthones; but whether they are or not is a question that may very possibly never be satisfactorily settled. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that this synopsis of all the theories, which Mr. Bancroft has made, may inspire with modesty those persons who consider that the origin of the American Indians is one of those questions which can be solved by a week's study.

Mr. Bancroft has ransacked ancient chronicles for the early history of the civilized tribes, and has put together out of them a complete although often contradictory record; for when authorities differ he gives both sides. This, it would seem, must have been one of the more difficult parts of his task. The Spanish historians accepted everything they heard with blind credulity; they were always on the lookout for corroborations of their theological tenets and of biblical history, and moreover their work even then had to go through the hands of the censors, who were anxious to remove anything derogatory to the church. Consequently our information reaches us by a very tortuous channel, and with flavors which were unknown at the fountain-head. No two men would agree, probably, about what was the true mean between skepticism and credulity in the matter, and Mr. Bancroft, whose opinion would inspire the greatest confidence, contents himself with merely submitting the evidence. That is his position throughout the book, and it is one deserving of the highest respect. We cannot help regretting that he has not at times spoken out more clearly, or at least we should regret it if he had not made it plain that his attitude of expectant doubt was after all the wisest one possible under the circumstances. A great deal will apparently have to be left in blank obscurity.

—Michelet says, at the close of his last book, that "it has sprung wholly from the heart; nothing has been given up to the intellect, nothing to systems." If he had added "little to truth," the confession would have been complete. The *Insect*¹ is plainly the work of an imaginative, impressionable, passionate man, who has sought to enter Nature's temple, but who, on the very threshold, has recoiled with horror before

¹ *The Insect*. By JULES MICHELET. With One Hundred and Forty Illustrations by GIACOMELLI, II-

lustrator of *The Bird*. London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1876.

a spider at its meal, been struck dumb with amazement at the glow-worm's light, or lost his wits at the near approach of a butterfly. He is enthusiastic, often charmingly so: he abandons himself utterly to his enthusiasm; but one wearies of it, and sighs for fewer adjectives and a little relief from the inexorable fury of his words. Worse than all, he frequently expends his enthusiasm upon imaginary objects, and in his statements mingles the true and the false in the most grotesque manner. Notice the following passage from his introductory chapter: "In the masses men have supposed to be mineral or inorganic, animals are now revealed to us of which it would take a thousand millions to form one inch in thickness, — the which do not the less present us with a rough sketch or outline of the insect, and have a right to be spoken of as insects commenced. And what are the numbers of these? A single species accumulates the Apennines out of its *débris*, and with its atoms has raised up that enormous backbone of America, the Cordilleras.

"Having arrived at this point, we think our review is ended. Patience! The mollusks, which in the Southern Seas have created so many islands, — which literally pave, as recent soundings have shown, the twelve hundred leagues of ocean separating us from America, — these mollusks are qualified by many naturalists with the name of embryo insects; so that their fertile tribes form, as it were, a dependency of the higher race; candidates, one might say, for the rank of insect.

"This is sublime."

Sublime indeed! The mysteries and marvels of the natural world need little embellishment; at least they are in themselves sufficient to provoke the interest and attention of the contemplative mind; but first to manufacture the marvel and then to revel in its mystery is the audacious delight of our new master.

A worse feature of the book, and one which marks other works of this author, is a certain looseness of expression and of ideas concerning the higher human emotions, as if they were quite one with brutish sensations. The same phrases are used in describing the animal instincts of a beetle as would be employed in expressing the most sacred human feelings and aspirations; in Michelet's terms a common sensual vehemence embraces both. This is indeed not everywhere apparent, but it lurks throughout the entire book, degrading the moral

tone; if the prevalent conception were always frankly stated, we should be appalled by its baseness, but it is none the less the undertone of the work. No single passage will fairly convey our meaning; but here is one selected at random: —

"Among most insects, marriage means the death of the father, maternity the death of the mother. Thus the generations pass away without knowing one another. The mother loves her daughter, anticipates her birth, often immolates herself for her sake, but will never see her.

"This cruel contradiction, this harsh denial which Nature opposes to the most pathetic aspirations of love, apparently inflames and irritates it. It gives everything unreservedly, knowing that it is for death. It draws from it two powers: on the one hand, unheard tongues of light and color, ravishing phantasmagorias, in which love is not translated, but expands in rays and pharos-fires and torches and burning sparks. It is the appeal to the rapid present, the lightning and thunder of happiness. But the love of the to come, the foreseeing tenderness for that which as yet is not, is expressed in another fashion by the astonishingly complex and ingenious creation of a store-house of implements, whence all our mechanical arts have derived their most perfect models."

But if we speak so harshly of the work itself, we must dwell in quite another strain upon the illustrations by Giacomelli. Anything so light, so graceful, so tropical, it would be hard to find. The designs are exquisite and the execution wonderful. The insects are full of the poetry of their own freedom of motion. They peer at you through the herbage, flutter among the vines, sip the honey from a hundred flowers, or dance a *pas de deux* in mid-air in most delightful wantonness. Whether it be a fly crawling up a wall, a swarm of ants on the march, a bee buzzing about an open flower, or a moth on swift wing, the naturalness of the objects is unsurpassable and the expression of their movement most delightful.

It has been the fashion with naturalists (as one of whom we speak) to praise with little discrimination all works which beckon the unattracted into the Elysian fields of nature. But if they are to be enticed by such false allurements as this work presents, new and still more seductive novelties will turn their unstable feet toward other realms, and leave us wishing that

these fantastic rhapsodies had been restricted to the language in which they were born.

—At the present day, when the Indian has fallen from his former high estate as hero of fiction and is generally treated with contempt and cruelty, it is interesting to come across a book that gives so unprejudiced an account of the red man as does this unpretending volume¹ by Mr. Thomas C. Battey. The author lived for eighteen months among the Kiowa Indians and eight months among the less savage Caddoes, and devoted himself to teaching the young braves and squaws. This is not a book made up for the market; it is marked by many literary faults, for which, however, the author apologizes, but it brings us something better than conventional smoothness, in the light it throws on the savage life of the West. Mr. Battey writes with the antique simplicity of Bunyan; here, for instance, is the beginning of the entry under Third month, 30th: "This morning, on awakening, a thought presented itself to my mind in such a manner as to affect me deeply through the day. It was as though I had distinctly heard the question audibly addressed to me, 'What if thou shouldst have to go and sojourn in the Kiowa camps?' The thought was entirely new to me, and, coming in the manner it did, it affected me to tears, looking as I have, and still do, upon the Kiowas as the most fierce and desperately blood-thirsty tribe of the Indian Territory." Although then in no bed of roses among the mischievous Caddoes, he yielded to the entreaties of Kicking Bird, a Kiowa chief, and went among the Kiowas to teach. The first day his school was opened, "a middle-aged man came in with an uplifted hand-ax, his face hideously painted with black lines, expressive of intense anger, advanced towards me with a most horrid oath in broken English, and, suiting his actions to his words, was, in appearance, in the attitude of striking me with the edge of his weapon;" but Mr. Battey "seized" this conservative "middle-aged man" "by his uplifted arm and put him out of" his tent. In general he seems to have been very little troubled, and when menaced he managed to get out of his difficulty by fearlessness or tact. Trotting Wolf had him to a breakfast of stewed wild plums, boiled corn and pumpkins, bread, and coffee,

and he was invited to witness the various war-dances, which he describes fully and entertainingly, but at too great length for quotation. The following story, however, deserves to be recorded: "To-haint (no-shoes), the great medicine chief, made medicine for clouds and rain. The rain came, with a tempest of wind and the most vivid lightning. Peal after peal of thunder shook the air. The ground was literally flooded. Two Cheyenne women were killed by the lightning. The next morning To-haint apologized for the storm. He was a young man, and had no idea of making such strong medicine. He hoped the tribe would pass by his indiscreetness. He trusted that as he grew older, he would grow wiser. The Cheyenne women were dead, not because of his medicine, but because of their wearing red blankets. All Indians know they should not wear red during the gust medicine dance of the Kiowas."

The book is filled with just such incidents as this, which throw a great deal of light on the manners of the Indians. Their superstitions are recorded, their dread of "bad medicine," and many of their peculiar traits. On the whole, this book is charming for its simplicity and unpretentiousness, as well as valuable for the amount of rare information it contains. It well deserves reading.

—Dr. S. Edwin Solly's pamphlet on the mineral-springs and climate of Colorado² is clear, sensible, and scientific, and appears to contain exactly the kind and degree of information which an invalid always wants about the health-resorts to which he is wildly recommended by his friends. The long list of initials appended to Dr. Solly's name, U. R. C. S. England, L. S. A. London, etc., advise us that if he does not know what he is talking about it is not the fault of the schools at home or abroad, and the modesty and lucidity of his style still farther confirm our conviction that he does know. Prefixed to the pamphlet is an analysis of the water of the six mineral springs at Manitou, by Prof. O. Leow, mineralogist and chemist of the Wheeler expedition. Dr. Solly goes on to show briefly and in popular language why it is that a smaller quantity of certain remedial agents, when found in natural solution in spring water, will usually influence the system

¹ *The Life and Adventures of a Quaker among the Indians.* By THOMAS C. BATTEY. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1875.

² *Manitou, Colorado, U. S. A. Its Mineral Waters and Climate.* By S. EDWIN SOLLY.

much more powerfully than a larger quantity in artificial combination. He then divides the famous mineral springs of the world into four principal groups, the chalybeate, the sulphureous, the acidulous or carbonated, and the saline, and assigns to the springs of Manitou their proper place in this classification. The general conclusion is that, with slight individual differences, they all come under the head of weak compound carbonated soda waters, resembling those of Ems and excelling those of Spa; that the Manitou and Navajo springs are especially to be recommended for those unsafe plethoric conditions which physicians bring under the head of increased venosity, the Shoshone and Little Chief are adapted to give relief in chronic derangements of the liver, and the Iron Ote is unhesitatingly advised for anæmic conditions and incipient phthisis.

With regard to the climate of Colorado, Dr. Solly launches into no raptures, but appends to his dissertation on the waters a synopsis of the weather at Colorado Springs during a single average year. This last page of the book will be to many the most interesting and impressive of all. From this we learn that during the three winter months of 1872-73 (a specially stormy and unpleasant season here) there were at Colorado Springs sixty entirely cloudless days, twenty-two more which were overshadowed but without storm, and only eight of actually "falling weather." We do not see how any Bostonian, with a memory of past years and a presentiment of future ones, can peruse this statement without a throb of impatience to be following the star of empire. It has occurred to most of us, during the few fine days of November and December, to cherish a fond but fleeting dream of a winter which should be all like these, with serene skies, moderate cold, little snow, and a relief to the eye, in constant soft, neutral tints, from the terribly refreshing green of growing vegetation. He who reads Dr. Solly's pamphlet, and afterwards devours, by way of dessert, H. H.'s eloquent *Symphony in Yellow and Red* in the December Atlantic, will perceive that upon the upland plateau of North America this dream may be realized, with the added delight to the eye of new and exquisite combinations and effects of color.

¹ *From Everglade to Cañon, with the Second Dragoons (Second U. S. Cavalry), 1856-1875.* Compiled by THEO. F. RODENBOUGH, Colonel and *Brevet* Brigadier-General U. S. A. Illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1875.

— Colonel Rodenbough's history of the regiment in which he was formerly a captain¹ is a curious, thorough, and valuable work of its kind. A map accompanying the volume gives all the great marches made by this body, its principal stations, and its battle-fields for nearly half a century, and impresses very forcibly upon one the varieties and vicissitudes which the regular soldiers of so vast a country as ours must encounter. The text still further illustrates this, and in the most vivid way. It is rather startling to read of "troops, barefooted, their pantaloons cut off as high as the knee by the saw-palmetto," in the old Florida war, campaigning in a heat without relief, and sinking to their waists in pestiferous black mud. But the Second Dragoons have journeyed through and fought in more than half the States and Territories, as well as in Mexico, with experiences much more thrilling in some of these places. Several of the narratives contributed by officers of the regiment are extremely spirited, and some of the best of the many songs scattered through the pages are also by them. The book is a mine for romancers and historians, and should be followed by similar histories of other organizations.

— The *Notes of Travel*² by Mr. C. J. Andersson is a very painful record of almost fruitless energy on the part of an intrepid but unfortunate man, who is already known to science by his explorations in Africa. In this last volume the main incidents are the combination of mischances by which he lost all his money; the way in which he became seriously crippled in a fight between two bands of natives; and his last illness. It is impossible to read the book without feeling that Mr. Andersson was a brave man, and this fact only adds to its depressing influence. Everything seems to have conspired to baffle and defeat him, yet he pushed on his way with indomitable energy, only to die in the wilds of Africa. While talking of this part of the book it may be permitted us to protest against the retention on the part of the editor of so much of Andersson's diary as referred to his illness. There is a sort of desecration in thus baring to us his last sufferings; surely it would have been sufficient to tell us that he died where and how he did, without giving us

² *Notes of Travel in South-Western Africa.* By C. J. ANDERSSON, author of *Lake Ngami, The Okavango River, etc.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

the painful particularity to be found in almost every one of the last fifty pages.

Of a very different sort are Andersson's numerous and interesting ornithological notes, such as those discussing whether the vultures and birds of that class are led to their food by the sense of sight or of smell. He believes that both serve as guides to these useful scavengers. Another noteworthy chapter is that on the lung-sickness, which was very fatal among the cattle. As he says, he spoke with authority, having lost more than two thousand head by the plague. The only cure with any pretensions to success was vaccination. What he has to say about the leopard will be found entertaining. The animal is about two feet seven inches high at the shoulder, and seven feet six inches is its maximum length. With these exceptions, the book is wholly made up of the author's adventures in South-western Africa, a good part of the space being devoted to an account of the internecine strife of the wild tribes. We cannot place the book very high among the many volumes devoted to African travel; it is by no means without value, but the confused arrangement of its contents and the faults we have already noted greatly mar it. A more liberal comprehension of the editor's duties would have obviated all these objections.

— Very rarely, we believe, is there given to the world a controversial book so fit to enlighten and do it good, as Mr. Matthew Arnold's last.¹ It is indeed controversial in form, merely. It answers objections urged against a previous work, but every fair-minded reader of God and the Bible must feel that the answer is published not to gratify personal pique or to display argumentative dexterity, but because the author is so very sure of the need and worth of the truth which he labored to tell in *Literature and Dogma* that he cannot help reiterating and enforcing it. And, for a wonder, which says much for the fine spirit and high motives of the man, the second affirmation, though unflinching, is a great deal more moderate, patient, and respectful in tone than the first.

Yet even so, and convinced as we are that the views maintained so ably in these two books are singularly adapted to clear and uphold a troubled mind, we cannot anticipate for these views, in precisely their present shape, an immediate or general

acceptance. The chief obstacle lies in the peculiarly unpopular temperament of the author. Matthew Arnold was born and bred (at Winchester School, not Rugby) an intense intellectual aristocrat. Like many another aristocrat, he has a heart really tender toward the human race, and a strong desire to help, and even serve it; but his manner continually belies him. He is earnest, he is rigidly simple in speech, he is even pathetically unpedantic; but it will not answer. The mass of both skeptics and believers feel that his attitude is *haughty*, and *hauteur* is what all masses hate, with anything but a holy hatred. Haughty, in their sense of scornful and unsympathetic, he is not, but it is no use denying that he is *dainty*; that he cannot for his life repress an occasional shudder, a movement of whimsical repugnance, at the vulgarity of the minds and the stupidity of the faiths he is forced to encounter; that he is, in short, irremediably *fine*, and, what is a little worse, less like a fine gentleman than a fine lady. It is no crime, and he cannot help it; but again and again his mien and method remind us of certain dear and delicate women, who are possessed by the generous desire of extending their own privileges to their less fortunate sisters, and who therefore seek the latter out in what are oddly called their "humble homes" or maybe even summon them to their own, and make most anxious and self-denying efforts to establish a community of interests with them. They are almost sure to fail. Anxiety cannot avail, self-denial still less, where in look and manner, speech and raiment, outline and color even, there is a tacit and, so to speak, helpless assertion of superiority. Just so with Matthew Arnold and his efforts at imparting to the base world of readers his own luminous views. By difficult and expensive processes he has won what he feels to be a precious conception of truth, and he wants to share it. Curiously, almost painfully, he seeks the very choicest words in which to express his thought, then utters it, and feels it ineffective. And then he tries to mend the matter by repeating his formula. We believe this to be the true history of most of those stereotyped definitions for the reiteration of which he has been so freely abused: "The Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness;" "the method" and "secret" and "sweet reasonableness of Jesus" and the "sweetness and light" of earlier days. To us, his manner grows every year more win-

¹ *God and the Bible. A Review of Objections to Literature and Dogma.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

ning; but even yet, as it would seem, he cannot quite understand why the phrase which to himself so perfectly embodies the result of his own long research and refined reasoning should be obscure and even irritating to the ordinary mind. It is always hard to say who is most to blame in cases like this and the parallel we have ventured to cite. It may be that there is very little blame due anywhere; that they are cases of misfortune rather than fault; but we strongly suspect that, of the two, the futile benefactor is to be justified rather than the stiff-necked beneficiary. And it is for this reason, and because we would so gladly persuade even one of the perplexed religious inquirers of the day to lay aside an idle prejudice and listen teachably to a noble voice, that we have dwelt so long on the author before speaking of his book. And also because we can well afford to allow his weak point, since the whole personality of the man, as revealed in his writings, has always appeared to us irresistibly attractive; his aim lofty and single, his courage admirable, his achievements durable, the swift and reflex action of his wit delightful even when it stings, and his very petulance a sort of grace.

The aim of Mr. Arnold in *God and the Bible* may best be described in his own words: "The reader will do well to keep in mind what is the one object we set before him in the present inquiry; *to enjoy the Bible and to turn it to his benefit.*" "Of biblical learning we" (in England, and *a fortiori* in America) "have not enough. Yet it remains true, and a truth never to be lost sight of, that in the domain of religion as in the domain of poetry, the whole apparatus of learning is but secondary, and that we always go wrong with our learning when we suffer ourselves to forget this. The reader of Literature and Dogma will allow, however, that we did not there intrude any futile exhibition of learning to draw off his attention from the one fixed object of that work,—religion. We did not write for a public of professors; we did not write to interest the learned and curious. *We wrote to restore the use and enjoyment of the Bible to plain people who might be in danger of losing it.* We hardly subjoined a reference or put in a note; for we wished to give nothing of this kind except what a plain reader, busy with our main argument, would be likely to look for and use. Our reader will trust us, therefore, if we now take him into this subject of the criticism

of the Canon, not to bury him in it, not to cozen him with theories of vigor and rigor, not to hold a brief for either the conservative side or the liberal, not to make certainties where there are none; but to try and put him in the way of forming a plain judgment upon the plain facts of the case, so far as they can be known." "We seek not to produce a complete work of ingenious criticism on the Bible, or on any one document in it; but to help readers, sick of popular and conventional theology, and resolved to take the Bible for nothing but what it really is,—to help such readers to see what the Bible really is, and how very much, seen as it really is, it concerns them."

This is an aim very unlike the rude and lusty iconoclasm of the ordinary rationalist, whether learned or unlearned. It is almost identical with that of the most pungent of our own writers, Gail Hamilton, in her amusing yet admirable *Sermons to the Clergy*. Wide as is the contrast in method and style between these two writers, they labor for the self-same end, and alike make their direct appeal to the most sincere and stable class of minds in the community.

Before proceeding to his criticism of the Canon, first of the Old and then of the New Testament, Mr. Arnold gives us a chapter on Miracles, and one on Metaphysics. He rejects without reservation the supposed proofs derived from either source of the existence of God and the authority of his revelations to man. The reasons drawn from miracles he dismisses "with tenderness," "for they belong to a great and splendid whole,—a beautiful and powerful fairy-tale which was long believed without question, and which has given comfort and joy to thousands. One abandons them with a kind of unwilling disenchantment, and only because one must." The reasons drawn from metaphysics, on the other hand (as illustrated principally by the famous argument of Descartes, *Cogito ergo sum*, etc.), he owns that he dismisses with "sheer satisfaction. They have convinced no one, they have given rest to no one, they have given joy to no one. People have swallowed them, people have fought over them, people have shown their ingenuity over them, but no one has ever enjoyed them. Nay, no one has ever really understood them. No one has ever fairly grasped the meaning of what he was saying, when he laid down propositions about God's finite and infinite substance, and about God's essence involving existence." "Sometimes," he says in

another place, "a youthful philosopher, provoked at our disrespect for metaphysics, tells us that he has been reading Hegel and would greatly like to have a word with us about *being*. Our impulse is to reply that he had much better have been reading Homer, and that about Homer we at any rate had much rather he should talk to us." To this cavalier *congé* the old accusation will of course be retorted, which Mr. Arnold so cheerfully admits, that he has himself no aptitude for metaphysics; and as a refutation of Hegel the above is certainly unsatisfactory. But whatever disgust such treatment of some of the sweetest studies that ever engaged the human mind may inspire in the few to whom metaphysics are a delight, it ought rather to attract that very much larger number to whom metaphysics are and ever will be a despair.

With regard to the Old Testament Canon, Mr. Arnold affirms that we can trace, "without coming down below the Christian era to listen to late and untrustworthy traditions," exactly how this Bible came together. To the strenuously guarded books of the Law were added, during the great revival of religion among the Jews under Ezra and Nehemiah, "the things concerning the kings and prophets, and David's things" or the Psalms (2 Maccabees ii. 13). And to this venerable collection he is far from assigning a merely historical value. Insisting still, as in *Literature and Dogma*, that of all nations the Jews have had the highest and truest ideal of righteousness or right conduct, and the clearest conception of an Eternal Power impelling to righteousness, he finds the more meditative portions of the Old Scripture unique in literature and altogether priceless.

In tracing the history of the New Testament Canon the author dwells chiefly upon the Gospels, as the earliest of these later records, and naturally the most mysterious in their literary origin; and to the Fourth Gospel—the favorite fighting-ground of modern skepticism—he devotes a minute critical discussion, occupying nearly one half of his volume. It is much the most valuable portion of the work, and seems to us the most valuable positive work which Mr. Arnold has yet accomplished. His theory, supported both by tradition and documentary evidence, is that the Apostle John, living at Ephesus in extreme old age, was entreated to make some record of his own reminiscences of the *sayings* of Jesus, rather than of the facts of his career, al-

ready recounted by the earlier evangelists John, being either unable or, as the tradition says, unwilling to make the record himself, told what he remembered to his brethren at Ephesus, and these fragments of actual recollection were subsequently combined and arranged by some Christian Greek of literary culture, Gnostic proclivities, and an ardent, poetical mind. This view is very strikingly supported both by external and by internal proofs; and the patient reader, saddened and baffled hitherto by the incongruities and even absurdities of this beautiful Gospel on the old theory of its authorship, while yet he has shrunk from the wholesale brutality of German criticism, branding as empty sentimentalism or deliberate romance some of the sweetest and most inspiring words ever recorded, will be amazed to find what trouble will vanish, what new force will be given to more than one distorted word, what clearness and quiet of mind will return to him, if he re-reads the Gospel of Saint John under our author's guidance.

Mr. Arnold's summing up of the results of his last labor is very impressive: "The Canon of the New Testament, then, is not what popular religion supposes; although on the other hand its documents are in some quarters the object of too aggressive and sweeping negations. The most fruitful result to be gained from a sane criticism of the Canon is that by satisfying one's self how the Gospel records grew up, one is enabled the better to account for much that puzzles us in their representation of Jesus—of his words more especially." "That miracles *cannot* happen we do not attempt to prove; the demonstration is too ambitious. That they *do not* happen, that what are called miracles are not what the believers in them fancy, but have a natural history of which we can follow the course, the slow action of experience, we say, more and more shows; and shows too that there is no exception to be made in favor of Bible miracles." "The charge of presumption, of setting one's self up above all the great men of past days, above 'the wisdom of all nations,' which is often brought against those who pronounce the old view of our religion to be untenable, springs out of a failure to perceive how little the abandonment of certain long-current beliefs depends upon a man's own will, or even upon his sum of powers, natural or acquired. Sir Matthew Hale was not inferior in mind to a modern chief justice because he be-

lieved in witchcraft. Nay, the more enlightened modern who drops errors of his forefathers by help of that mass of experience which his forefathers aided in accumulating may often be, according to the well-known saying, 'a dwarf on giant's shoulders.' His merits may be small compared with those of the giant. Perhaps his only merit is that he has had the good sense to get up on the giant's shoulders instead of trotting contentedly along in his shadow. Yet even this surely is something." "We have to renounce impossible attempts to receive the legendary and miraculous matter of the Scripture as grave historical and scientific fact. We have to accustom ourselves to regard henceforth all this part as poetry and legend. In the Old Testament, as an immense poetry growing round and investing an immortal truth, the secret of the Eternal: *Righteousness is salvation*. In the New, as an immense poetry growing round and investing an immortal truth, the secret of Jesus: *He that will save his life shall lose it; he that will lose his life shall save it.*"

God and the Bible will make more converts than did Literature and Dogma, partly because, as we began by saying, it is more patient and respectful in tone; partly because the world has rolled on even in the two years since the earlier volume appeared, and the direction of its motion is unmistakable. The point at which many will pause, and perhaps recoil from their guide, is where he touches on the hope of immortality. He does not believe, or seems not to believe, that Jesus himself expected his conscious personality to continue after death. "He lives in the Eternal Order, and the Eternal Order never dies," he affirms to be the sum of Christ's clear teaching about this life and the future. But this, after all, is the ringing of a knell. It may be that nothing more is proven. It may well be, and history would seem to show that it is not needful to making the highest use of this life that one should have a clear vision of another; it may even be that the true child of God should be ready in spirit for this last, most intimate sacrifice. But surely we need not feel ourselves, like the poet Horace, forbidden to cherish a far-off hope: "*Vite summa brevis spem nos velat inchuare longam.*" May there not be,

even in that profound saying which may well contain the whole "secret of Jesus," the hint of a more definite promise than this of a life incorporated with the Eternal Order? And may not he—the very he—who "will lose his life" in the service of truth "find" it again "unto life eternal"?

—The second volume of Mr. Hart's series of German classics for American students has appeared, and is marked by the same merits as its predecessor. The book chosen is Schiller's *Piccolomini*.¹ Mr. Hart has taken especial pains to secure the purest text and to throw as much light as possible on the history of the time of the play. The introduction consequently contains a tolerably full sketch of the life of Wallenstein, and the notes are prepared with especial reference to the teaching of history and geography; but yet grammatical points are by no means neglected. At times we find the German idioms simply translated without a word of comment; e.g., page 146, line 499, "*es ist gethan um*, it is all over with;" p. 165, l. 2402, "*ein schlechter Streich*, a poor trick;" p. 156, l. 1566, "*sieht sich heiter an*, is fair to look upon;" etc. The bane of these translations is this, that they unnecessarily aid the scholar. Why should he not look out the meaning of these phrases for himself, and so remember them? As they stand, they are of no real service to him and are the detestation of the teacher. Here our criticisms end; for everything else in the volume we have only praise.

—In a very interesting volume² Mr. Andrew Wilson describes his journey through the lofty upper valleys of the Himalaya Mountains from Northern India to the Valley of Kashmir. It was in April, 1873, that he arrived at the hill-station of Masuri, in a weak state of health and requiring a cool and invigorating climate. Thereupon he pushed on to Simla, but a glimpse at the distant mountains tempted him "to make a closer acquaintance with these wondrous peaks—to move among them, upon them, and behind them." To carry out his speedily formed determination he had to take with him everything he should need, "house, furniture, kitchen, cooking-pots, bed, bedding, a certain proportion of our food, and all our potables, except water," and moreover, so feeble was he, he had to arrange to be carried. At first he was carried in a

¹ *Schiller's Die Piccolomini*. Edited, with an Introduction, Commentary, Index of Persons and Places, and Map of Germany, by JAMES MORGAN HART. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

² *The Abode of Snow. Observations on a Tour from Chinese Tibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya*. By ANDREW WILSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

dandy, which is a very rudimentary seat of carpet with a rest of the same for the feet, slung over a long bamboo. The objection to this contrivance in mountainous countries is the extreme likelihood of bumping the person carried against rocks and stones. The greater part of his journey he rode, on yaks, zo-pos, cows, Spiti ponies, a Khiva horse, and blood-horses. The general direction of his journey was given up. He had endeavored to enter into Chinese Tibet at Shipki, but the orders of the Chinese government forbade the entrance of foreigners, and he was compelled to turn back, much against his will. He met with enough savageness and wildness, however, one would think, to make up to him for his exclusion from the society of Tartars. In the first place, his journey was a very perilous one, over wild, snow-covered mountains, often amid heavy snow-storms, then with men who at the most dangerous times were inclined to desert him, although they did not give him all the trouble they might have, and entirely secluded for many days at a time from any Europeans. But through everything he went on, overcoming the timidity of his men, conquering even his own physical weakness, and enjoying his strange life to the utmost. The writer is a very acute observer of human beings, as well as of inorganic nature, and has a delightful humor, with a very seductive way of running on through fact and fancy, which gives the volume a great fascination.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Quinet's last volume, *L'Esprit Nouveau*,² is in many ways a remarkably entertaining book, and, more than that, it has the advantage of being very suggestive and novel. In his introductory address to his readers the author says that it summed up the work of his life, that it contained all the conclusions he had reached in the main subjects of human thought; and when a man of the intellectual calibre, the strong individuality, and the wide erudition of Quinet, utters, with honesty like his, his final opinions on such matters, the result cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. It has so happened that for a long time Quinet has not been as well known as he has deserved; he made his first appearance in literature, when

a young man under twenty-six, as the translator of Herder's *Philosophy of the History of Humanity*, to which he prefixed a valuable essay on Herder, and from that time he became a herald of German progress to the French public. Meanwhile, however, he did not neglect original work; he wrote poems which are said on good authority to lack charm, and as a historian he exposed freely what there was of hollowness in imperialism, at a time when it was not so much the fashion to laugh at the Bonaparte family as it is at present. Another feeling of his was strong detestation of the Jesuits; indeed, his ardor lost him his professorship at the Collège de France in 1846. At and after the revolution of 1848 he became very much interested in politics, and the prominence thus gained made the world forget his worth as a scholar and thinker. He died in March of last year.

This book, like almost every one written by a Frenchman, is arranged in the most orderly way, the first division containing chapters on the origin of the intellectual and moral worlds; the next, on social physiology; the third, on the new spirit in political science, and so forth. The reader, however, will not find it necessary to follow the author's rigid order; he can open at any chapter and he is pretty sure to be repaid by coming across some original and thoughtful remark expressed tersely and clearly. The book was written from day to day during the melancholy period of civil war in Paris, for, as the author said, he found it necessary in those disturbed times to turn for support to those things which were eternally firm and true, and not the sport of the moment. From the large number of subjects treated briefly in this volume, it is impossible to select enough to give a notion of the wide field the author covers, but a few extracts may very well show how intelligently he thinks and utters what he has to say. For instance: "In the eighteenth century, the philosophers thought that virtue was only what was the best policy. And I ask, 'How does it happen that there are still men who remain faithful to the truth? It is the best policy, do you say?' Absurdest of absurdities! In what respect are depression, misery, persecution, and contempt the best policy? I have always seen people of little conscience arm themselves with the maxim that virtue is the best policy, in order to crush

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *L'Esprit Nouveau*. Par EDGAR QUINET. Paris. 1876.

the man of conscience with it. 'Never mind him,' they say, 'he is a sage, an eccentric; he needs nothing. His conscience is enough for him; it would only pain him to leave him what is his by right.' So saying, they rob and strip him out of deference, or for some scruple, or for love of justice, one may guess which. . . . 'Why do the wicked live, yea, are mighty in power?' This single question of Job gives the date of the Idu-mæan poem. You may be sure that the author was living in a period of decay. The ideas of Socrates about justice, which he regarded as the first condition of happiness, are those of a still prosperous society, of the last calm days of Greece. Pericles in matters of government and Socrates in philosophy belong together, just as do Machiavelli and Borgia. . . . Consider this first advantage of the wicked man — the good are afraid of him. It is just the same as if they loved him, because, from fear, they do everything they would do for love. Another advantage of the wicked man is that he has the skill to circumvent the efforts of those unlike himself." A few pages farther on he proceeds: "When theologians go on repeating that the just man should not seek for happiness in this life on earth, they implicitly recognize all I have just said, of the advantage the rascal enjoys in the struggle for existence. False theology and false morality. We, on the contrary, are anxious to struggle bitterly with the wicked man and deprive him of his power. Let us not postpone the victory of the just man until the day of judgment. That is too easy for the wicked man. . . . You argue about the right to punish. When I see so many men carrying their callous indifference to the pitch of madness, I believe in the excellence of punishment. He who was sure of escaping every penalty would, like Caligula, be anxious to get rid of the whole human race with a single blow. That is the vice of the Cæsars. Observe the vicious, count the steps of their fall. They have become what they are by only continually eluding punishment; they, with their head high, have walked more quickly than justice, which is lame and could not get up to them. They despise it; hence arises their cynicism."

He by no means confines himself to these more serious and gloomy questions, although naturally enough, considering the circumstances under which the book was written, they have a certain prominence. In another part he turns to subjects of literary criticism, and attacks with much elo-

quence and good sense the often received opinion of many German scholars that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the work of many joint authors. He points out differences between Homer and Hesiod, and, coming down to modern times, he lays great weight on Schliemann's excavations at Troy; he asks, "If this city is not Troy, what one can it be? How could antiquity know one and not know the other? As to the fact that the things exhumed are of an older age than that of Homer, it can be explained by the fact that every epic poet sings an earlier period. We are told that this newly dug up Troy is too small a city; but did Homer need a great city to make a great poem?"

Perhaps the most interesting part of the volume is that which contains a description of the modern German pessimistic philosophy of which Schopenhauer was the founder and Hartmann is now the apostle. Quinet had drunk deep of German philosophy at a time when it took less hopeless views of the universe, and all of this turn towards gloom which it has lately taken is to him a matter of surprise. From Germany, a country which has succeeded in everything it has undertaken, one would expect to receive a metaphysical system which should give expression to a feeling of triumph and of indomitable strength; but, on the contrary, what one does find is a succession of variations on the one theme of despair, or, rather, proofs are given that there is nothing about which human beings ought not to despair profoundly. With all this Quinet has no sympathy, and after setting forth the views of these philosophers in a short series of imaginary dialogues between himself and them, he proceeds to point out the refutation which he has learned to draw from his own experience. With this closes the entertaining volume, which is noteworthy, not because it carries within its covers a complete explanation of everything in the universe which puzzles the thinker, but because it presents to us the picture of the mind of an honest and intelligent man who is setting down to the best of his ability the solution he has chosen for many important and baffling matters. It has the misfortune of being written in an epigrammatic style which at times is very suitable, but again is likely to jar on the reader's sense of what is proper; but this does not result from any flippancy or cheapness in Quinet. If for nothing else his book would be remarkable from the fact that it is so fair-minded and so free from any hostility against Germany.

—Mention has already been made in these pages of the volume of Brandes' work¹ on the literature of this century, and now an opportunity presents itself to speak with renewed praise of the two volumes continuing the German translation of his lectures. In the first place, great credit is due to the translator, Adolf Strodtmann, author of the only complete life of Heine, for the capital way in which he has done his work. As for Brandes, he is a man of originality and a careful student, who is familiar with the main currents of the literary history of this century, and who puts what he has to say into the most attractive form.

With the second volume he takes up the discussion of the German Romantic school, tracing its growth in the unpractical nature of the Germans, from Tieck's William Lovell through its full flower until its end. He does not fail to draw the striking contrast between the Germany of that time and the Germany of to-day, for it is one of his main principles to illustrate his remarks by continual reference to the social history of the time. In other words, he does not overlook the obvious connection between the ideas and the books of a period. Already in his first volume he had traced the reaction against the eighteenth century beginning with Voltaire and Rousseau, and carried on in Werther, René, Obermann, etc., and now he goes on with the discussion of the more important works of the Romantic school. Schlegel's Lucinde naturally comes in for full mention. The main idea of this extraordinary and distasteful book is, he says, the Romantic doctrine of the identity of life and poetry. He says that in it all the views and passwords of Romanticism are collected, and yet that in its execution there is so much which is repulsive that from a moral and an artistic point of view it deserves only reprobation. Tieck, Novalis, Hoffmann, all are mentioned, as well as Eichendorff's charming presentation of Romanticism in his *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts*. As a summary of Brandes' views, perhaps the following passage may serve as well as another, although the merit of the book is nowhere condensed into a single page: "I have represented the Romantic spirit as dull subjectiveness without energy or effort; as a glowing furnace in which freedom is smothered, and every motion

outward is crushed. But this is not the whole truth. One external tendency remains, the one which is called yearning [*Sehnsucht*]. Yearning is the form of Romantic action, the mother of all its poetry. What is yearning? It is deprivation and desire at the same time, wholly without will or determination to attain what is longed for, and without choice of the means to get it in its power. And what is the direction of this yearning? Simply that which is the direction of all the yearning and longing in the world, in whatever pompous or hypocritical words disguised, towards enjoyment and happiness. The Romanticist never speaks of happiness, to be sure, but that is what he means. He does not call it happiness, he calls it the ideal. But one should not be deceived by the word. The peculiarity of the Romanticist is not the search for happiness, but rather his belief that it is at hand. He knows it is awaiting him; he must be able to find it somewhere; it will come to him when he least expects it. And since it is a gift of Heaven, and he is not its author, he can lead as aimless a life as he pleases, at the direction of his own vague longings. It is only necessary to hold fast the opinion that this yearning will attain its object; and it is so easy to keep that opinion. For everything about him contains indications and premonitions of this truth. It was Novalis who gave it the famous and mysterious name of the blue flower (*die blaue Blume*). This name is, of course, not to be construed literally. The blue flower is a mysterious symbol, not unlike the *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, the fish, of the early Christians. It is an abbreviation, a shortened, condensed expression in which is included all the limitless amount for which human heart can yearn. The blue flower is the symbol of perfect satisfaction, of happiness which fills the soul. Hence we have indications of it long before we find it. One dreams of it long before seeing it. One fancies it here and there, and it appears that it is a deception; it greets us for a moment among other flowers and disappears; but one gets stronger or fainter whiffs of its perfume, so that one loses his head, and always yearns and seeks for the one, perfect, ideal happiness."

The third volume takes up the reaction in France. It opens with a sketch of the

¹ *Hauptströmungen der Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Vorlesungen gehalten an der Kopenhagener Universität. Von G. Brandes. Uebersetzt und eingeleitet von Adolf Strodtmann. Zwei-

ter Band: Die romantische Schule in Deutschland. Berlin. 1873. Dritter Band: Die Reaktion in Frankreich. Berlin. 1874.

revolution of '89, in which is shown more especially the way in which religion was persecuted during those years of violence, and then follows an account of the Concordat. The aim underlying these historical sketches is to show how the principle of authority, overthrown in the Revolution, became again established in France,—the swing of the pendulum from license to conservatism. This is, of course, introductory to the second overthrow of the principle of authority which is to be discussed in a future volume. Châteaubriand, Lamartine, to a certain extent Victor Hugo and Lamennais, are the writers mainly discussed, while Madame de Krüdener is the subject of an entertaining chapter, and a certain amount of space is devoted to Bonald. Châteaubriand's valentine-like contributions to religious literature, Lamartine's fantastic love-tales, and Lamennais' struggle for the establishment of Catholicism are set before the reader with great force and no less fullness. The two poets are treated, not so much mercilessly as candidly, although perhaps judicial impartiality is far from being preserved when some of the wilder talk of the first-named comes under discussion. We must recommend every careful student of anything more than the names and dates of modern literature to beware of neglecting these volumes, which have value, not only as compendiums, but also as original works. Their importance is not to be judged by the meagre space at our command for their discussion.

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Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *The Mysterious Island.* Abandoned. By Jules Verne. Translated from the French by W. H. G. Kingston.

—*The Mysterious Island.* Dropped from the Clouds. By Jules Verne. Translated from the French by W. H. G. Kingston.

Sheldon & Co., New York: *Our Poetical Favorites.* Second Series. A Selection from the Best Minor Poems of the English Language, comprising chiefly Longer Poems. By Aschel C. Kendrick, Professor in the University of Rochester.

Charles P. Somerby, New York: *Soul Problems, with other Papers.* By Joseph E. Peck.

ART.

THE recent exhibition and successful sale of pictures and studies by Mr. Ernest Longfellow has, in more ways than one, proved a direct encouragement to the author of the works, and indeed to artists at large. The pictures sold for very good prices, and the unfailingly perfect relation between the sums bid for the separate canvases and the intrinsic values of the same shows that they found purchasers of undoubted taste and good judgment. The exhibition was certainly a remarkable one. Considered as the collective display of the productions of a single artist, the great variety of subjects and the different methods of treatment were most astonishing, and the interest was heightened by the fact that the succession of progressive steps of the artist during the study of the last few years was easily recognizable, and the direction of the advance was not to be mistaken. Mr. Longfellow has shown that he has a true artistic nature. Joined with no ordinary sense of color he has an instinct for agreeable composition, a good feeling for grace of line and form, and a well-trained memory for the ephemeral phases of nature that can be illustrated only as they are recalled. From his pictures we see that he is impressionable, enthusiastic, sympathetic; they show him to be an honest student and a diligent worker.

Honesty in art is not found within the boundary of every frame. It is before few pictures, as they run, that one stops to cry, "Nature; it is nature!" We have many painters to whom theory is always right, and few enough for whom nature is the supreme head of all masters. The prominent quality of Mr. Longfellow's pictures is found in the evidence of direct inspiration from nature; they are in general the result of an earnest endeavor to illustrate one of her striking moods or attractive features. Only once or twice in the whole display was he seen to swerve from his single purpose, and then he lost ground. Even those pictures enlarged from careful studies were seen to have lost much by this one remove from nature. The Manchester studies were the most successful. A large number of sea-coast views of marked strength of color and frankness of opposition carried with them a strong conviction of truth-

fulness. By comparing the early Nahant rock studies with the later Manchester ones, a decided progress was observable. Both were in their way true; both were perhaps equally well studied. But the latter lacked somewhat in breadth of treatment and firmness of touch. An excellent study of a wave-washed ledge, with its gray, stained summit crowned with stunted trees, and its rugged contour contrasting with the deep blue water and bright sky, combined as many good qualities as any other similar picture. Another comparison with like results may be made between the landscapes of different years. The progress is always seen to be in the direction of breadth, simplicity, refinement of tone, and courageous contrasts. The studies of trees were good. The artist seems to be especially in sympathy with the elm and the birch, for the characteristic forms of both these trees were the prominent and interesting feature in many landscapes. A study of weeping birches was noticeable for graceful lines of the silvery trunks, and in the Rye Beach views tall, feathery elms were the central objects. Several landscapes with pines were strongly American in character, particularly one of Penobscot Bay. A little study of an oak on a hill-side in full sunlight was a masterpiece. A number of well-chosen bits of familiar landscape were among the most attractive pictures. The green meadows of Charles River, shimmering in the broad light from a luminous gray sky, with the distant hill-sides beyond, was of decided merit. It was a charming effect rendered simply and with sentiment.

Turning from the ranks of studies sparkling with sunlight and the sober-toned gray canvases, one saluted with surprise a rich twilight on the sea-coast, with an ox-team and figures loading sea-weed. There was a powerful charm in the wealth of juicy tones, the well-given contrasts, and the natural play of the light. The scale of color was boldly struck. A luminous yellow glow at the horizon sharply defined the forms of low hills along the shore, bringing into strong relief the head of a figure on the loaded team. A ruddy light tinged scattered clouds, flecking the deep-toned sky with spots of warm color. This glow was reflected again into the mysterious mass

of the landscape below, where it lightly touched the objects here and there, glistening on the wet sand and the crests of the waves. The melody of twilight was there, and all the graceful harmonies of the hour were felt in the rich tones that glowed on the canvas. The difficulties of the subject were great, but they were successfully overcome. A smaller twilight from a motive at Thun, Switzerland, had much of the feeling of the other, but was less impressive.

Had there been conventionality or mannerism in Mr. Longfellow's paintings, it would have been apparent at a glance, for no skill in the arrangement of a display can hide these faults. On the contrary, motives which have come to be considered conventional were treated in a decidedly unconventional way. Several Alpine landscapes afford the best illustration of this. A view of the Matterhorn from Zermatt is a subject by no means unfrequently treated. To Mr. Longfellow it was something besides a harsh, white peak against an opaque sky. The attenuated atmosphere seemed to envelop the snow-covered cone and support the small clouds that nestled near the projecting angles of the rock, while, beyond, the blue was delicate and distant. There was no more perfect sky in the whole collection. In the foreground a *chalet* and a mountain stream contrasted with the mass of the distance. Another view of the same mountain from the Riffelhorn See was quite the reverse in conception. Beyond a tiny, rock-framed lake rose the rough flanks of the peak, half-veiled by drifting vapor. The broad surface of a glacier, with its labyrinth of crevasses, sweeps down the mountain-side in a majestic curve. A strong light reflected from the rough face of the glacier is in strong opposition to the cold gray of the mist and the grim tones of the rocks. The character of the glacier is well given, and the impressive desolation of the scene thoroughly felt. Other mountain views were also noticeable for strength of color and good contrast. As we have seen in this brief review of the landscapes, Mr. Longfellow's skies are generally successful; they are always interesting and well understood.

Unfortunately this country is now dependent on the art-schools of Europe, and is likely to be so for some time to come, for the proper instruction of students in the execution of the figure. Under these circumstances Mr. Longfellow's figures are very creditable. They are not without evi-

dent faults, but the attempt is honest and the failures are balanced by the good intentions that prompt the trial. The representation of Priscilla and John Alden walking home on the sea-shore after the departure of the Mayflower has many good qualities. The sentiment is fine, the landscape earnestly sought for, and the figures are drawn with some skill but with little confidence. Still, the elements of the picture are all there and in a marked degree, and the only faults are those that experience and practice will remedy. In the other figure-pieces much the same want of confidence and consequent weakness was noticeable. Probably no one is more conscious of these faults in the execution of the figures than the artist himself, and it is mainly with the intention of studying in this direction, it is said, that he will spend the next few years abroad.

In this consideration of Mr. Longfellow's exhibition we have almost lost sight of the fact that he is a beginner. In the presence of such masterly results this is natural. Although he has painted but a few years, he has studied with intelligence and singleness of purpose, and the effect is, after all, only logical—not wonderful. The lesson to be learned is a useful one and easy of application. It shows the value of a humble, direct, and persistent study of nature, the power of enthusiasm and impulse, and the wisdom of being content to be one's self.

—The only important pictorial result of the Centennial mood which we have thus far observed is Mr. Henry Bacon's large and effective work based on the homely but excellent episode of the Boston Boys' Petition to General Gage. This picture, lately placed on view at Messrs. Williams and Everett's gallery, is a very decided gain upon any of the artist's previous performances, and equally a gain to the public. We do not at the moment think of any American painter so well qualified by his whole tendency as Mr. Bacon to attempt the reproduction of this scene; for it needed precisely the realistic manner which he has for so long a time and so consistently been developing. Moreover, he has a faculty of getting color out of themes that apparently refuse to yield color, which was quite essential to success in this case. The season is, of course, winter, so that the landscape is deprived of its richer effects; and the place is General Gage's headquarters,—here made to look out conveniently upon the Common,—a building of plain, provincial

respectability, the smoky, skimmed-milk hue of which, in combination with green blinds, is certainly not a very gorgeous element in the piece. However, Mr. Bacon has dealt very skillfully with this dearth of opportunity in the way of color, and the old house is itself made immensely interesting and effective. He has used to great advantage the scarlet coats of the general and a couple of his officers, the waving ensign and armorial shield above the porch, the distant, ruddy, yolk-like sun in the sky behind, and the motley assemblage of boys. These, without having any unwonted gala air, carry among them a variety of rich tints, and one in particular is very boldly thrown in front of the porch, in a brilliant blue frock which lends a great deal of force to that part. Very enjoyable, too, is the dingy, greenish-orange coat of the negro groom, holding a charger at the right. This horse, by the way, is the only weak piece of drawing in the picture. A couple of ingeniously and prettily dressed young women near the groom whisper together about the odd procession which has stopped their way. The children stand easily crowding up toward the general, in a variety of spirited attitudes, full of grace and freedom, but clearly the result of a painstaking forethought.

The spokesman is drawn with much force and fire, and a muffled-up and very American little girl on a sled much nearer the eye is painted in with a comfortable solidity and a look of actual presence consummately good. The crowd is full of incident, and a passing flirtation between a servant-maid and a grenadier at the street corner, together with a flying glimpse of another soldier pursuing a boy on the snowy Common, carry out the story completely; yet one's attention is constantly drawn back to the central action by the well-devised composition, and especially by the strong lines formed by the solid little girl on the sled, and a small boy who has fallen on some ice, at the left. Much might be said of the variety of good manipulation in different sections; but we have only space enough to express the hope that this honest and spirited picture—not only imbued with a national feeling, and valuable for its local historical commemoration, but also an excellent work of art—may meet with generous appreciation, and by some energetic means be secured to the city of Boston or the Museum of Fine Arts. The work is one which, as we have waited so long for it, we shall not be likely to find repeated or rivaled very soon.

MUSIC.

Of circulating musical libraries,—like Schubert's or Schirmer's in New York, Flaxland's in Paris, Novello's in London, and many others, where anybody can subscribe by the month or the quarter, and take out two or more volumes, according to the amount of his subscription,—we have as yet none in Boston. We have not heard of a circulating musical library on the Mudie-Loring principle being undertaken anywhere. It would be a great blessing to many of our music-lovers, especially to those who devote themselves to four or eight hand piano-forte playing, or to part singing, if some such establishment could be set on foot in Boston. But what Boston—and, if we mistake not, most of our great American cities—still more needs is a good library of reference; a place where the musical student can find trustworthy editions of the works

of the great masters, both classic and modern. The institution that ought to take this matter in hand would seem to be the Public Library. The Harvard Musical Association has a fine library of over two thousand volumes, which is kept in the association's rooms in Pemberton Square; this collection (which is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the country) is rich in works of the old Italian and English masters, and almost complete in the works of German masters of the classic period, but it is very poor in works of the post-classic period. Besides, it is a private collection, open only to members of the association. The Boston Public Library has some few volumes of music: the scores of Sebastian Bach's works in the great Breitkopf und Härtel edition, some few of Händel's scores, the scores of some of Mozart's symphonies, and

one volume of Carissimi's oratorios; other full scores we have not been able to find; there are also some piano-forte scores of choral and dramatic works of Beethoven, Bennett, Gluck, Gounod, Haydn, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Weber (notably the French edition of the *Freischütz* with Berlioz's recitatives, which is a curiosity), and some few piano-forte and organ works of Liszt, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, and one or two others, but the merest scattered collection, in no way approaching to completeness. Of Allegri, Astorga, Baltazzarini, Cavalli, Durante, Frescobaldi, Graun, Guglielmi, Adam de la Hæle, Hasse, Hans Leo Hassler, Jomelli, Jossquin des Prés, Lulli, Marcello, Monteverde, Palestrina, Pergolesi, Rameau, the two Scarlattis, Stradella, Spontini, Cherubini, Halévy, Anber, Boieldieu, Hérold, Bargiel, Brahms, Berlioz, Max Bruch, Gade, Goldmark, Félicien David, Massenet, Raff, Reyer, Rheinberger, Saint-Saëns, and Wagner, there is not a note in either form. For the Boston Public Library to keep a collection of piano-forte music, or piano-forte arrangements of choral or orchestral works, for public circulation would be ridiculous. Also the wear and tear that piano-forte music, either bound or in sheet form, is liable to, is immense. But the case is very different with a standard library of reference, a collection of the full orchestral and choral scores of the principal ancient and modern masters. As such works are, in general, very costly, these scores should not be allowed to go out of the library, though everybody should be free to consult them there. In cases of urgency, for instance, if any one should wish to make a piano-forte or organ transcription from some work, he might be allowed to take it home, "by special permission," as is the case with books marked with an asterisk in the Bates Hall catalogue. Now that our public schools are giving so much attention to music, and that conservatories and special music-schools are springing up on every hand, it is more than probable that the number of music students will largely increase. As matters now stand, there is no opportunity for the music student, especially for the student of musical history, to pursue his studies otherwise than by the aid of text-books. Such a thing as studying the great masters (either old or new) through their works is out of the question. This is to a great extent true with the other arts, but there there is more excuse for it.

The works of the great painters cannot be reduplicated, and really fine plaster casts are not so easily obtained; but orchestral scores are just as easy to get and keep as any other books are. And be it remembered that it is only through their full scores that composers can be really studied to any purpose; piano-forte transcriptions are extremely useful in their way, indeed to the special pianist they may be technically interesting, but they are of little value to the general music-student. Would it not be well for those who have the needful powers to take this question of a musical library into consideration?

—In the first series of concerts that Dr. von Bülow gave in Boston, the public had a very fair chance of coming to some not un-intelligent conclusion as to the great pianist's powers. Excepting concerted chamber music, his programmes comprised almost every phase of piano-forte playing worthy of a really great pianist. Schumann, Mozart, and Händel are the only important names not represented in the list.

In the playing of all these various compositions, the thing that struck us most forcibly was the perfection of balance. Never was a man better poised nor with great qualities more beautifully blended than von Bülow. In reading the many notices of his playing that have appeared in Boston and New York papers, we must confess to some surprise at the very general tendency there seems to be to deny him any *expressive* power in playing; fault has been found with his touch, as wanting in sympathetic power. That he is moderate, at times perhaps over-moderate, in the use he makes of what musicians call the *means* of expression, is very true, but we cannot see that he ever fails to gain the *ends* of expression. We cannot find him unsympathetic. He is, on the contrary, sympathetic to a very high degree. In spite of his military bearing, and the autocratic attitude he habitually stands in in relation to his co-workers and subordinates, his attitude toward his listeners is eminently one of equality, most brotherly and sympathetic; his playing is a cordial invitation, as it were, to follow him into the highest realms of music. Some men cannot feel the presence of power unless it strikes them palpably between the eyes and sends them reeling. Indeed, many artists seem to be of this way of thinking, and stand on the concert platform like so many artillery batteries, for

the subjugation of their audience. Their listeners are subdued by them, willingly enough, to be sure, and the faster and sharper the shot fall the better they like it. But this calling forth of violent emotions is not the highest province of art. There is a music which elevates the whole man at once, entices his whole being into a higher atmosphere; he enjoys calmly, with dignity, but intensely and largely; his pleasure is beautifully cosmic and well-ordered. Now to our mind, von Bülow has this power in a very marked degree; his power is so *powerful*, his effect upon us is so easily worked, that we only feel the result, without thinking of the force that works it. "Hm! I knew all that before," said a man once, coming out from a lecture by Emerson. But did he know it? Equally wide of the mark is the man who tries to base this extraordinary power of von Bülow's upon mere stolidity of nature and absence of passion! The strong, violent qualities are present, but held in solution. The most violent acids and alkalis make the most stable compounds. There was a time when Liszt said of von Bülow, speaking to a friend, "Bülow is certainly a very great pianist, but I must confess that sometimes I can hardly tell what he is playing." This *Sturm und Drang* period, however, has passed. It is remarkable that this moderate use of strong effects should be found in one of the greatest virtuosos living, the pupil and intimate friend of the greatest piano-forte virtuoso that ever lived. In the fortnight that von Bülow played here we remember only a single instance in which his virtuosity got the better of his musicianship. That was in the short, running cadenza in first movement of the Beethoven E-flat concerto (first line of page 34, Breitkopf und Härtel edition), where he introduced a double-handed trill in the lower part of the keyboard which sounded, to our ears, at least, totally at variance both with the spirit of the work and his playing of the rest of it. But only one piece of bad taste in a fortnight! What other pianist can show as good a record?

Of the great pianist's second visit to our city, during which he played chamber-music for piano-forte and strings (in which he was admirably seconded by the Philharmonic Club, with Mr. Bernhard Listemann at the first violin), and piano-forte solos, little new can be written, save a review of the new compositions that he introduced to our public. The novelties produced were a quintette for piano-forte and strings by Joachim Raff, an-

other by Saint-Saëns, a quartette for piano-forte and strings by Joseph Rheinberger, and a formidable series of piano-forte variations, on a theme by Händel, by Johannes Brahms. The Philharmonic Club also played a new string quartette by Robert Tschaikowski. Among the more familiar compositions that von Bülow played, we would notice as most prominent Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, which has been too little heard here of late. Although we should think twice before indorsing Berlioz's rather over-enthusiastic estimate of the work, which he calls "a work greater than his [Beethoven's] grandest symphonies, greater than all else that he wrote, and consequently superior to all that the art of music has ever produced," it certainly stands very near the head of the great composer's piano-forte works. We ourselves must confess to finding still higher qualities, or perhaps we should say the same high qualities carried to a grander and more perfect pitch of organic development, in the Waldstein Sonata, opus 53, the stupendous Sonata in B-flat, opus 106, and the Sonata, opus 111. But after all, this may be because we are less familiar with the Appassionata than with any of the other sonatas. Von Bülow's playing of it simply beggars description. Among other familiar things he also played Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, the Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Sonata in E-flat, opus 31, Chopin's Ballade in B-flat, and Schumann's Faschingsschwank. Mozart's quartette for piano-forte and strings, and a most fascinating piano-forte sonata, must probably come under the head of novelties. Here we would mention the first thing in von Bülow's playing that we find ourselves forced to take exception to, that is, his playing of the last movement of the Bach Italian Concerto. The reader is at liberty to take our criticism with modifications, but although we are as familiar with the Italian Concerto as we are with anything in the whole range of piano-forte music, and have become by this time pretty familiar with von Bülow's style, we could make neither head nor tail out of the movement at the lightning tempo in which he played it. We listened most attentively, and, as may well be supposed, with every disposition to admire, but could catch neither accent nor rhythm; the very theme itself was hardly to be recognized! The Brahms variations on a theme from Händel's D-minor Suite are indeed superb, and the performance was the most marvelous exhibition of sustained

power, both physical and intellectual, that we have ever witnessed. Some one has said of these variations that they are about as interesting as a Chinese puzzle. With our very limited knowledge of what high æsthetic developments Chinese puzzles are susceptible of, we must differ from him. To us they seemed full of beauty, fire, and inspiration. The statistically-minded reader may be glad to know that these variations are the most *difficult* piece that has yet been written for the instrument. Of the new concerted pieces we are far from being in a condition to speak finally. Of the three, we as yet prefer the Saint-Saëns quintette. Saint-Saëns has veritably come to us this winter as a new light of rare brilliancy. Mr. Theodore Thomas has given us two short symphonic poems of his, *Le Rouet d'Omphale* and *Danse Macabre*; Mr. B. J. Lang has played his second piano-forte concerto, and the Harvard Musical Association promises us a third symphonic poem, *Phaëton*. In these compositions we discern a perfection of form, a fire, a wealth of melody, and a command of orchestral resources fully equal to anything in the same or similar forms that we know of by any contemporary German composer. Added to this, Saint-Saëns has a graceful lightness of touch that we look for in vain in German writers. It may sound exaggerated, but is nevertheless to a certain extent true, that the only Germans who ever possessed this invaluable quality to a transcendent degree were Mozart and Heine. High poetic feeling, deep earnestness, dramatic power, sentiment, passion, we find no lack of in Brahms, Raff, and Rheinberger; but this dainty power of saying just enough, of being facile without being diffuse, we do not find in them. Raff comes nearest it, but he comes in a bad second at best. It were idle to speculate upon how much Saint-Saëns owes to Hector Berlioz. What composer of the present day, especially what Frenchman, is not largely in Berlioz's debt? The Raff quintette is full of fire, originality, and beauty, as is also the Rheinberger quartette, the finale of which is simply superb.

Of the brilliant success of Mr. John K.

Paine's first symphony, of Miss Amy Fay, Mr. Lang's playing of the Saint-Saëns Concerto, Mr. H. G. Tucker's triumphantly easy and musically well-considered playing of Schumann's almost impossible piano-forte allegro, opus 134, Spohr's "Divine and Earthly" symphony, and Rubinstein's new concerto, we must defer writing until next month.

— Carl Prüfer has just published a very handsome complete edition of Carl Reincke's *Hausmusik*¹ for the piano-forte. We know of no more fascinating collection of easy little pieces than this. If there are any more charming than the rest, we should choose the Canzonetta, the Minuet, and the Peasant's March, with its odd bass, that so comically mimics the old country double-bass player losing his place every now and then, and coming in wrong.

— We have before us the first number of an album of Scandinavian national songs² that is publishing every month in Chicago. To judge from this number, it is a most excellent work. The songs are printed with the original Swedish, Norwegian, or Danish words, and an English translation. We will say again,—it cannot be said too often,—that all publications of songs of this class should receive every encouragement at the hands of the more musical portion of our public. We wonder, by the way, whether the composer of *Die Wacht am Rhein* had ever heard the Danish Kong Christian before he wrote his own song.

— *O Blushing Flowers of Krumley*³ is an entirely charming song by Julius Eichberg. It is seldom that we see now anything so naturally and intrinsically musical as this song; there is not a note in it but has its own divine right of being. It is beyond comparison with any original song that we have seen for a long while.

— *Foreboding*,⁴ by the same composer, is also excellent, and shows much real strength of feeling in its restless, passionate gloominess. Yet we cannot but think it inferior to the foregoing song in genuine spontaneous inspiration. The edition has some bad misprints.

¹ *Hausmusik*. By CARL REINCKE. Op. 77. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

² *Album of Scandinavian Compositions, Melodies, and Songs, Sacred and National*. Arranged for the piano, organ, and voice by ANTON WULFF. Chicago: W. W. Kimball, 205, 207, 209 State St.

³ *O Blushing Flowers of Krumley*. Words by ALICE CARY; music by JULIUS EICHBERG. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

⁴ *Foreboding*. Song. Words by CELIA THAXTER; music by JULIUS EICHBERG. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

